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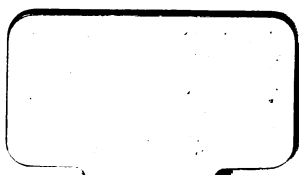
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THE

***FOREIGN***

**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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THE  
*FOREIGN*  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger, ou Description du pays occupé par l'Armée Française en Afrique.* Par M. Rozet, Capitaine au Corps Royal d'Etat-Major, &c. &c. Paris, Arthus Bertrand, 3 vols. 8vo. with atlas in folio.

2. *Semilasso in Afrika. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.* (Semilasso in Africa. From the Papers of the Deceased.) By Prince Pückler-Muskau. Stuttgart, 1836, 5 vols. 12mo.

It is a thing not a little remarkable, that countries separated from each other by so short a distance of sea as the two coasts of the western part of the Mediterranean, should present so striking a contrast in the character and condition of their populations. On the one side, Spain, France, and Italy have, during ages, been distinguished by their high degree of civilization, while the natives of the opposite shores are, even now, only to be compared with the savages of central Africa. The southern parts of Africa have in fact been hitherto better known to us, and more accessible to civilization, than the interior of Algiers. We may, perhaps, consider this as one of the numerous proofs of the demoralizing influence of unbounded despotism on the one hand, and of the beneficial effects of free and liberal institutions on the other. The occupation of Algiers by the French since 1830 will, even if it should have no other important consequences, at least have added to our geographical knowledge, and will enable us to become better acquainted with the manners and condition of the original tribes of this part of Africa.

Among the best books upon the "regency," which have appeared since its conquest, we must certainly reckon the three volumes of Captain Rozet, with their beautiful atlas of plates,—indeed it deserves to hold a distinguished place among the many excellent works of a similar class that have lately issued, and are still issuing, from the Parisian press. He enjoyed the occasions of collecting information and making observations on the manners and condition of the original inhabitants, which

are always attendant on a sudden and successful invasion, like that of Algiers, and which can occur but once. Captain Rozet was attached to the staff of the invading army, as "ingénieur-géographe," and remained with it in Africa sixteen months, during which period he accompanied nearly all the military expeditions into the interior of the country. In addition to his own observations, he obtained much information from the natives, and particularly from an Algerine Jew named Salomon, who often accompanied him in his excursions. Salomon had travelled much in Barbary, spoke French extremely well, and—a rare quality among the Israelites of Algiers—his word might safely be depended upon.

The regency of Algiers is formed by a long and comparatively narrow slip of coast territory, without any known accurate boundaries towards the interior of the continent, but rather losing itself among the mountains and towards the great deserts. We cannot give our readers a better idea of the general aspect of the country included within this slip of land, than by supposing him placed with Captain Rozet on the most elevated works of the Castle of the Emperor, about a mile to the south-west of Algiers. If he looks toward the south he will see a groupe of hills extending, in an undulated line, from E. N. E. to W. S. W. ; beyond them he will perceive the vast plain of the Métidja, extending far beyond the reach of his view towards the east and west, but terminated towards the south by a lofty chain of mountains, whose direction is nearly parallel to that of the hills. This chain is the Lesser Atlas. If he then crosses the plain of the Métidja towards the south, and climbs to the summit of the aforesaid chain of mountains, he will see that their southern side is much more precipitate than the northern, and that beyond them a mass of hills extends on every side to a great distance, the horizon towards the south being bounded by a very elevated chain, resembling in form and nearly parallel to that on which he is standing: this elevated chain is the Greater Atlas. Towards the east, at a distance of about twenty-five leagues, is seen Mount Jurjura, a great, lofty, naked mass, apparently destitute of vegetation. To the south-west appears a series of very elevated summits: the most distant of these, which must be on the borders of Morocco, has the form of a sugar-loaf. Towards this point the two chains of the Atlas mountains converge. At Algiers and at Oran the chain of the Atlas is nearly equally distant—that is, about eight leagues.

Of this territory a very small portion has hitherto been occupied permanently by the French. In 1835, Prince Pückler Muskau describes them as being in actual possession of ter-

ritory reaching only to a very small distance from the walls of the capital. The conquest of Algiers was one of the last works of a dynasty which has since fallen, and the restless and unsettled state of the French government itself since that period has rendered impossible any energetic measures with regard to the settlement established there. The present attempt on Constantine seems to show a renewal of activity; but what has hitherto been done, and the sacrifices which it seems to have cost, lead us to think that the only circumstance which will drive the French to extend their territory effectually, will be the necessity either of doing so, or of giving up what they hold,—an unprofitable possession certainly, but one to which France appears to attach—we scarcely think it deserves it—no little share of importance and glory. The expedition against Algiers was probably first taken up seriously as a means of carrying away people's thoughts from what was going on at home, and of employing restless minds, who might otherwise be embarking in dangerous plans against the government. We are not sure that the colony is not still chiefly valued as subserving more or less to the same purpose.

Enough, however, of this! we are not going to run into political speculations: had the colonization of Algiers by a European power been considered worth the pains, it would doubtless have been executed long ago. It is our intention first to follow rapidly Captain Rozet in his descriptions of the territory already occupied by the French, as well as of that which, though traversed by their armies, has not yet been permanently subdued. In so doing, we shall cast a glance from time to time on the narrative of our German Prince, whom we shall afterwards follow into the neighbouring state of Tunis. We are now going to visit the city of Algiers, which has been denominated *the Warrior*,—not, we presume, on account of the greatness of its military expeditions,—but rather from the absence of the contrary principle at home,—from the little acquaintance which it could claim with peace even within its own walls; and it comes upon us with all its old associations of piracy and slavery, of flesh-hooks and other not less dreaded instruments of execution upon its walls, and of machines for torture in its prisons. Captain Rozet is naturally much more detailed in his description of the capital than in that of the other towns, where his residence had been more brief, and, on the whole, under less favourable circumstances.

The city of Algiers—which in form has been compared to a triangle, whose base rests on the shore, and whose summit is identical with that of the hill which also rises from the sea, and

which, from the liberal coating of whitewash that has been bestowed on every part of the exterior of its houses, is said to have, from a distance at sea, the appearance of a great chalk-pit—stands in lat.  $36^{\circ} 47' 25''$  north, and in long.  $0^{\circ} 42' 25''$  east of the meridian of Paris. We will not stop to occupy ourselves on things so common-place as the general appearance of the town; or of the dirty, narrow, crooked streets, or the *outsides* of the houses, the only part which generally in Mahometan cities strangers are allowed to see, because in all these things there would be little of novelty; but we are strongly tempted to venture into the interior of the *lutter*, because we have hitherto had little information on the domestic economy of Turkish houses, and because our French visitors, armed with strong introductions, seem by no means to have waited at the door to stand upon ceremonies.

“The houses of Algiers are all alike in form and disposition, though some are better than others; they are squares or rectangles, formed by four walls, which rise commonly to the height of a third floor, pierced by certain small holes to let the air pass, but scarcely ever furnished with windows. These latter are almost entirely confined to the houses inhabited by the Jews, and even there they are fortified by very thick gratings. Each house has but one entrance, which is tolerably large and circularly vaulted, and which is approached by a flight of steps. Among the Algerines, the ground-floor is almost invariably occupied by stables, warehouses, the rooms of the slaves, and the vestibule, at which we arrive immediately after passing the door. This is a rectangular apartment, very large in the houses of the rich, of which the two sides are furnished with a long raised seat of masonry, ornamented with a range of columns of white marble or of stone, supporting a pediment, or sculptured moresque arches, and thus forming small arcades, under which the master of the house squats himself down, smoking his pipe, to receive visits or treat of business; the entrance to the other apartments being forbidden to strangers, both on account of the women, who are there, and from the force of long habit.

“This hall of reception is called *skifa*. On the long seats where the visitors place themselves are laid rush mats, sheep-skins, or carpets. When you are seated, the slaves present you with a pipe and bring you coffee, which you drink with the master, after having shaken hands with him.

“When we leave the *skifa* we mount a staircase, the steps of which are formed of pieces of slate and of tiles of china-ware, and sometimes of marble or stone, by which we arrive at a square court on the first floor, surrounded by a colonnade of stone or marble, which supports the second floor. This court is not covered; it is by it that air and light are admitted into the chambers, each of which has a door and several windows looking inwards. These chambers are long rooms, occupying each the whole length of a side of the building; there are generally but three, one side being occupied by the place of the staircase, but some-

times there are four on each floor. The chambers are entered by a great arched door, which rises two feet above the ceiling, and which is closed by two folds, within which are two little square doors, which are those most commonly opened; the others are only opened when it is absolutely necessary, or on grand ceremonies. The windows, which are placed on each side of the door, are not glazed; but they are furnished with bars of iron or brass, and are closed in the inside by shutters. The chambers of each house are nearly all alike; they are oblong: at each extremity is a raised frame of wood or masonry, on which are placed the beds; and these frames are often so high that they are obliged to mount them by means of a ladder, so that in each house are found ladders destined solely for this purpose. Opposite to the entrance there is generally a kind of niche or hollow place in the wall, covered by an arch, in which is placed the divan or cushions on which the women sit during the day. On each side of the divan are cupboards made in the solid wall, which are used to lock up the delicacies or the objects used in the toilet of these ladies; above each, as likewise beneath the windows, there is a semi-circular niche for the reception of different objects.

"The furniture of each room consists of one, or at most two, wooden chests, tolerably well made, and ornamented with extremely fantastical paintings, which in the houses of the great are richly gilt, and painted with much care; of a little round table, of the height of two or three decimetres; of cushions which compose the divan; of carpets or rush mats which cover the ground; lastly, of beds placed on the raised frames before mentioned: these beds are composed of tolerably good mattresses of wool, with a bolster, sheets of linen or calico, and a coverlet of silk or of very light wool. This is the sum-total of the furniture in the apartment of an Algerine, which is repeated verbatim in every chamber. This furniture differs in beauty according to the wealth of the proprietor; in the houses of the poor they are sometimes very bad; many have no mattress, and sleep on sheep-skins or rush mats. Beside the staircase, where there is no chamber, are found on each floor a kitchen and wardrobe, which are kept extremely clean. The kitchen is the only room in the house where there is a chimney: this chimney, of which the mantel-piece is about the height of a man, occupies the whole breadth of the room; beneath, at a very small elevation above the pavement, are several small circular stoves made of brick; each of them is covered by a grate, on which the pot is placed. The kitchen utensils used at Algiers are made of earthenware, or of a kind of bronze mixed with tin, which contains a sufficient quantity of copper to render it very dangerous to let the meats cool in them.

"The floors are all distributed in the same manner; there are three in a house; but the third contains generally at most but one or two chambers, the rest being a platform on which the women go to take the air. Above the chambers of this floor there are also little terraces, to which these ladies mount by ladders after sunset, at which time it is forbidden to the men to go out upon the terraces."—(vol. iii. p. 18—23.)

It will be seen, by the reference to the volume whence this extract is taken, that we do not follow the same order in treating

the subject as that adopted by Captain Rozet. We ought, perhaps, to have stated, that he has made three distinct divisions of his work, the first volume being confined to the natural history of the country, the second to the characteristics and manners of the different tribes who inhabit it, and the third to the description of the country itself. We have preferred taking the latter first, as containing the personal narrative of the author; and the first volume we shall pass over entirely. We will not occupy our space and time with the description of the public buildings of the capital, but we cannot omit one which is more intimately connected with all the associations that the name of Algiers raises in our mind,—we mean the prison of the slaves taken in piratical expeditions:—

“The public establishments of Algiers, which have had the greatest celebrity in Europe, on account of the cruelties which were committed there, are the prisons in which were shut up as slaves the prisoners taken by the Corsairs, from the vessels which they had captured. When Algiers was in its highest prosperity, there were several of these prisons within the town, wherein were detained a great number of Christian slaves; but by the treaty imposed by Lord Exmouth, these prisons were emptied, and since that period, their piracy having been much restrained, particularly during the three years of our blockade by sea, there have been scarcely any Christian slaves at Algiers. Many of the prisons were closed; and when we took the town there was but one left. It was situated in the street of Bab-Azoun, not far from the great barrack of the janissaries. There we found imprisoned the victims who had escaped from the massacre of the crews of the two brigs which were wrecked, a few French prisoners taken during the war, whom the Turks had snatched from the yatagan of the Bedouins, and a few Greek and Genoese slaves, who had been there two years,—in all a hundred and twenty-two persons.

“I went to see this prison shortly after our entrance into Algiers, and I saw some slaves who were still there, and two of our soldiers, who were shut up with them. I asked them how they were treated, and they gave me the following information:—They were chained together in couples like galley-slaves, but they were allowed to walk in the prison; they were allowed every day two little black loaves about as large as one's fist, and some water; they slept upon sheep-skins and a few rags. The men who guarded them treated them rudely, but they did not strike them; the slaves who had been there several years were led every morning to work, and always in chains. They gave them two loaves more than the others, which raised their ration to about a pound and a half; but, in compensation for this indulgence, they were often beaten by their overseers.

“The prison of which I am speaking was an old building, which was falling into ruins. The hall occupied by the prisoners, in which there was scarcely room for them all, was eighteen metres long by nine broad. It was an ancient Catholic chapel; it adjoined at right angles a great

gallery divided into several parts, which also had been used for a similar purpose, but it was so ruinous as to be no longer habitable; all that remained in good condition was a little chamber in the middle, where the keepers lodged. In the hall occupied by the prisoners there was a great cistern beside the places of ease, and, just beside the entrance, a little closet full of chains. At first all the windows of this building had been walled up; but as the prisoners were almost suffocated by this operation, it was found necessary to open them; they were without shutters, so that the prisoners had no shelter from the wind, and when it rained they were all wet."—(vol. iii. p. 43.)

We turn willingly from the dark side of the view, and will present our readers with a picture of Algerine sociability, in the two chief places where people assemble for the purpose of passing their time and amusing themselves, that is, the *coffee-houses* and the *barbers' shops*. These latter, it will be seen, are at Algiers, as in every other country, the places of assembly for those who seek the news and the scandal of the day.

"I have counted at Algiers not fewer than sixty coffee-houses kept by the inhabitants of the town; but of this number, five or six only merit the attention of the observer, the others being very often established in holes not more than six feet square. The most remarkable of all was situated in the street of the marine, not far from the mosque; it was composed of several narrow but very long galleries, supported by small marble columns, and furnished on each side with seats built in masonry, and covered with rush mats. Next to the street of the marine, there was a little square hall, entirely open, in the centre of which rose a superb *jet-d'eau*. The laboratory was in the middle of the gallery; it was a little black kitchen, four feet wide, in which was a stove, and upon it two great tin coffee-pots, in which the coffee was made, whilst three other little ones kept warm by the fire the coffee which was to be served out. On each side of the kitchen were two tolerably high piles of wood for burning, but so placed that they might easily have taken fire and so burnt the whole establishment.

The Moors and Turks came and squatted themselves gravely on the seats, and soon after came the waiter with a burning coal to light their pipes, and a little cup of coffee without sugar, placed in another cup half full of water, in order that it might be held without burning the hand. This coffee is weak, very ill made, and somewhat like that which they drink in England; it is not however dear, for two cups cost but a halfpenny.

"In all the coffee-houses of any importance you find one or two musicians from the afternoon till the evening. These musicians touch the guitar whilst they make grimaces with their eyes and head, or play very seriously and in a most tiresome manner on a violin with two cords. The persons present appear to take great pleasure in listening to them and in seeing their grimaces.

"The Mussulmans betake themselves to the coffee-house about ten o'clock in the morning, and remain there sometimes the whole day, drink-



ing ten or twelve cups of coffee and smoking their pipes, often without uttering a single word. Sometimes however there arise conversations among select parties; many play in pairs, particularly in the establishment we have just mentioned, at the French game of draughts. The players are always surrounded by spectators, who take great interest in the game.

"Other places of assembly much frequented by the Moors, particularly by those who are inquisitive and who meddle with politics, are the barbers' shops, which are very numerous. Tradesmen's shops, not only at Algiers, but in all the towns of Barbary I have visited, are holes in the wall about two metres deep and one wide, which are almost entirely occupied by the dealers when squatted inside. But those of the barbers are more extensive, being four or five metres long and two or even three wide, surrounded by a seat or benches for the accommodation of customers. They are kept tolerably clean, ornamented by all the instruments of the vocation hung about the walls, and by paintings executed in Barbary, representing the most glorious sea-fights of the Algerine corsairs.

"All day long these shops are filled by those who come to have their heads shaved or their beards combed, and by a great number of idle people who come thither only to kill time and to hear news. They are seen gravely seated on the benches, listening very attentively to the barber, who tells what he knows and often much more, at the same time shaving somebody's head, or strutting about and gesticulating if he has no work under his hands. Several plots for the extermination of the French were organized at the barbers' shops, and from thence was sent the information of our movements to the bey of Titerie, before he was taken prisoner."—vol. iii. p. 60.

Our author reckons the population of the city of Algiers, before the arrival of the French, at not more than 30,000 persons, of which number, after its conquest, about a third had migrated. As nearly as could be calculated, this population was composed of 4000 married Turks or Janissaries, about 2000 negroes, 5000 Jews, 18,000 Moors and Couloughis, and 1000 Berbers, Arabs, and others. The Jews here, as in all Mahometan towns, form a distinct, in some measure proscribed, and certainly the most despised part of the population, particularly since the Turks obtained the government. Here, also, as elsewhere, they are chiefly occupied in brokerage. Many of them patrol the streets as pedlars, with muslins, cambrics, and other things, which they sell to the Moorish ladies. They are forbidden, on pain of severe punishment, to enter the house of a Mussulman, or even to knock at the door. The mode of trading with them is, therefore, as follows. When the women hear the peculiar cry which they constantly repeat as they pass along the streets, they descend to the door, and send a slave to call them: when the pedlar arrives, the door is opened just enough to make room for the hand of the

slave or of a little child, who passes the merchandise to the lady ; the money is returned in the same manner, and the Jew departs without having even seen his customer. The Moorish dames are not always honest in their dealings with the Jews. Sometimes they take his merchandise, and then shut the door in his face, without paying for it. In this case, as he dare not knock at the door, he begins to shout with all his might and to stamp with his feet, and if in the end the money is not thrown to him, he runs to make his complaint to the Cadi, and even there he is by no means sure of obtaining justice. The Jewish population of Algiers was originally formed by the refugees from persecution in Spain, and they were once on a much more respectable footing in the town than at present. They still relate a strange legend of their first arrival from Europe.

“ Whilst the Moors were in possession of Spain, they had allowed the Jews to establish themselves there and to occupy themselves in commerce. The people of Israel did there as in Egypt ; they multiplied fast, and in a short space of time became extremely numerous. They had their magistrates, their temples, and the free exercise of their religion. When the Christians had driven the Mussulmans from Spain and reconquered that fine country, they permitted the Jews to continue to dwell there and to carry on their commercial speculations, on condition of their submitting to the laws of the new state. To the great riches which they had amassed under the empire of the Moors, they added still more, until at last the Christians became extremely jealous of them, In 1390, the chief rabbi of Seville (*Simon-ben-Smia*), a man of first-rate capacity, who possessed great wealth, was seized and thrown into prison by order of the king of Spain, with sixty of the principal heads of Jewish families and many Moors who had remained in that city. Immediately after this arbitrary act, the Spaniards subjected the Jews and Moors established in the kingdom to all kinds of exactions. Soon after the imprisonment of the rabbi, the king ordered him and all who had been shut up with him to be put to death. On the evening which preceded the day appointed for the execution, at the moment when all his companions in misfortune were abandoning themselves to despair and grief, Simon took a bit of coal and drew the figure of a ship on the wall. Then turning to those around him who were weeping, he said, ‘ Let all those who believe in God, and who are willing to quit this place immediately, put their finger with me on this ship.’ They all did so, and in an instant the ship sketched with coal became a real ship, which put itself in motion ; the wall opened to give a passage ; it traversed Seville, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants, without running against any of them or even touching their houses, and went with all its crew direct to the sea. We are not told if the rabbi took the helm, or if his companions served as sailors ; but this we are assured that the vessel never stopped till it suddenly anchored in the bay of Algiers, a town then only inhabited by Mahometans, Moors, and Arabs. The rabbi, having despatched in all haste some of his companions to the Algerines, to tell

how they had been brought to their coast, and to solicit an asylum, the latter answered that it was no concern of theirs, but that they would consult Sydi-Ben-Yousef, a famous marabout who dwelt at Meliana. Immediately a party of horse set off at full gallop and soon arrived at the residence of Sydi-Ben-Yousef, whom they informed that certain Jews and Moors, who had escaped miraculously from Spain, had arrived in the port of Algiers, begging to be received as inhabitants of the town. 'Receive them and treat them in the best manner possible,' was the answer of the marabout. The messengers hastened back with the order of the holy man, and it was immediately announced to the Rabbi that he might land with all his companions. The inhabitants of the town, with the chiefs of religion and of the law at their head, marched out to meet them, and offered them every thing of which they were in need. They gave them lodgings in the town, where they settled."—vol. iii. p. 210.

The most interesting and remarkable objects in the environs of the town are the fountains and the marabouts or hermitages. The *marabout*, or divine, amongst the Moors as well as the Berbers, is a person who exercises great influence, and who is believed to receive immediate inspiration from the Deity. He is consequently, among a superstitious people, consulted on every occasion, and his advice is never rejected. He is not even subject to the ordinary laws of society, and the person who has experienced at his hands any violence or injustice throws himself on his face and thanks God that he has thus deemed him worthy of his peculiar notice. His attributes resemble those of the wise men of some of our country villages, who, for a small consideration, pretend to indicate the possessors of lost or stolen property, tell fortunes and the like. In like manner the marabout is generally approached with presents, and, not content with this, when he wants anything he sends to demand it of any one whom he knows to possess it, and the latter hardly dares to refuse. He enters people's gardens, or shops, or houses, and takes what he likes, and the person who is thus robbed, instead of being angry, considers it a presage of good fortune. The most remarkable of the numerous sanctuaries of these men in the neighbourhood of the capital, which are also called marabouts, is that of Sydi-Abderrahman. A little further from the town, on the sea coast, is one not less famous amongst the people, particularly the Jews, that of Sydi-Yakoub, of the ceremonies at which, apparently bearing some analogy with the worship of wells so prevalent in all countries during the dark ages, an amusing account is given by Captain Rozet:—

"To the north-west of the powder-mill rises a rock of schistus, on the top of which stands the marabout of Sydi-Yakoub, under the shade of a magnificent olive-tree, which spreads out its branches like a cedar. This

marabout is much esteemed, not only by the Mussalmans, but by the Jews also, for the numerous cures which are operated there. Below it, on the west side of the rock, is a great fountain covered by a circular vault, to which we are assured that Sydi-Yakoub gave the property of curing all kinds of diseases.

"Every Wednesday pilgrims repair to the fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, and sometimes in such numbers that they block up the road. One Wednesday, as I walked out of the town on this road, about six o'clock in the morning, I saw some negroes and a great number of Jews proceeding in this direction; totally ignorant of their design, I followed them, not doubting that some very interesting ceremony was to be performed; I joined two whole Jewish families, men, women, and children. When we reached the fountain, the men stopped; but the women took off their shoes, and, taking the baskets which their husbands had placed on the ground, they very devoutly approached the fountain. Each drew from her basket an earthen pot, in which she made a fire with tinder and a little coal; they then lighted small yellow tapers, and placed them on a stone beside a little hole, whence issued a *jet-d'eau*, crying *You, you*. After this they returned, threw some grains of incense into their fires, and carried the pots in their hands several times about the fountain. They then returned to their baskets; some of them took eggs, boiled beans, and bread; others, the feathers and blood of a chicken, &c., which they threw into the basin, crying *You, you*; after which they placed themselves on the step nearest to the water, washed their face and hands, drank the water, and made their children drink it, and then returned to their husbands, who were waiting for them at the place where they first halted. I saw also several negroes and negresses performing similar ceremonies, but, by their hurry and want of devotion, it was easy to see that they were not doing it on their own account.

"Taking a turn round the fountain, I found sitting on a stone an old Moor, covered with dirt, who presented to me a bit of paper which he held in his hand: it was a billet signed by the general-in-chief of the French army, which authorized him, a marabout, to post himself on Wednesdays and Thursdays at the holy fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, to receive the offerings of the pilgrims. I returned him his paper, and asked him if the offerings he received were numerous. 'No,' said he, 'I scarcely receive anything; this place is visited by more Jews than Mussulmans.'

"As I was going away I heard a great noise on the sea-shore; I went to see what it might be, and was not a little surprized to find there many Jewish families drinking and eating, uttering from time to time cries of joy, and singing at the utmost extent of their voice. I approached them to learn what they were doing, and immediately several men arose, begged me to partake of their repast, and, in spite of all my refusals, obliged me to eat a small apple, and to drink with them a glass of *anisette*. I then learnt that, after coming to seek the protection of Sydi-Yakoub, it was proper to pass the whole day in drinking, eating, and amusing themselves, with their relatives and friends, in the open air. In the evening I returned to see if my companions of the morning had

punctually fulfilled their duty, and I found in the fields, all along the road conducting to Sydi-Yakoub, numerous assemblies of several families, in which every body was drunk. Several musicians had come to increase the uproar, and the guests accompanied them by singing, or rather howling, all at once. Men, women, and children, unable to support themselves any longer, rolled one over another, without any regard to modesty, and we may thank the drawers which the Jewesses wear that this was not altogether violated. I have often heard talk of the Sabbath, where, they say, the witches meet the devils, and deliver themselves to all sorts of orgies, and I never saw anything which gave me a more complete idea of them than the farce of the Jews who perform the pilgrimage to Sydi-Yakoub.

"Salomon, to whom I related all I had seen, told me—'Sydi-Yakoub is a very powerful marabout, whom we worship as well as the Mussulmans. He cures all manner of diseases, and drives the devil out of the body of him who seeks his aid. If any one is ill, he goes to seek the Xine, or he sends another person if he cannot go himself. When she has heard attentively the recital of the patient's sufferings, she takes a handful of wheat and throws it on a sieve; after contemplating the grains of wheat, sometimes for half an hour, she pronounces almost always that the sick person is possessed by the devil, and that he must visit the fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, or send some one thither in his stead. The Xine then orders him to kill two chickens, one white and the other black, or one single black and white chicken; to collect the blood, and rub with a part of it the arms and legs of the sick person, and to carry the rest, with the feathers, to the fountain, and throw them in, with some orange flowers; to eat the chicken on the sea-shore, to throw the bones into the sea, and to pass the rest of the day in amusement, in sign of the cure which you have obtained, or which, at all events, you will obtain.'"

—vol. iii. p. 136.

We have chosen more readily the foregoing extract, because it presents a picture, by no means exaggerated, of superstitions and observations which still prevail among the lower orders of the Catholic population of Ireland.

Prince Pückler-Muskau tells a story of a marabout buried among the ruins near Cape Matifou, which we are tempted to give, as a very fair specimen of Mussulman legends. The prince was attended, in this short excursion, by a necessary escort of the Chasseurs d'Afrique:—

"We rested some time among the ruins of *Torre Tschika*, and examined the remains beside the monuments of the holy marabout, and his friend the Spaniard, whom he had converted in this very place. The story of this event is as follows:—The Spanish captain had landed with the marabout, whom he had brought hither, when both, overcome by the heat, yielded to slumber. The Spaniard awaking first, tempted by the evil one, resolved to take advantage of the deep sleep of his passenger, and to sail home with his property. He immediately put out to sea, but he could not find his way out of the bay, for a magic wind

drove him about in a circle during four-and-twenty hours, and at last brought him to land at the same place, where the marabout, who was now awake, arose to salute him. Full of repentance, the Spaniard confessed his treacherous design, and delivered up the property he would have stolen; after which he, encouraged by the pardon of the saint, again took ship. But the same fate once more awaited him, and, after four-and-twenty hours, the waves drove him back to the strand. The marabout received him with a smile. 'Pardon!' said he, 'thou hadst forgotten my sandals in the ship, which hinder thee from thy voyage.'

"This last miracle awakened his unbelieving heart. He fell down at the feet of the marabout, besought his blessing, became a Mussulman, and ended his life as a faithful hermit by the side of the saint, on the same spot."\*—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 14.

The general appearance of the country, on this side of the capital, must, according to the account of the German traveller, be extremely picturesque:—

"The land which we passed over in this excursion consisted chiefly of a plain, overspread by several rows of hillocks, which, entirely waste, but by no means unfruitful, were thickly covered with shrubs. A countless multitude of oleanders, arbutus, pomegranates, myrtles, lavender, and innumerable flowers, clothed them in the spring with the most variegated garment, and green meadows were charmingly intermixed with the clumps of shrubbery. Some Roman remains, though of little importance, might here and there be observed. A little before El Ibrahim, where the French posted themselves after having gained the first battle, the country changes its aspect, and exhibits an abrupt country luxuriously covered with trees, thickets, and loftier shrubs. On their sides lie some Arabian villages, the first I had seen. They consist partly of very poor huts of reeds, partly of dirty tents of camel-hair, into which crowded half-naked children, who beheld us with alarm and terror, and who, in look and manners, had all the air of savages. Although we threw money to them, yet they would not venture out to pick it up; whilst, on the contrary, the grown-up people took very little notice of us. In a meadow close by, under a tree, accompanied by two of his courtiers standing, lay the chief of the tribe, the Sheikh Ben Omar, a very old man, with a long snow-white beard. He and his

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\* It is curious how superstition, in far distant lands and amid varying circumstances, is constantly reproducing the same forms. With us the puritans in the seventeenth century, while declaiming with bitterness against the pretended miracles of the Popish monks, did every day the same thing which they blamed in their opponents. The following story, among many others of a like nature, is found set down in the diary of a very respectable person of the north of England, where the puritan party seems to have been the strongest, who put it in writing at the time it was believed to have occurred (1680); it has a striking resemblance to the above legend of the holy marabout:—

"A gentlewoman near Newcastle having murdered her child, would have run away, but her horse would not stir; then she hired a coach; neither would the horses go with her tho' whipt, but overthrew the coach; after she got into a ship to fly, but could not get from the harbour; in the mean time the child was found, and hue and cry made after the author (of the murder), and she was suspected and committed to prison."

court were equally ragged. Nevertheless they assured me that the old miser had amassed a treasure of more than 300,000 francs. He appeared to be very ill-humoured, and used no ceremonies to the courtiers who surrounded him. This country, where we again see ruined cottages, affords many picturesque points, particularly a magnificent dell with a cool stream, full of jujube, orange, and other trees, encircled with creepers, and a species whose stalk here reaches an elevation of twenty feet. To the advance of troops this ground, in an entirely unknown country, must have opposed manifold difficulties; and they showed us an olive copse where the Arabs, themselves concealed and protected by it, with their muskets, which are effective at a great distance, killed many of the French; and not far hence, on the right wing, a ravine, in which a whole company was cut to pieces, because they had conceived the unfortunate idea of cleaning their arms."—*Scamisso*, vol. ii, p. 16.

At no great distance from Algiers, Captain Rozet found monuments of that class which are generally termed *Druidical*. We regret much that he has not given us a drawing of them. We begin to have many doubts of the justice of attributing all such monuments to one tribe, or even to one family, of people; and the many ingenious theories which have been built upon this hypothesis are likely, we think, to fall to the ground on further examination.

"A little before the first stream, on the point of *Ras Acrata*, where the ground again becomes flat, we perceive, amidst ancient walls which scarcely rise above the ground, several rectangular cisterns, made with an extremely hard cement, of which two were still in a state of perfect preservation, and half full of water when I saw them. Following the ruins, in the middle of the brushwood, at a distance of four hundred metres to the southwest, I discovered several arcades of a small aqueduct still standing, and entirely concealed by the brambles. These arcades were but four feet high; they are semi-circularly arched, and constructed with small irregular pieces of calcareous stone, joined by a yellowish cement, which is become extremely hard. I had long examined the cisterns, and the ruins amidst which they lay, but could find nothing which bore the mark of the hands of the Romans, or of any other people whose mode of building was known to me. When I found the aqueduct I was still more embarrassed; it resembles nothing I have ever seen in Europe or in Africa.

"I had come to the conclusion that all these works might be of Punic origin, and, absorbed in my reflections, I slowly climbed the hill, which overlooks them from the south, to see if there were not some more ruins on its summit. After half an hour's walk, I arrived in the middle of a very extensive plateau, about 120 metres above the level of the sea, entirely covered with brushwood, upon which I found at first nothing but the rocks of tertiary grit which compose it. But in descending to the valley which bounds it on the west, I was struck with astonishment at the sight of two groupes of *Druidical* tombs, exactly like those which I

had seen in France some years before. Each monument is composed of four stones of the same kind as the rock itself, entirely uncut, forming a rectangle, covered by a fifth as large as could be found in the neighbourhood. I measured one, which was two metres and a half long, two metres and one-tenth broad, and two centimetres thick. In some of these tombs there were only three upright stones, and in several they had experienced a movement after the covering stone was placed over them. These ancient monuments were placed one beside another, without observing any particular direction; one of the groupes contained ten, the other twelve. In spite of their ignorance and their natural apathy, the Bedouins had been struck with the appearance of these monuments; they easily perceived that the stones which composed them were not there in their natural position; they had made searches about several, probably to see if there were treasures buried there, but not having found any, they left the rest untouched."—vol. iii. p. 163.

On a supposition which has been made that the Druidical monuments were the works of Phœnicians; or, on another, that the Celts themselves were an Asiatic tribe which had arrived by the same route; these monuments might, there is no doubt, be accounted for. As, however, neither of these hypotheses seems to us to have been clearly made out, we willingly turn them over to the Society of Antiquaries,\* and will ourselves follow Captain Rozet in his excursions.

The road from Algiers to Constantine, which runs at first through a picturesque country on the sea-shore, and presents at every step marks of the decline of wealth and cultivation in the country, passes, at no great distance from Cape Matafou, the extensive and interesting ruins of the Roman city of Ruatonium. Captain Rozet proceeded no further than this point, but from Salomon the Jew, who had often been to Constantine, he obtained a tolerably exact account of the remaining part of the road. The third day's journey from Algiers brings the traveller to the chain of the Little Atlas, and during the three following days his path lies through steep and dangerous mountains, which are inhabited by the Berbers, who levy contributions on all who pass. The most difficult pass is that of Biban, better known among travellers as the Iron Gates.

"The Bey of Constantine himself, who never entered the Biban without an army, when he came with his tribute to Algiers, could not pass without paying a sum of money to the Berbers, who, informed of his arrival, had seized all the positions, and would have crushed him and his army with stones, had he been so imprudent as to try to force the

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\* Precisely the same kind of monuments as these described by Captain Rozet are found in different parts of Germany, where they are called *Hünentetten*. See Klemm, (*Handbuch der Germanischen Alterthumskunde*, Dresden, 1836, § 34,) who has given drawings of several.



passage. At the taking of Algiers, this Bey, who had brought an army to the aid of his master, in his retreat carried with him a considerable treasure from the country-house of the Aga, beyond the suburb of Bab-Azoun. The Berbers, having learnt this, allowed him to enter the Biban with his army, and then fell upon him, carried off all the plunder he brought from Algiers, and even a great part of what he had originally brought with him to the war."—vol. i. p. 327.

On the sixth day the traveller enters an extensive plain, inhabited by wandering Arabs, and extending thence to Constantine, where he generally arrives on the ninth day. Constantine is a large and fine town, of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, but, according to Salomon's account, it was not fortified, and its only defence was said to be a small battery on the side towards Algiers, occupied commonly by a few Turks, and mounting seven or eight bad guns. The town is partly surrounded by a river, whose banks in the vicinity are covered with beautiful gardens. The inhabitants were said to be "*braves gens, sur la parole desquels on peut compter.*" The army of Marshal Clausel marched on Constantine by the much shorter route from Bone (a coast town), estimated in the official accounts at a distance of about thirty-one hours, and, though they had still some mountains of less importance to pass, they avoided the length and dangers of the road from Algiers.

Bone, situated in  $36^{\circ} 53' 56''$  of north latitude, and in  $5^{\circ} 24' 38''$  of east longitude from Paris, is a small town, strong by position, and tolerably well fortified. The inhabitants are described as a people greatly superior to the generality of the population of the regency of Algiers. But the surrounding country is inhabited by some of the most cruel and warlike of the native tribes. Before it was first occupied by the French, these tribes had made several attacks upon Bone, with the sole object of plundering the town. During the first occupation, the French garrison were harassed by the most desperate and continued assaults. Captain Rozet was inclined to believe, from the character of the country and of its inhabitants, that the approach to Constantine from Bone would be much more difficult and dangerous than it had commonly been supposed to be.

Our space will not allow us to follow Captain Rozet in all his excursions, the principal of which extends as far as Medeya, the chief town of the Bey of Titerie. On this road, at the foot of the Little Atlas, beautifully situated, is the small town of Belida; whose inhabitants are declared to be the most turbulent and faithless of the whole regency, although, in spite of their own warlike character, the Berbers of the mountains frequently made descents upon them and plundered their town. The inhabitants of Me-

deya are famous for their love of the chase. Their mode of hunting tigers is curious enough: armed with a sharp yatagan, the hunter entices the animal to pursue him up a tree, and, turning round, cuts off his fore-paws as he mounts, so that he falls to the ground, and becomes afterwards an easy prey. But their manner of catching young lions beats all the ingenious experiments of which we have ever heard, and we confess that our incredulity is at least equal to that of our author.

"The manner of taking young lions seems to me a fable, although it has been told by a person worthy of credit. They discover very easily, by the numerous tracks of their feet, the places where the lions have lodged their young, and they know that one of the parents always keeps watch whilst the other goes to seek food. When the mother watches, she never closes her eyes, and would instantly devour any one who came near; but the father almost always falls asleep, and slumbers so soundly that a person may approach without disturbing him. He who has discovered the young lions, observes the father and mother until he is well acquainted with the hours of watch of each; then, while the lioness is away, he mounts his horse and approaches as near the den as possible; he dismounts with naked feet, and creeps, without breathing, to the young lions, takes one, or two if he can, without waking the father, returns to his horse, and makes his escape in all haste with his prize."—vol. iii. p. 237.

To us, the most interesting part of the German prince's account of the regency, is his excursion over the Metidja; and here, again, we have a notable example of the would-be Quixotism of its author. According to his own account, he waited long at Algiers for some military expedition which might give him an opportunity of visiting the country between the two Atlas ridges; but at last, finding his expectations vain, he resolved, in spite of all the dangers with which people threatened him, to set out on this adventure alone. "He was confidently assured that, without two thousand men, the excursion was impossible, and that he who should venture upon it alone might be perfectly sure of having his head cut off; but our friend (the prince) is notoriously so sworn a sceptic in impossibilities, that even in this instance he did not give implicit credit to the assertion, although in fact it was a very general one!!" (ii. 91.) However, he procured from the Governor of Algiers a strong recommendation to the care of the câids of Beni-Mussa and Kraschna, whose tribes occupied the ground he was going to explore. Being taken under such protection, we by no means see the nature of the dangers which he so courageously faced, nor does the narrative which follows throw much more light on this point, except that in one or two instances it appears that his guides told him it

was unsafe to go any further, when he immediately and very wisely acted according to their advice. Be the dangers, however, what they might, Prince Pückler-Muskau set out on this long-projected journey, and on a Friday (an unpropitious day, he confesses, for such an undertaking): he was received by the *câid* of Beni-Mussa, and an escort of Arabs, who gained his good opinion by their respect for champagne and the flesh, or at least the heads, of wild swine; the former of which seems to have had a very perceptible, and, we have no doubt, good effect upon the heads of the whole troop, for Semilasso tells us that they rode about on the beach like so many madmen:—

“At length they ceased to misuse the willingness of their spirited animals, and soon the cavalcade arranged itself in orderly march on the bad pavement of the old Roman road. They passed between hedges of Indian fig-trees, so lofty that they yielded the travellers a complete shade, a great blessing in the now overpowering heat. After a few hours they reached the last French blockhouse and the Aratsch, which they passed at a tolerably deep ford. Here they halted a few minutes, to water their horses, and to wait for some of the party who had loitered behind. At this place a party of Arabs passed the river from the other side, chiefly mounted on small but heavily-laden asses; and altogether, with these different groupes, the scene might have afforded a singular picture; particularly when the last Bedouin's poor animal dropped under its burden in the deepest part of the stream, and, with a true ass's patience, once stretching its head out of the water like a carp, gasped for air, and then sank quietly, and perished without a cry. At last, after much labour and time, the Arabs succeeded in drawing the goods out of the water, which, with the now motionless ass, floated on the stream.

“From the Aratsch the plain began gradually but continually to rise towards the mountains, and presented everywhere a dry soil, sometimes mixed with a little sand, but chiefly consisting of a fertile loam, or a black mould, entirely covered either with green grass or with low underwood. Towards evening the caravan reached in safety Beni-Mussa, at two hours' distance from the Atlas, where the *câid* had his *hautch*, a kind of court surrounded with very wretched buildings of stone, which was probably first built as a secure place for the reception of plunder. An ill-conditioned orange-garden, surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of aloes, concealed one side of the building, and, not far separated from it, extended on the other a pretty little wood of wild olive trees, carobs, and high underwood, in which lay the village, which could only be distinguished by the smoke that rose from it. This foreground, with the deep blue mountains behind, formed a very wild but interesting landscape.”—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 93.

At this place our traveller passed the night, dining upon cous-coussou and pilau, and taking his coffee and his three pipes after the true Arab fashion. The *câid* had the preceding day made all preparations for the continuance of their excursion, and early

in the morning they set out for the Metidja,\* with an escort of fifteen or sixteen horsemen, all well armed:—

“Favoured with the serenest weather, the nearer they approached the foot of the Atlas, the richer was the vegetation; and the green declivities of the mountains, covered with well-wooded villages, meadows, fields, and lovely groves, presented an aspect differing little from that of European cultivation. And yet here dwell the wild and so much dreaded Kabyles and Hajutes, of whom, as the câid informed us, the majestic mountain of Bona-ralissa, which rose right before the eyes of the travellers, alone furnished 2000 combatants. At the mountain-stream, Ouled Dschemma, the caravan was met by a very neatly-dressed, handsome man, mounted on an excellent steed, and accompanied by two servants, who held a private conference of some duration with the câid, and, as they afterwards learnt, was a *thakeb* (theologian), who by his authority hindered the adjacent tribes of the mountains from taking any notice of the Christians. He joined the caravan, and only quitted it with the train of the câid.

“After they had, with manifold varying views of the mountain before them, ridden a few hours further, and very often through thickets where an attack would have been highly perilous, they reached the place where the river, which they had already once passed at a lower point, rushed out of a deep and romantic mountain-glen, and had covered its bed, which was more than a thousand paces wide, but was at this season in great part dried up, with pebbles and masses of rock. On its banks they found many burning charcoal-kilns, which seemed here to be managed just as in the woods of Germany; but they could never see any of the natives about them.

“Not far from this place they came to a very beautiful spot, called Sukel-Arba, to which, as well as to all the district over which they had travelled this day, no European had penetrated since the taking of Algiers; for no military expedition had been directed on this side. For this reason is the place more frequented by the Arabs as a market, as might be seen by the great number of elegant and substantial huts constructed of branches of trees, which remain always standing, though their owners only use them on Wednesdays. Situated immediately at the foot of a lofty mountain, with the view into a deep glen, watered by a clear silvery stream, closed towards the plain by thick hedges of aloes and thickets of flowering shrubs, and shaded by a venerable olive-grove, in which there is not a tree whose appearance would give it an age of less than 200 or 300 years, this place forms one of the most original and most striking market-places that could possibly be conceived. At the end of the afore-mentioned hedge, under some palms, stands the stone monument of a marabout, which sanctifies the surrounding plain. Near it runs the great road over Hamsa towards the desert of

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\* We take this occasion of observing that, as our two authors disagree much in their mode of spelling the Arabic names, and as there seems to be no regularly-established rule, we give them in our extracts as they are spelt in the books from which each is taken.

Saharah, which, following the bed of the river, lost itself so temptingly in the dark rocky glen, that Semilasso called up all his powers of persuasion to induce the câid and the thaleb to follow this path at least another hour. After we had proceeded scarcely a few minutes on the way, both, already in an ill-humour, declared that there was no going further unless at the head of 2000 men; they dared not expose the company to *this* danger; and moreover, added Kasnadschi, there would not be time sufficient, for he must hand over his charge before night to the câid of Kraschna, for so the Aga had prescribed to him; but there still remained a couple of hours, after breakfast, to lead the strangers deeper than they had yet been into the Atlas, and indeed as far as it were possible, but more than this they must not require from him."—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 105—108.

As it would have been imprudent to do otherwise, our traveller yielded to the representations of his guides, and they hastened towards the edge of the mountain, the Arabs amusing themselves on the way by running races over the uneven ground. A short journey, through the most charming scenery, brought them to Hadrah, a farm belonging to the câid, where they were invited to a parting meal, which consisted of dishes of milk and cous-coussou and a kind of thin dried cakes, and was laid out on a carpet spread on the green turf under flowering olive-trees. Here our Prince gives us a dissertation on the word *marabout*, which seems to us very little to the purpose, and, oddly enough, he succeeds in discovering a "certain analogy" between a Berber *marabout* and an English *gentleman*! After their repast was ended, they again mounted their steeds, and proceeded on their road up the Atlas, till they came to a narrow crest, which they reached by natural steps in the rock. Here the scenery was very desolate, with scarcely any vegetation; but the prospect was magnificent, with the vast plains of the Metidja below, traversed in a thousand windings by the Aratsch, the Hamyse, and many other mountain streams, with oases of thickets here and there on their banks; and bounded in the distance by lofty mountains. On descending into the valley, the travellers were received by the câid of Kraschna, who met them with an escort, and conducted them to his own residence, where they passed the second night. From this place they beheld in the distance a lofty and interesting mountain, and an unconquerable desire was kindled in the mind of our traveller to visit it; but the câid of Kraschna threatened him with the same difficulties as had been conjured up the preceding day in similar circumstances by the câid of Beni-Mussa. The Prince, however, was fertile in resources, and he made his guide acquainted with some curious points of his own genealogy; he said that he came from a land where the Arabs had once ruled, that he was himself descended from Arabian blood, that he was

come all this way to visit his Bedouin brethren and their country, and that he must ascend to the summit of the mountain of Hammal, there to offer up his prayers to Allah for a blessing upon his friends. The Arabs, Semilasso thinks, believed this truly "cock-and-bull" story, and they proceeded next day to visit the object of his desires. Had we space, we would willingly accompany him thither, for if there is any thing in which Pückler-Muskau has merit it is in describing natural scenery, and his narrative becomes here extremely interesting. He afterwards visited the coast of the Metidja and Cape Matifou, and then returned to Algiers.

The population of the regency of Algiers, of whose manners Captain Rozet has furnished us with many interesting anecdotes, may be divided into seven distinct races. The Berbers appear to be the remains of the aboriginal inhabitants of Barbary, but are now chiefly confined to the mountains; the Moors form the principal part of the population of the towns and cultivated districts; the Arabs inhabit the country, and are in a great measure nomadic tribes; the Turks, though not numerous, were by right of conquest, the ruling race; the Negro population had been formed by the importation of slaves from the interior of Africa; of the origin of the Jews we have already had occasion to speak; the Kou-louglis are the children of Moorish ladies married to Turks, and, according to the description which is given of them, seem to be distinguished as the *dandies* of Algiers. Of all these different classes, the most interesting to us, as having been hitherto the least known, are the Berbers of the mountains. They are described as a handsome, brave, and extremely skilful race of men, possessing none of the disgusting vices of the Moors and Turks, but exceedingly faithless, and, like all savages, cruel and vindictive. Unaccustomed to any kind of government, their mode of life appears to be very primitive.

"The habitations of the Berbers are huts composed of a few bits of wood fixed in the ground, to which they fasten reeds or small branches of trees, and the whole is plastered over with clay mixed with straw. I have seen some of their huts built with stones, uncut, but arranged with much art. These huts are all rectangular, with two gables, and covered by a flattened triangular roof, made of stubble or reeds. They are rarely more than ten feet high; the entrance is by a low and narrow door, tolerably well closed; the windows are small holes made in the front, and in a very few instances are furnished with a piece of glass.

"These huts are scarcely ever collected together in villages; they are found in little groupes in the valleys and on the declivities of the mountains. On the road to Medeya we saw some of these groupes inhabited by several families. We observed the same thing in the mountains of Sumata and Beni-Menad; but in the tribe of Beni-Sala, which we sacked, the huts were joined four or five together, forming a rectangle

with a court in the middle; that through which was the entrance to the court containing the stables, which were separated by the passage; the others containing the lodgings of the family, and the places for preserving their crops. In the vicinity of the huts, which is kept tolerably clean, are found the *matmoures*, or great conical pits in the ground, in which they preserve grain, pulse, and fruit. At Beni-Sala we found these pits in the interior of the rooms, closed by large stones covered with earth.\* The soldiers descended into several, which were filled with dried fruit, and with great earthen pots containing honey, oil, melted butter, dried pulse, and *couscoussou*.† In nearly all the chambers we found great jars, made of clay dried in the sun, two metres high, and half a metre in diameter, and not above three or four millimetres thick. These jars were full of grain, which could be taken out by a large opening in the lower part; they were supported against the wall, or against great wooden posts, and fixed by two iron braces, placed one in the middle and the other at the upper part, terminated by a collar, in the same manner as the jar. We saw also, in the inside of the chambers, bowls full of milk, pots of butter and honey, barley in the corners, and piles of small potatoes. The bee-hives, placed among the bushes around the houses were made of the bark of the cork-tree or platted reeds. The whole furniture of a Berber house consists of two stones for grinding the grain; a few baskets rudely made of reeds, earthen pots, in a most filthy condition, rush mats and sheep-skins, spread on the ground, which serve for beds. Sometimes there are at the two extremities of the chamber platforms of masonry or wood, elevated about two feet above the ground, on which they place their sheep-skins and rush mats, which serve them for mattresses. I never saw anything like beds; the Berbers manage to sleep without them. Those who come to market at Algiers sleep on the pavement, in the middle of the street, or on the terraces of the houses in the suburb of Bab-Azoun: the only precaution they take is to wrap themselves, head and all, in the blanket which serves for their clothing. In a hut at Beni-Sala we found a looking-glass in a frame of gilt wood, a small enamelled vase, and several boxes painted with different colours: it was probably the residence of one of the chiefs of the tribe. All the houses we visited were furnished in the same manner. I was much surprised to find in each a manuscript Koran, written in letters of several colours. In their flight, the inhabitants had, perhaps, left this sacred book by design, to preserve the house from the fury of the soldiery. These houses are very small; women, children, and the stores of provisions, are heaped together in the same room, and the result is a most disagreeable smell, which is every where

\* We may very well imagine the dwellings of the less civilized Ancient Britons, which must have been merely temporary structures, to have resembled those of the Berbers of Africa. In different parts of England pits are often found nearly resembling those described in the text, though perhaps somewhat larger, which have been by many people supposed to have answered the same purpose, namely, that of store-rooms. We understand that Sir William Betham has lately attempted to show, by the old names of places, that the Celtic inhabitants of our isles were (if we have been well-informed) the same as those who first inhabited the northern coasts of Africa.

† A coarse kind of vermicelli, made of wheat-flour.

the same, and which almost suffocates you when you enter ; however, we find precisely the same thing among the peasants of the Vosges, and of several other parts of France."—vol. ii. p. 9.

And now for a few words on the ingenuity and industry of this curious people.

" Although, since their origin, the Berbers have lived in a savage state, and have never had any connection with civilized nations, they are still very industrious ; they are certainly the most skilful of all the inhabitants of the regency of Algiers : they work the mines of their mountains ; and thus obtain lead, copper, and iron.

" With the lead the Berbers make bullets ; with copper, some of the ornaments of the women. It is reported that they work even gold and silver ; the fact is, that their arms are often decorated with plates of silver admirably worked, and that they make a great quantity of false money, particularly reaux-boudjoux, which they bring to Algiers and the other towns of the regency. These boudjoux are of copper, silvered, and may be known by the notched border, which is executed with a file.

" The iron ore, after having been melted, is converted into malleable metal by the hammer. With this iron they make gun-barrels, instruments for ploughing, and many rude utensils, which they sell to the Moors and Arabs. They know how to convert iron into steel, and make knives, sabres, and other cutting instruments, not very elegant, but of a tolerably good quality.

" The Berbers manufacture powder for their own use, but they never sell it. This powder is much more esteemed than that which is made at Algiers. It must be here observed, that the fabrication of powder requires some knowledge for the extraction of the saltpetre, the proportions of the mixture, and the manipulation, which proves that the Berbers have much more instruction than is generally supposed.

" They are seen selling in the towns, and at the fairs which are held in the plain of Metidja, a black soap, which they make with olive oil and the potash which they obtain from sea-weed."—vol. ii. p. 17.

Captain Rozet is well qualified to describe the mode of fighting of the Berbers, as the French army had frequent engagements with them :—

" The warlike temper of the Berbers, and their savage manners, cause the different tribes to be always at war with each other ; they fly to arms on the slightest pretext ; a sheep stolen, a tree cut, an insult to a woman, are causes sufficient to excite them to mutual slaughter. Led by their sheiks, and always accompanied by marabouts, their warriors armed each with a gun, a yatagan, and sometimes a brace of pistols, occupy positions, and, hiding themselves behind trees or rocks, shoot at one another, but always at a great distance, so that the war often finishes with no greater hurt than two or three men put hors de combat. Sometimes, however, they come to close quarters ; the vanquished fly to places which are inaccessible, and leave to the victors their women, their herds, and their property. But generally they do not push things



to this extremity ; after a few shots on each side, the marabouts, who are all-powerful, order them to cease firing, and after mutual negotiations, they end by concluding a treaty whereby the injured party is generally indemnified for its losses.

"The greater part of the Berbers who came to the aid of the dey Hussein-Pacha, when he was attacked by the French, was commanded by the famous Benzabnum ; he had about as many horse as foot. They were all armed alike, each having a long gun, a yatagan, and often a brace of pistols. Each tribe had its standard, borne by one of the bravest soldiers. In their attacks, the standard-bearers went before, and the others followed. The cavalry darted upon us at full gallop, and the foot came with them ; holding themselves on by the saddle or tail of their horses, we sometimes saw as many as three riders on one horse. Arrived at a certain distance, the standard-bearers halted, and the crowd immediately assembled around them ; each man fired his gun, then retired to re-load, then returned to fire again, and so on. When they attacked us in the plain, they never dared to stand before our battalions ; they arrived at full gallop, discharged their muskets, then turned immediately, lay on their horses, and fled. In this case, the foot lay in ambush behind the hedges, bushes, and trees, and, hiding themselves as much as possible, fled as soon as attacked. In the Atlas, the Berbers posted themselves on the tops and sides of the mountains : when we pursued them, they fled from one rock to another, without ever allowing themselves to be caught ; their chief manœuvre consisted in dispersing as soon as they were attacked, and in rallying immediately to fall upon our rear, or to harass our retreat. Cannon produced on them an effect truly magical ; when they saw a piece presented in a given direction, they dared no longer show themselves on that side ; and so soon as a ball fell amidst one of their groupes, they all fled in different directions, and none dared to return to the position. They, as well as the Turks, Moors, and Arabs, were seized with terror and wonder, when, a few minutes after our landing on the coast of Africa, they saw our columns march, with their arms on their shoulders, up to their batteries, and take them amidst a heavy fire."—vol. ii. p. 29.

The Berbers are Mahometans, and, as might be supposed, many of their customs and ceremonies have become modified by the religion which they have adopted. Marriage, amongst them, seems to be conducted as a mere matter of commerce, and perhaps the few restrictions in this commerce to which they submit have been imposed upon them by Mahometanism since its introduction :—

"The Berbers arrive early at the age of adolescence ; the girls are married at the age of twelve, and the boys at fifteen. It is not here as among the Mussulmans ; the women go with their face uncovered, and may converse with the men : the young people see the maidens before marrying them, love them, and seek to excite their love. When a young Berber is in love, he goes to the father of his mistress, and begs him to give her to him for a wife ; the father then asks him how many

head of cattle or how much money he can give in exchange. The young man makes his propositions, the father rejects them as not sufficiently advantageous; at last, after having bargained for some time, they conclude by agreeing upon a sum of money, which varies from 30 to 100 boudjoux (65 to 185 francs), or their equivalent in cattle, according to the beauty or qualities of the damsel, and the degree of love which the suitor feels for her. When the bargain is made, the father of the girl and her future husband go to the marabout, and inform him of the agreement they have just concluded; he approves or disapproves, according to his caprice, and sometimes the young man is obliged also to make a composition with him to obtain his consent. When all difficulties are overcome, the husband repairs to the house of his future wife with the sum of money or the cattle which he has promised to the father; the girl is then delivered to him, he leads her to his hut and makes her his wife, without any other ceremony. The Berbers may have four wives, but not more; this restriction has probably been derived from the Mahometans. The women take care of the house; they spin flax and wool, and are also employed in agriculture; they accompany their husbands to the wars, but not in their travels; I never saw Berber women come to Algiers.

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"Divorce is allowed among the Berbers; a husband may quit his wife, either because she has given him some cause to complain, or because he loves her no longer: it is only necessary that he go to a marabout, and declare to him the reasons which oblige him to repudiate her. Immediately after, he orders her to leave his house, and she returns to her father, carrying with her only the clothes she has on her body; but the price which the husband paid for her is not returned; it is only in case the woman wishes to be married to another man, that this man is obliged to repay the first all he gave to her father at her first marriage. After having turned away one wife, the husband is at liberty to take another; and if he has a sufficient fortune, he may amuse himself by changing every month."—vol. ii. p. 45.

The Moors, though more refined, are on this head, if anything, more lax in their principles than their savage neighbours:—

"When a Moor suspects one of his wives of infidelity, he can repudiate her; he can also do this when she becomes thin; when he quarrels with her, for whatever cause; lastly, this power is pushed so far by the husbands, that they can divorce whenever they think fit. But it is not so with the women; they are only permitted to leave their husbands when they are sent away. A Moor who wishes to repudiate his wife, has only to say to her—*El merah hiseh haramekh aliè*—Henceforth this woman is to me a thing sacred; and immediately she returns to her father, with the dress she has on her back. There is, however, one case in which a woman can have a divorce; it is when her husband stays too long from home on his travels. She has then only to present herself before the Cadi, and say, 'My husband has been gone so many months or years; I cannot live alone, I am tired of it, and I am going to take

another husband.' The Cadi, after having addressed some observations to her, says—' You may do so.' And then she is at liberty to marry again.

" It is not forbidden to a Moor to take again a wife whom he has repudiated, for whatever cause ; but he cannot do it until she has been married to another : then he goes to seek the other husband, makes him proposals to induce him to repudiate her, and, when he has consented, they are married anew.

" When the repudiated wife has not contracted a second marriage, and her husband wishes to take her again, he is obliged to go seek one of his friends, or often an individual of low condition, whom he pays more or less dearly, to beg him to have the kindness to marry her whom he has repudiated, to keep her twenty-four hours, for so the law of the Prophet requires, and then to put her away. Cases of this kind occur often in Barbary ; there are men called *halla*, who make a trade of marrying women to give them up without touching them, on consideration of a sum, which is regulated by the beauty of the lady and the violence of the love of her former husband. The friends who perform these acts of kindness seldom do it for nothing ; in some instances they have been so satisfied with their accidental wives, that they have kept them, and refused to perform their promise."—vol. ii. p. 132.

Want of space alone compels us now to quit the work of Captain Rozet ; we refer our readers to the book itself for further information on the present condition of the regency of Algiers, and we recommend it heartily to their attention. We have already spoken our mind as to the few advantages to be reaped by France from her possessions in this quarter. Captain Rozet looks upon the subject in a different point of view. He considers that France, who signalized herself during the dark ages in saving the West from the hands of the Mussulmans, has contracted, in some manner, a duty of at last penetrating into the den whence issued the swarms of unbelievers who then devastated her plains, and of making herself again famous as the deliverer of Africa from barbarism. He acknowledges that the task will be difficult—that it is even probable that France will never be willing to make the necessary sacrifices ; but he would have all the sovereigns of Europe join in putting their shoulders to the work ; he would have a general congress called ; they should invite America to join in the undertaking (we wonder how brother Jonathan would take the invitation) ; all these powers ought to subscribe their quota of money ; to France alone is to be intrusted the execution of their plans and the government of the conquered territory, until the period when barbarian Africa should become a flourishing and civilized land, and then it should be divided amongst all the sovereigns who had subscribed to the enterprise in portions according to the sum each had sub-

scribed. He would, in fact, have a sort of African Colonization Joint Stock Company. We confess that we like Captain Rozet's projects of colonization much less than the rest of his book; nor do we see on what good principle the nations of Europe are required to join in the persecution of a whole race of men—for it seems clear that the only way of subduing the country will be to exterminate the wild part of the natives at least—because those men are Mahometans and barbarians. It seems to us that it would be but a repetition of what Spain once did for the civilization of America. In conclusion, we quote Captain Rozet's estimate of the sacrifices which France must make for the colonization of Algiers, if left, as it seems more than probable she will be, to execute the project herself:—

“At the present day, the territory we occupy at Algiers extends not three leagues from the town on every side, and we have scarcely a garrison on two other points of the coast. Yet the expense of our army amounts to more than twenty millions (of francs): what would it be then if we occupied only all the towns on the coast from Bone to Telmecen? Sixty millions a-year at least must be expended in the cost of administration, the support of troops, that of the colonists who arrive, and of the works to be executed in the country, and that during perhaps more than ten years: for we must not deceive ourselves. The ground about Algiers was the only ground on which there was a sufficient number of houses to lodge the colonists who should come to settle; nearly all these houses were destroyed by our soldiers. In the other parts of the country there are none, as we have already said in describing them, and there are no roads practicable for carriages; the communications are often but wretched tracks, scarcely passable for beasts of burden. Thus it would be necessary to create everything, and to create in the rear of troops, who must cover the labourers from the attacks of Berbers and Arabs. All these considerations incline me to say that we should be obliged to expend more than six hundred millions, and to lose sixty thousand soldiers, by the fire of the enemy and by sickness, before the colony should arrive at a certain degree of prosperity.”—vol. iii. p. 414.

We now turn to this second part of the “penultimate world-walk” of Semilasso. We have, on occasion of the first part of this same “world-walk” (F. Q. R. No. XXXIV. p. 253), given our opinion of the literary merits of its author very freely, and at the same time very honestly. We have little to add on this point at present, and nothing to change; our opinion remains the same; for the new work exhibits to us Prince Pückler-Muskau in Africa the same vain, pretending, frivolous person who then figured in Europe. The information he gives us is generally of little or no value when set beside that of any other traveller. Two reasons, however, have hindered us from persevering in the intention we then declared, of passing over the present book in silence; one of

these, which is entirely accidental, is the circumstance of our having been already attracted to the subject by the work of Captain Rozet on Algiers; the other, perhaps the more substantial, is the fact, which we readily confess, that Semilasso in Africa is, from the subject, more easily interesting than Semilasso in Europe, that he has there more opportunity of exhibiting the few redeeming qualities which we have allowed him. As we have already observed, the prince is a passionate admirer and a successful delineator of natural scenery; he succeeded in penetrating, by the aid of native escorts, which were granted to him both in Algiers and Tunis, far into the interior of some parts of Northern Africa, and the wild and varied scenery which he traversed, so little known to Europeans, could not fail to furnish abundant materials for the exercise of his powers. These excursions, which form a tolerably large portion of Semilasso's diffuse\* and often tiresome narrative, will furnish us with a few extracts wherewith to close our paper. They interest us, and we think that they will perhaps interest our readers, of whom we fancy few will have courage to wade through Semilasso's "World-Walk," as we have done, in search of them.

From Bone, Prince Pückler-Muskau left the regency and went to Biserta (Bensert), on his road to the city of Tunis. Every thing here bore a new appearance, and our traveller speaks with raptures of the scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, particularly towards the ancient Promontorium Hippos.

"The tongue of land on which we now stood, about two hours long and one hour broad, is as well cultivated land as any that could be found in Europe, associated with all the novelty of the torrid zone. The hilly ground, which afforded a perpetual variety of prospect, exhibited in the most lovely change—now light green levels, shaded with thick olive-woods, which yielded an exquisite oil; at one time, well-kept vineyards regularly intersected with fig-trees and almond-trees laden with fruit, jujubes and other fruit-trees in bloom, and inclosed with hedges of Indian figs, through which crept beautiful blooming roses; at another, meadows stored with good cattle, which are enveloped, as though in a golden cloth, by a very rich-blossomed species of broom, which predominates there. Sometimes we remarked also inclosed thickets of pomegranate trees, which

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\* By the term *diffuse* we do not mean to say that Pückler-Muskau's account of Algiers and Tunis is too long for the subject, although it be spread over five volumes. He is diffuse in frivolities, in self-complacencies, and in idle tales which have little to do with his subject. There are parts of his book, too, which could not be presented to an English reader: we supposed that the prince had more judgment than to fill his book with obscenities, for which, we can assure him, neither the cautionary notice to the ladies, nor the circumstance of the worst passages being written in French, is an excuse. Since writing our article, we have seen an announcement of an English translation of Pückler-Muskau's *Travels in Africa*, which will be condensed into two volumes, post 8vo.

we only regretted not having seen in their bloom. Their fruit must be the choicest in all Tunis. In the corn-fields we found, instead of our corn-flowers, the blue garden bindweed and the red iris, and in the meadows the most beautiful lupines, several different asters, and a very striking purple-flowered sainfoin. Towards the town and the sea there is a succession of large pleasure gardens, which furnish in abundance palm, orange, lemon, mulberry, quince, peach, and apricot trees, but they are comparatively worse kept than the vineyards. In one of these gardens stands a majestic pine, which must be the only one in this region. There seems, with regard to property, to reign here a great liberality, for we not only might ride without obstruction into the possessions of strangers, but our guides gathered for us, both right and left, whole hatfuls of roses, orange-flowers, and sweet-oranges, the last of which tasted more bitter than sweet, and were far removed from the excellency of those of the Atlas. Nothing can be more agreeable than the covered way which leads between these gardens. The ever-varied shadows of so many shrubs, trees, and plants, among which, in particular, the light-green and silver-coloured odorous absinthus, contrasting beautifully with the dark boughs of the savin, formed so beautiful a picture, that one could not but admire the inimitable art of nature, which, always sufficient for itself, continues working in silent solitude, incessantly creative, careless if the eye of man understands and esteems it."—vol. iii. p. 12.

In this part of the kingdom of Tunis lay the ruins of two celebrated cities, Carthage and Utica, both of which, it seems, still offer pickings for the collector of antiques. The latter of these is near Biserta, and was visited by Semilasso during his stay in that town.

"The part of the ruins where we now were, the old citadel, stands on an isolated hill, which, as is easily seen, was formerly surrounded by water, being joined to the main land by a bridge. Some hundred paces thence, on the height, are visible the remains of the great amphitheatre, which, according to the opinion of antiquaries, was exclusively appropriated to *naumachia*, and was capable of containing 20,000 men. Under it are found spacious cisterns, which are sunk several hundred feet deep in the mountain, probably used as reservoirs for the water necessary to the representations, and which are in tolerable preservation. They are thirty feet high and fifteen feet wide, with a wonderfully flat and thin vault. The floor was covered with filth and dung, for the Bedouins, who had built a *Duaz* between the neighbouring walls, kept their cows in them during the winter.

"Near the palms before mentioned rises a warm spring, to which are ascribed great medicinal virtues, and in whose nearly hot water we found several tortoises, which seem always to inhabit this basin.

"After the Vandals and Arabs, the modern Moors have also ill-treated these ruins, particularly when a first minister of the last century built the great mosque in Tunis, at an expense of more than a million of Spanish piastres. Carthage and Utica furnished the marble and the columns. On this occasion were found several statues, which they half destroyed,

yet without any good in the sequel, in order to ascertain with certainty the situation of the senate-house. They were those of a Jupiter, of a Julius Cæsar in his war-dress, of a matron and three vestals, with a beautiful unknown torso, which is still preserved in the museum at Leyden. The traces of a theatre and of two temples presented to us nothing worth mentioning, and we were hindered by want of light from entering a *souterrain* in which stood a sarcophagus of red marble. Utica was on the whole very small, and was scarcely more than an hour in circumference. When the sea filled the present morass, and the plain on the other side up to the promontory of Apollo, now Cape Zibieb, under which lies the town of Porto Farina, was covered with many fortified Roman stations and towns, the prospect from the height of Utica must have been extremely noble."—vol. iii. p. 42.

From Tunis our traveller made an excursion to the still more interesting site of Carthage, and spent a whole day amid the ruins. We quote the following, as giving interesting information on the excavations which have been made there, and in the belief that it will hold out no little temptation to some adventurous hunters of antiquities,

"As we made the circuit of the isolated ruins, by the great mass of them, near the fort of Burdsch-Dchedid, we fell in with a party of negroes and Moors, who had been employed here some months in making excavations for the governor of Goletta. They had a short time before, at a depth of from twelve to fourteen feet, come to the level pavement of a building, where two gigantic pillars stand already freed from incumbrance. In this small space they have already found the broken fragments of eight columns of costly marble, with some grave-stones and other less important antiquities. Two of the fragments of columns and the grave-stones were carried away the preceding week by an English ship,—for they here esteem such things of so little value, that whoever may be on the spot, may take what he likes and carry it away for a mere trifle. Yet, on this occasion, the overseer was in a great rage, because, as he asserted, they had left him only six bottles of English beer to refresh them for the beautiful things they had carried away. During our stay, I caused them to work hard, and they found a couple of glass vases, nearly calcined, variegated in colour, but, alas! already broken, some vessels of earthenware still perfect, and two drinking vessels to which time had given a dark yellow colour, with several pieces of black and white mosaic, and other fragments of beautiful marbles, all which I purchased for three piastres. In addition to these, I also bought several old Punic copper coins and engraved stones, though with less luck than M. Joseph Perasso, who some years before obtained here, for fourteen piastres (in value rather more than a ducat), the celebrated Neptune in his chariot, one of the most beautiful antiques in existence, for which stone he has since been offered as much as 10,000 piastres. I was in raptures with the excellency of this work. There is, in fact, something wonderful, I might even say supernatural, when we see before

as the majestic god in his quadriga; the sporting and apparently living horses; the foaming, high-booming waves, with the tritons emerging from them, and all lights spread thereon like the glittering of gold—conjured into the small space of a ring, in a distinctness and fulness of execution which exhibits each hair of the horses' manes, each fine expression of the manly features, as clearly as in the most excellent pictures. We are here convinced, that this art also is as good as lost."—p. 212.

By far the most interesting part of Pückler Muskau's travels is that comprised in the two last volumes—his long excursion into the interior of Tunis—and it is here, with some regret, that we find ourselves compelled to pass it over very hastily. He took in his route a host of ancient cities, for Tunis presents to us a region covered with ruins, which are in the most varied state of preservation. The prince delights in finding occasions of differing from our excellent old traveller Shaw, often we suspect without very good reasons for so doing; and as, in one case, he asserts that an ancient building is round, which Shaw declares to be square, we conceive that in this instance, at least, the two travellers are describing two things altogether different; Prince Pückler Muskau is, however, by no means learned in antiquities, and his descriptions of old sites and old remains, though often spirited enough, seem to us by no means satisfactory. The ruins of Uthina, at no great distance from Tunis, and not seen by Shaw, he describes as more picturesque and extensive than those either of Carthage or Utica. Here the party passed the heat of the day in a cellar, amusing themselves by telling stories, which stories, or at least their equivalent, form a very considerable and very worthless part of the fourth volume. At Zugar (Zucchara) the clear waters of whose vicinity were once carried by an aqueduct to Carthage, and into the whole surrounding region, the ancient remains are exceedingly interesting. We join, for a moment, our traveller, who is standing by the fountain from which the water was obtained.

"As the distance appeared much clearer to-day than yesterday, I climbed a pretty considerable mountain, at whose foot the ruin lay. My labour was, however, almost in vain, for other still higher peaks ever presented themselves before me; yet I discovered towards the desert a veiled strip of Numidia, in the direction of Thala and Capsa, where Jugurtha had his strongest position, and where even Cæsar had a rather toilsome campaign. This part of the country is full of ruins, and I would willingly have undertaken an excursion thither, had it been possible for me to gain time for it, without being obliged to give up entirely more important plans. As we again reached the temple below, nature afforded us quite a pastoral picture; a cow was delivered before our eyes on the grass, and then went on quietly grazing, while the sheik of Zugar and his Arabs concerned themselves as much in the matter, as



with us scarcely do the god-parents about a christened child. The little calf was in fact extremely pretty, it immediately greeted the sun with a joyful bleating, and in ten minutes it knew how to make decent use of its four legs. How painful and grievous a proceeding is all this to the lofty king of animals, our dear self! And afterwards, how much we remain still the slaves of custom. So was it to-day, the first evening on which I, poor fellow, could sit an hour with crossed legs, without their going to sleep; a step towards the *Turkomanie* which gave me great content.

"The unnatural number of flies in Zugar, which quite darkened my chamber, may be almost accounted one of the wonders of this place. In the morning they drank half a cup of coffee on my breakfast carpet, after they had, like Suwarow at Otschakow, first by the sacrifice of a thousand carcasses, which ever crowded on each other, provided themselves with a firm footing on the fluid. After I had presented the sheik with some silks for his harem, we traversed, during the forenoon, the last mountains which separated us from the sea-like plains of Keruan. The heat was here much greater than before, and the earth was everywhere full of chinks and crevices caused thereby, as in the crater of Vesuvius. My companions were ready to faint, but I, well packed up as I described to you, felt in spite of it quite comfortable. The Sauwan, which still remained always at our side to-day, afforded a perpetual variety of its singular and picturesque forms; in general the distant prospects were extremely grand, but nearer at hand there appeared nothing but monotonous evergreen on a stony ground. About eleven o'clock we reached a marabout, where extensive ruins covered two neighbouring hills, and a charming landscape was surrounded by high mountain-summits. Many ancient trees have sprung up between the heaps of stones, and in part even grown into a firm mass with them. We measured a carob and an olive, two feet above the ground, and found the first 20, the second 16 feet in circumference. Both must count many centuries, and yet they were in the most perfect vigour of vegetation. Among the ruins are seen some bold arches, vaulted, without cement, a high slender pillar, which looks as if every gust of wind would overthrow it, but above all an imposing temple, with many overthrown Corinthian columns, architraves, and friezes, which still present many interesting details; among these are the borderings of the tower of the chief entrance, both of one piece, and decorated with the most exquisite workmanship in flowers and arabesques. Their style differs strikingly from that which I have seen on other old monuments of this kind; I might say, that it is less strong, but more southerly fantastic, yet without in the least departing from the noblest forms and the most tasteful arrangement. Of the right-hand stone about one half of its elevation is broken off and thrown down; the other stands still perfect, and measures, above the ground, 24 feet,\* so that, with the part buried, we may reckon the whole height of this enormous mass at 30 feet. On a fragment of the cornice which was lying near, we read in large letters,—

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\* It must be borne in mind that these are German feet.

MA . . . . .

GIP . . . . .

The rest was defaced and no longer legible. I found there, by an antique water-basin, a tablet with the following inscription, not particularly difficult to decipher, which appears to me to be a very original and remarkable public monumental satire, engraved after the death of the excellent individual whom it celebrates :

ISTI SENATORI LIPARITANO  
BASSO QVI EX REDI  
TVIS XXII MILLIARIUM QVAESTVS  
LAMENTO REIPVBLCÆ  
DEDIT SEPTIMO QVO  
QVE ANNO STATVAM  
SIBI PONE LEX IS UCC  
NEMPE PVLPTIONIS NO  
MINE DECVRIONIBVS  
SPORTVLAM CVRIALIBVS  
EX SEXAGENO SVMMAE  
DIE NATALI SVO PRAEBIA  
TARI IVSSIT. D. D.

I cannot discover what old place this may have been, since, in the few maps I have, nothing is marked in this region, and I have here no other works which might help me. Even Dr. Shaw makes no mention of these ruins, which, to judge by their former splendour and their proportionally small compass, seem perhaps to have been no town, but only a groupe of temples, with the dwellings of the priests lying about them. The Arabs call the place at the marabout (for where there are ancient remains we may reckon almost always on finding a marabout) Sidi Massud-Ladscheni. Near it flows the now almost entirely waterless stream, Uad Dschibibina, whose abrupt sandy banks, as usual, were bordered with blooming oleanders."—vol. iv. p. 163—170.

The foregoing is a tolerably fair specimen of our author's style of relating his country excursions, and even exhibits a little of his defects. The story of the cow and her offspring is made too much of; it is—if our readers will allow us once to pun—rather calf-ish; and the reflection which follows, in our estimation, is extremely mawkish, although quite worthy of Prince Pückler Muskau. Not long after leaving these ruins, having passed a district "famous for robberies and occasional murders," our traveller approached the borders of the great desert.

Amongst other ancient sites which our German traveller passed in the sequel of his long excursion till his return to Tunis, were those of Aquæ Regiæ, Sufetula, Colonia Scillitana, Hydrah (Tynidrum), Thugga, and Sicca Veneria, the latter famous for the many theories which its name has supported or given rise to in

the writers on Syrian mythology. The ruins of Sufetula appear to be very extensive and highly interesting. In their immediate neighbourhood Pückler Muskau also found a monument which he could compare to nothing so much as some of the Druidical remains that he had formerly seen in England and Bretagne.

On the 14th of August our traveller left the most southerly point of his excursion, the neighbourhood of Sufetula, and shaped his course again towards the north. He was now on the borders of the territory of the Dey of Constantine, and as all border land is barbarous and hostile, he was, or at least the prince would have us believe so, on very dangerous ground. Still "half in the territory of Constantine," at Hydrah, lie the ruins of the ancient Tynidrum or Thunadronum, "one of the most remarkable collections of ruins in the kingdom." Amongst uncivilized people ancient sites have commonly popular legends connected with them, which are often highly characteristic of the character and superstitions of those people, and we are never sorry to see such legends collected. In one instance has Prince Pückler Muskau thought good to repeat such a legend; its scene is the ruins of the ancient Thugga, which are said to be free from the visits of scorpions, and we give it as our last extract from Semilasso in Africa, although we are not sure it is not one of the prince's own invention.

"In remote times there dwelt here a mighty king and magician, who had a wonderfully beautiful daughter. In order to preserve her from the sting of scorpions, with which this place then abounded, he laid a charm upon the air around, so that these dangerous animals could no longer live in it. When the beautiful princess had attained the age of womanhood, a neighbouring giant, who was also a great dealer in the black art, demanded her for his wife, but was refused, because he was a hateful, deformed, and wicked man. Long he brooded over vengeance before he found a favourable opportunity of executing it, for his power was far inferior to that of the good king. But as the marriage of the young princess with an amiable young prince, who had been attracted to the court of the king from a distant land by the fame of her charms, approached, one of his demons suggested the following devilish artifice. By his advice, he changed himself into a female eagle, built his nest on a rock which was near, and laid there two eggs, in each of which he inclosed one of the most venomous scorpions. He knew that the princess had a particular fondness for eggs, and that there was no more certain way of gaining her good graces than by bringing her eggs of any kind. She had now by chance tasted the egg of an eagle, and had rewarded the person who had brought this new delicacy with the most friendly look of her gracious eyes; for he was no other than the bridegroom himself, in whose hands the wicked magician was clever enough to place the fatal eggs. Scarcely had the prince delivered them to her,

on the evening before the wedding-feast, already laid out, when she immediately, with the eagerness of a young, spoiled maiden, who must always enjoy her desire without delay, hastened to taste them. But no sooner did her delicate fingers touch the shells, than the sting of the venomous reptile suddenly sprung out and pricked the tender girl so deeply that her life ebbed away with the blood. The sensitive prince died some days after of grief and despair, and the disconsolate father built this temple; caused, as an everlasting memorial of the sorrowful event, the eagle to be painted on it, which may yet be seen here, and soon after sacrificed within its walls, with the most cruel torments, the treacherous giant, whom, by means of the legions of spirits who were at his command, he easily captured. Since that time, concluded the Thaleb, it has become a custom with us, that no bridegroom shall be allowed to see his betrothed before the very day of the marriage, and none of our maidens has since needed to dread such a fate, because no scorpion has since dared to approach, within the circuit of half a league, the houses of Dugga."—vol. v., p. 171.

ART. II.—*Le Paradis Perdu de Milton*. Traduction nouvelle.  
Par M. de Chateaubriand. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1836.

At last the long-expected performance of the travelled and accomplished Viscount has been transmitted to us, ushered to the literary world by his *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*, which we are told by the author himself was destined to serve as a sort of prolegomenon to the translation of the work in question. His *Essai* we have discussed and criticised in our last number,\* and if we allude to it in the present article, it will only be in reference to what the author states relative to Milton and English poetry in general; the ecclesiastical and political topics having been fully developed in our former article. To bring together all the reflections which the perusal of this *Essai* suggested, even in reference to its poetic allusions, would be tantamount to furnishing a work nearly parallel in size and matter; we therefore propose to pass over the political and military comparisons previously noticed, and which to us, on this side of the Channel, convey *quasi* nothing new; though, if we were to sift the inductions resulting from the arguments, we should, even with the renunciation of national prejudices, be nearly as often in opposition as in unison with M. de Chateaubriand. Be this as it may, we must in candour confess, that no one of his compatriots has before thrown such an extensive

\* F. Q. R. No. XXXVI. Art. V.

comparative *coup-d'œil* on the political and literary movements of the two nations at the portentous comparative epochs of Cromwell and Napoleon. The author, than whom no one has more expanded his mind by foreign travel, dwells with much complacency on the fame of our greatest poets. He has taken the trouble to bring together all the leading personages and events that were taking place in Europe when Shakspeare flourished. In a section titled "Shakspeare parmi les cinq ou six grands génies dominateurs," we can only count *four* as stated by our author: to wit, Homer, Dante, Rabelais, and Shakspeare. Now, *maître Rabelais*, thou art classed in high company! That he was perhaps the first that furnished nourishment to thought and *esprit* in France, we do not deny. But to class him with the three great names as above, appears to us about as plausible as the placing of a clever demi-character actor of the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* on the same pedestal whereon are seen the statues of a Garrick, a Siddons, or a Talma. M. de Chateaubriand states that it does not appear that Shakspeare found favour among the nobles of the court of Elizabeth. Now, we have always heard that Lord Southampton gave him one thousand pounds, a munificent present for those times. Our author speculates on the religious opinions of Shakspeare: "Chrétien, au milieu des félicités éternelles s'occupe t-il du néant du monde? Déiste dégagé des ombres de la matière, perdu dans les splendeurs de Dieu, abaisse t-il un regard sur le grain de sable, où il a passé? Athée, il dort de ce sommeil sans souffle, et sans réveil, qu'on appelle la mort." It was *at least* unfair to omit the note of question to the last period. Were we to judge from the drift of thought and reasoning applied to many of his most touching characters, we should be inclined to infer that the bard of Avon was Catholic, in a high sense of the word, that is, without the abuses and mummery that for many centuries before his time had crept into the Church of Rome.

This clever book, for so it unquestionably is, is not unfrequently disfigured by incongruous juxtapositions, no where more remarkable than in the last paragraph:—

"Milton servait Cromwell; j'ai combattu Napoléon; il attaqua les rois; je les ai défendus: il n'espéra point en leur pardon; je n'ai pas compté sur leur reconnaissance. Maintenant, que dans nos deux pays, la monarchie penche vers sa fin, Milton et moi (*ego, et poeta meus*) n'avons plus rien de politique à démêler ensemble."

But it is time to abandon the Essay, and to examine how far M. de Chateaubriand has done justice to that poet who sustained himself longer on the wing of the sublime than any of his rivals

both in ancient and modern times. And first, we must congratulate him on the judgment he has displayed in translating our venerable bard into prose—the only chance that France has of ever being able to do him tolerable justice. We have only read, at hap-hazard, citations from the translation of Louis Racine—the work, no doubt, would be oftener found in our libraries were it of much value—but we are conversant with the translation of the Abbé Delille, who was a poet, but of secondary order. Now, the Abbé's Milton gives about as good an idea of the original as would a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, done by a third-rate artist, furnish us with an adequate idea of the Sistine Chapel frescoes. From a few passages that we have noticed of a translation by Dupré de St. Maur, we predict, with some confidence, that its station in French literature will be supplanted by the translation before us. A question very interesting to general literature occurs—What is that foreign dialect best suited to express the sublimity, energy, and inconceivable variety of the Miltonic style? We naturally first turn the eye towards Germany, not only from our ancient connexion with that country, through our Saxon ancestors, but because we have heard, from those competent to judge, that Schlegel has rendered Shakspeare very pithily, not only in the finer passages, but also in those *quasi desperatæ intelligentiæ* for the inhabitants of the South of Europe. Now, since Milton and the bard of Avon were so nearly contemporaries, since their terms of expression are often similar, we may fairly conclude that Germany possesses, or ought to possess, the best version of the bard of Eden. It occurred to the writer of this, when at Brussels, to run over several pages of a Latin translation, done many years since, and by no means unworthy of the original. With the English text we have also compared two Italian translations, one by Mariottini, at Rome, another during a late residence at Florence, by a gentleman of Lucca. Both appeared of about the same calibre; rather better than Delille, and no compliment to either; since both, rendered in blank verse, admitted of greater command of language than what Delille, fettered as he was by rhyme, could wield. Faint indeed is the outline given by these two Italian translators of what Count Algarotti finely called "*la gigantisca sublimità Miltoniana*."

How would Milton appear dressed as a Spanish Don? If we credit the well-known apophthegm of Charles V., who prescribed "*Spanish to our God*," we might presume that the habiliment would suit him admirably; and yet, perhaps, the very frequent recurrence of words ending in *os* and *as* might make the version

appear more pompous than sublime, unless dexterously varied by the rough Arabic words. We believe that he has been translated at Madrid; but among the hundreds of libraries which the writer of this has explored, he has never had the fortune to lay his hands on a copy. With regard to the dialect of France, that *légèreté* inseparable from the character and tongue of the inhabitants, is much against the bard of Eden. Nevertheless, a language which owns such expressive and sonorous words as the following—*monde, onde, morne, tombeau, inébranlable, redoutable, abîme, fracas, tonnerre, surabondant, rassasié, inexorable, tremblant, entonnoir, profonde, trône, sombre, ombre, cuirasse, surplomber, onduler, rayonner, siffler, mugir, gronder, étincelant, flamboyant, étendard, vengeance, orgueil, mort, tourbillons*, with about twenty others, need not despair of furnishing to its utterers materials of sufficient calibre wherewith to discharge with satisfactory effect the Miltonic thunder, when directed at least by a skilful engineer.

Great as our poet is, and allowed as he is to be the most powerful master of the sublime that ever scaled Parnassus, how comes it that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* affords much less satisfaction than the conning of Homer and Virgil? Is it because his readers discover that he by no means fulfils what he gives out with a biblical solemnity, his ascent to the height of the argument, and vindication of the ways of God to man? The eternally perplexing question of the origin of evil he leaves more perplexed than before. For, we ask, how does he explain the entrance of sin into heaven? He gets out of the scrape in as dexterous a manner as a man of ingenuity can do, by imagining Sin starting a goddess armed from the throbbing temples of Satan. But still he is in a scrape, for Sin *must* have come from some other hell, creeping in, we presume, at the mouth of Satan when asleep in his opal tower, and bursting forth from his brain. Nor is this all. More *bizarre*, we think, is the Deity of Milton than the Jupiter of Homer and Virgil; for he makes him deliver a speech in which he says he has begotten a Son *in heaven*, of *whom* we are not told. Here he perplexes the great mystery of the incarnation, typified only by the "Blessed Virgin," born many centuries after. When a man attempts and professes to expound the great mysteries of religion and philosophy, and fails like Milton, he must expect to be blown nine times nine by the winnowing blast of criticism. For these reasons, and, were we disposed to be over-minute, for others, the writer of this, who has devoted many hours to these studies, would far prefer to have been the author of the *Iliad*, or even of the *Æneid*, than of the *Paradise Lost*. The *Æneid*, in spite of its plagiarisms, is, of all epic poems, the most

*readable through.* So good is the judgment of Virgil, that, if we except the transformation of the vessels of his hero into sea-nymphs, and the puerile "*mensas consumimus*" exclaimed by Ascanius, we do not think a passage can be quoted to which criticism can be vulnerably attached. His Jupiter and Juno are not always boxing each other's ears, as in the *Iliad*; neither do his heroes pester us with long genealogical narrations before setting to with the sword, as is not unfrequently the case in the *Iliad*. Virgil's Jove never makes us laugh, as Homer's does; neither is he held out to us to adore with all our soul and strength, like the Deity in Milton, who but too often turns out nothing higher than a *bizarre* puritanical divine; few of whose unprejudiced readers, we apprehend, can wade through his poem without being tempted to exclaim with Boileau, who, we little doubt, glanced at Milton in the following lines:—

"De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles  
D'idées fantastiques ne sont pas susceptibles . . . .  
Et quel objet enfin présente t-il à nos yeux,  
Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux?"

But we must pull in the reins to general criticism, and return to the work before us.

Exclusive of the separately published *Essai*, we have to notice preliminary remarks, which preface the translation, and we propose to apply a short analysis to these. Some of these remarks are certainly ingenious, and develop satisfactorily enough the sense of the difficulties which the translator had to combat in his arduous task. He tells us, "J'ai refondu trois fois la traduction sur le manuscrit et le placard; je l'ai remaniée quatre fois, d'un bout à l'autre, sur les épreuves, tâche que je ne me serais jamais imposée, si je l'eusse d'abord mieux comprise." In confirmation of this, he complains in the succeeding paragraph of the unintelligibility of some apocalyptic phrases used by the poet. But surely in this M. de Chateaubriand may console his ignorance, for the visions of St. John the Divine baffle to this hour hosts of commentators, and it may be fairly presumed that Milton himself had not a clear conception of them, though he more than once, from veneration for the Bible, introduces them *verbatim* in several passages of his poem. M. de Chateaubriand leaves the interpretation of some of these passages ironically to the visionary crew of the Swedenborgians. The next stumbling-block that he meets is the well-known end of the serpent's syllogism:

"Your fear itself of death removes the fear—"

perplexing indeed enough *primâ facie*; but with the help of the



two preceding lines we understand it thus: "God is just; if he be not just he is not God; consequently, not being God, he can neither be feared nor obeyed. But you fear death, and without reason, for were God to inflict it, he would be no longer just." We do not wonder at M. de Chateaubriand being staggered with this reasoning, which, it must be confessed, savours more of the arch-felon's logic than of Aristotle's. The next difficulty of which M. de Chateaubriand complains is in the following passage:

" ————— I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
*The temp'ring* "—

Bad must have been the edition which the translator consulted; for in Newton's, perhaps the best of our poet, the reading is "*Thy temp'ring*," which makes the sense easily intelligible, being nothing more than a metaphor, taken from the tempering of steel or other metals, and finely applied by Milton to the tempering of his earthly essence, so as to render it a fit vehicle for celestial inspirations. One of the great beauties of the English language is the gerund used substantively, and frequent in daily talk. Had M. de Chateaubriand, when sentimentalizing on our smoky Babylon some years since, with his friend Fontanes, in the tavern at Chelsea, upset and broken a bottle of *triste vin du Port*, or Dorchester ale, he would have heard, most likely, his angry hostess exclaim, "This was all *your doing*, and you shall pay for it." We coincide in what he says relative to the irony dealt by Milton against the usual subjects of epic poems, in the well-known opening of the ninth book; but we are far from thinking that he has happily translated the following passage:

" ————— many a row  
Of starry lamps . . . . . yielded lights  
As from a sky,"

"Plusieurs rangs de lampes étoilées émanent la lumière comme un firmament."

Now this has not only the defect of being bad French, but it does not quite minister to the sense of the poet. By over-refining, M. de Chateaubriand misses his mark. We are convinced that most of his country's critics would even prefer "*Plusieurs rangs de lampes étoilées jettèrent la lumière, comme d'un firmament.*" We approve much of the last word, which is finer than the "*sky*" of the original. We acquiesce in M. de Chateaubriand's judgment in using the old word *maintes*, in his translation of the fine passage descriptive of the dolorous regions traversed by the demons. After a series of further remarks on

the errors of former translators, and on the numerous obstacles presented by our bard to a French translator, he closes his prefatory remarks with the following sentence. "Je cherche seulement une excuse à mes fautes. Un traducteur n'a droit à aucune gloire; il faut seulement qu'il montre qu'il a été patient, docile, et laborieux." Here we are completely at issue with M. de Chateaubriand. For though nobody ever ventured to place the fame of Pope within one hundred degrees of the same level as that of Homer, still it is universally allowed that his excellent translation, or rather paraphrase, of the Greek original, confers upon him nearly as much celebrity as the rest of his productions. Who is ignorant that Dryden has gained more fame by his nervous and racy translation of the *Æneid* than by all his plays and prose works put together? The translator who but ill accomplishes his task is much to be pitied, for he will not only injure his own reputation, but also, in some degree, that of his original, especially if he shall have gained *some celebrity* by his own writings. If he succeed pretty well, with an author for instance so difficult to transpose as Milton, he may perhaps, with the quota of fame which he will reap, compensate nearly the labour that the task will have cost him. If he succeed *very well*, his name will be often mentioned at the same moment that applause is bestowed upon the original, and he will participate in no small share of the glory of his prototype; and, the more the difficulties he has had to conquer, the fuller, of course, will be his renown. Such was the case of Pope with Homer, of Annibal Caro and of Dryden with Virgil. From the first-mentioned class of these three we can venture to emancipate, with perfect confidence, M. de Chateaubriand; whether or not he should be assigned to the second or third, (we suspect the second,) can perhaps only be decided by the course of time, which never fails to keep more or less buoyant in the great reservoir of literature, works of intrinsic merit. We, nevertheless, hope to be able to point out what we consider the leading defects and merits of the work before us; and we shall begin with the defects, keeping as clear as possible of that bitterness of temper so common in criticism, and reserving our commendation, the most agreeable task, to the last. To attempt to follow the translator word for word through a performance which, we have heard, and may conclude from what he himself states, has been long on the anvil, would be to swell our criticism to a considerable volume. We propose to limit it to an inquiry into the manner in which the learned Frenchman has accomplished his task, especially in relation to the first, second, third, fourth, ninth, and tenth books of the poem, which all readers of

taste concur in looking upon as the most transcendent of the *Paradise Lost*.

The first page of the translation contains two faults, which, though of small import, are still faults. "Ou si la colline de Sion, le ruisseau de Silœ, qui coulait rapidement près l'oracle de Dieu," &c. M. de Chateaubriand, in his preliminary remarks, promises us a translation "mot à mot," not very difficult to follow in a work unfettered by rhyme, as are both the original and copy of the poem. "Fast by" cannot be translated by *rapidement*. It here means *quite close to*. He has, too, omitted the *and*. We should propose in lieu of his version: "si la colline de Sion et le ruisseau de Silœ, qui coulait *tout près* l'oracle de Dieu," &c. In the next sentence he translates *thence* by *là*; *de là* is *thence*, *là* is *there*. In page 10 we have the line

"There to dwell in adamantine chains," &c.

He renders *adamantine chains* by "*chaines de diamant*." Adamant is an imaginary stone of impenetrable hardness, which the word *diamant* but unsatisfactorily interprets. We almost think, as the tribunal of Port-Royal is extinct, M. de Chateaubriand might have ventured on coining a new French-Miltonic word, *adamant*, which is a sort of poetic mineral, as Shakspeare's *mandrake* is a poetic vegetable. He has not, we think, abided as near as he might in the fine sentence of "*darkness visible*," &c., to the original. He translates *rather* by *seulement*. We should prefer the plain *plutôt*; and we think his *obscurité plaintive*, "doleful shades," had been better rendered by "*ombres mornes de douleur*." There is something very Miltonic in the word *morne*. He omits, we think, *toujours* needlessly, in rendering the words, "*ever-burning sulphur*." "*Qui brûle toujours sans se consumer*," gives more rotundity to the period. In the next sentence, M. de Chateaubriand translates *utter darkness*, by "*ténèbres extérieures*," *utter* here does not mean *outer*; it is simply *complete, total*. The fault, however, is too trivial to dwell upon; for he is in unison with one meaning of *utter*, which Johnson gives. He puts in a parenthesis the description of Satan's lance, which we think, mars, in some degree, the original. Better surely would be "*sa lance ne serait qu'un roseau dont il se servait*," &c., without any parenthesis. In page 40—

"Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell"—

he omits the translation of *till*, which we think mutilates the sense not inconsiderably. We presume that the French language will not admit of anything more expressive than "*ornée d'un crois-*

sant," to render the poet's fine description of Astarte's *crescent horns*. If our own language sunk before Milton, we cannot have room for wonder that the French, an unpoetic dialect, should do so too. M. de Chateaubriand is not unfrequently careless in omitting certain monosyllables, all of which have wonderful force in our poet, as in—

"Both her first-born, and all her bleating Gods ;"

for M. de Chateaubriand's translation of which, we do not hesitate to prefer "*et ses premiers-nés, et tous ses dieux bêlans.*"

"All these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
Downcast, and damp"—

"Tous ces dieux et beaucoup d'autres virent en troupe, mais avec des regards baissés et humides."

*Damp* cannot be rendered by *humide*; *abattus* is the right word. He fails also in his description of the light reflected on the face of Satan—

"——— which on his countenance cast  
Like doubtful hue."

"Ceci refléta sur le visage de Satan comme une couleur douteuse."

We ask, to what does *ceci* refer? evidently to the word *lueur*. Here, then, is false grammar. We have no fear of hazarding, in the room of this, "*cette lueur jetta sur le visage de Satan une semblable couleur douteuse.*"

In the second book, the word *couler bas* is given for *sunk*, in Moloch's speech. We allow it to be the literal translation; but surely the French tongue could furnish a nobler. In Belial's speech, we have "*grim fires*," rendered "*pâles feux.*" We should prefer *grimés*, a word he elsewhere uses, or even *réchignés*, as being nearer the true meaning. The last, we are persuaded, might stand; for the conceptions of our poet were so vivid that he here *quasi* personifies *Fires*. The word *spite*, in p. 106, is ill rendered by *dédain*. *Rancune*, *haine*, or even *ressentiment*, would have been better.

We have often had occasion to remark the translation of the preterite tense of the poet into the French present. We do not mean *always* to object to it; though, generally speaking, it must surely be allowed more advisable to adhere strictly to the text. In p. 126, we find "*épiceries*" for "*spicy drugs.*" A higher cast of diction than this from Rheims, would be "*leurs drogues aromatiques.*"

Subsequently, in the speech of Sin, we are of opinion that M. de Chateaubriand, seeing the difficulties occasioned by *Death*

being feminine in French, offers great violence to the words of Sin, calling *Death* her *Son*; and that he had better retained the word *Fantôme*, *spectre effrayant*, or the like. Supposing M. de Chateaubriand had forged a sort of Gallo-greco word, for instance, *Thanate*, he might thus have settled all incongruities. Sin also is, most untowardly for Milton, masculine in French. The Greek word *Atè* might have been adopted to preserve concord in the allegories and genders. Milton, in applying the epithet *sable-vested* to Night, could never have meant to picture her in a robe of *Zibeline-skins*. Yet such is our Translator's interpretation of *sable-vested*, which means nothing more or less than that the Queen of Darkness was attired in robes of a dark colour. M. de Chateaubriand confounded the substantive with the adjective, which are synonymous. We suggest, in place of his translation, "*Auprès de lui (Chaos) siège sur le même trône la Nuit, vêtue d'une robe du noir le plus foncé.*" At the end of the second book, we have the preterite *se hâta*, for the present *he hies*; where the present tense has a most remarkable force. In the splendid invocation opening the third book, he translates "*ethereal stream*" "*ruisseau du pur éther*;" "*emanation*" would be far preferable to *ruisseau*, which has but a scanty signification. "*May I express thee unblamed?*" is rendered, "*ne puis-je pas te nommer ainsi, sans être blâmé?*" This, we think, hardly conveys the meaning. "*Oserai-je te nommer sans être blâmé,*" will appear, we imagine, more plausible. In p. 208,

"Satan . . . . .  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once."—

Our Translator renders *world* by *univers*; in which he is wrong; for the poet says especially, *this world*. We are the more surprised at the mistake, for there is a fine *à-plomb* expression in the word *monde*, rivalling the original. Had Milton meant by the word *world*, the universe, he would have made Satan look *around*, and not *down*. We next have *spires* and *pinnacles* translated into *pyramides et tours*. We suspect that *flèches et créneaux* convey the directer meaning. We observe that he often uses for the title *Satan*, the word *l'Ennemi*. We hazard nothing for or against this; except that it had better been relieved oftener by the words, "*le Démon.*" A carelessness with regard to the articles and pronouns is often observable; as in this line—

"The rest in circuit walls this universe"—

translated *l'univers*, instead of *cet univers*. "*Il ne s'arrêta qu'au moment où sur le sommet du Niphates il s'abattit.*" Here

are two unfortunate preterites, which mar wofully the effect of the fine close of the third book. Surely we should read, "*Il ne s'arrête qu'au moment, où sur le sommet du Niphates il se pose.*" "*Wheel,*" in the preceding verse, cannot be translated by "*roue*"—"en decrivant plusieurs cercles" would be better, though by no means satisfactory—"en se pirouettant circulairement?" we add with a note of interrogation; for we are aware of the great difficulty of rendering "many an aëry wheel."

We will not enter into a criticism on the rendered soliloquy of Satan, in the fourth book; but we cannot resist from wishing that the last sentence had been moulded into a more sonorous inversion. The "*en peu de temps*" is too light and familiar for its terrific sublimity. We should prefer "*ainsi que l'homme et ce monde nouveau bientôt l'apprendront.*" In perusing this book, we have been often struck with the insufficiency of the French language to express the essence of our poetic diction. Thus the words "*éclipsaient la lune,*" render but feebly the "dazzling the moon" of the poet. We have also here, as before, had occasion to notice but too frequently the substitution of tenses differing from the original; if the translator gains once or twice, five times, at least, does he lose the true expression and emphasis, by so doing.

The ninth book of the *Paradise Lost*, which contains the grand *dénouement*, will naturally be looked upon as the true touchstone of the talent of every handler of Milton. We agree with M. de Chateaubriand, that Milton intended to convey a slight irony in the words, "chief mastery," applied in the following passage, to the usual topics of epic poems:—

"Wars, hitherto the only argument  
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,  
In battles feign'd."

Thus rendered:—

"La nature ne m'a point rendu diligent à raconter les combats, regardés jusqu'ici comme le seul sujet héroïque. *Quel chef d'œuvre!*"

The last words are too slashing an interpretation of "chief mastery." We should prefer, "dont le *but vanté* est de dissequer," &c.

"The skill of artifice or office mean,  
Not that which justly gives heroic name  
To person or to poem."

"L'habileté dans un art, ou dans un travail chétif, n'est pas ce qui donne justement un nom héroïque à l'auteur, ou au poème."

We quote the translation of the above sentence, not to disprove it, for it conveys the sense; but to show that, in the original, there is nerve and pith; in the translation, little better than a prosy common-place remark.

He translates—

“ higher argument  
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
That name”—

“ Un sujet plus haut me reste, suffisant de lui-même pour immortaliser mon nom.”

*Rehausser* is the word, not *immortaliser*; for John Milton did not think immortality so easily seizable as an inhabitant of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. We will note *en passant* what we think an error, perhaps, in the original of the poet, p. 260—

“ So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied.”

For *though*, we feel inclined to substitute *and*.

By altering the text as above, and the punctuation, as well as that of the Translator, we shall have, “ Eve persista, quoique soumise; *et* répliqua pour la dernière fois;” which renders the sentence clear and intelligible. We think the words of Eve relative to the reasoning and speaking attributes of the brute creation somewhat obscure, in the original of the poet:—

“ What may this mean? language of man pronounce'd  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
The first, at least, of these I thought denied  
To beasts . . . . .  
The latter I demur; for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.”

The word *latter* apparently refers to *human sense*. Now, we see no reason why Eve should question the existence of the *latter*, if in their looks and actions, much reason oft appears. The conclusion she makes, ought rather to fortify than weaken her belief. It is, nevertheless, probable, that Eve demurred the *denial* of human sense to brutes. But whichever way it be taken, the structure of the lines is rather amphibological in the original, if not in the translation. In the fine passage descriptive of the effect of the plucking of the fatal fruit by our general mother, we should prefer, “ La nature, *de son siège*,” to the “ La nature, *sur ses fondemens*,” of M. de Chateaubriand. In a subsequent page, we read—

“ Quels mots sévères sont échappés de tes lèvres, Adam?”  
*Severe* is applied to Adam in the original, and not to *words*.

We should prefer, "Après Adam ! quelles paroles sont échappées de tes lèvres !"

In the tenth book, the Deity, addressing Eve, says :—

"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

The translator mars the noble simplicity of this question, by rendering it :—

"Dis, femme, pourquoi as tu fait cela?"

There seems to us only one way of translating this impressive line, "Dis, femme, qu'est ce que c'est que tu as fait?"

In p. 252, we read :—

"Thou art accursed  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field."

In the version :—

"Tu es maudit *entre* tous les animaux."

Perhaps better, "*plus* que tous les animaux." Worse is the translation of—

"Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

"Elle te brisera la tête, et tu tâcheras de la mordre par le talon."

We prefer, "Sa race te brisera la tête, et toi, tu briseras son talon."

We think that he might sometimes round his periods more in unison with the grandeur of the original, by frequenter inflexions. For "Tu es poudre, et tu retourneras en poudre;" we are tempted to suggest, "Tu es *poussière* et en *poussière* tu retourneras." He has carelessly done the passage descriptive of Satan's re-appearance in Pandæmonium :—

"His shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter; clad  
With what permissive glory," &c.

"Sa forme d'étoile étincelante apparut, ou plus brillant encore; il était revêtu d'une gloire de permission, ou de fausse splendeur," &c.

We presume to suggest: "Sa forme apparut brillante comme une étoile, *et encore davantage*; il était revêtu d'*autant* de gloire, ou de fausse splendeur, *qui lui avait été permise*, ou laissée depuis sa chute." "The wide-encroaching Eve," is rendered, "dans les temps éloignés," conveying scarcely a shadow of the meaning. We suggest: "cette Eve peut-être, *qu'is'empêchait sur de vastes régions*."

But we have done with the most disagreeable part of our task; not but that we could extend our disproving criticisms to at least double what we have above hazarded. Let us turn to the merits of the work before us; and these, we apprehend, will be found to counterbalance the defects. M. de Chateaubriand, evidently a considerable master of his own language, has often rounded his periods not only with striking inflexions, but also with harmo-



nious and sonorous cadences. We have diligently compared many of the paragraphs with the opposite text; some of these are nearly *instar* the original; and two or three, we think, we could indicate as even superior to it. In Sin's speech to Satan, p. 268, the words, "Tu nous as donné la force de surcharger de cet énorme pont le sombre abîme," cannot fail to strike all ears as quite Miltonic. The transformation of the demons into serpents is given with accuracy and great spirit. P. 280, "Terrible fut le bruit du sifflement dans la salle remplie d'une épaisse fourmillière de monstres compliqués de têtes et de queues, scorpion, aspic, amphibène atroce," &c.; and, a few lines afterwards, "Tombent leurs bras, tombent leurs lances et boucliers, tombent eux-mêmes aussi vite; et ils renouvellent l'affreux sifflement." The effect of the consummation of the grand transgression by Adam, is thus given:—"La terre trembla jusque dans ses entrailles, comme de nouveau dans les douleurs, et la nature poussa un second gémissement. Le ciel se couvrit, *et un sourd tonnerre marmonnant* pleura quelques gouttes tristes, quand s'acheva le mortel péché original." We prefer *gouttes* to M. de Chateaubriand's *larmes*; the original, *drops*, having a beautiful reference to *rain*, as well as *tears*. The italics mark a slight change of our own.

The splendid address to the sun in the fourth book, may be said to be fairly, but not strikingly translated. Several of the periods might have been easily moulded with more emphasis. He has succeeded well, we think, in the catalogue of the demons; also, in the splendid passage in the tenth book, descriptive of the effects of the eating of the apple on the general aspect of nature. In the eleventh book, the farewell apostrophe of Eve to Paradise is touchingly rendered: "O coup inattendu, pire que la mort! Faut-il donc te quitter, o Paradis!" &c. And this apostrophe, as well as several other similar passages which we could cite, indicate that our immortal poet could, when he pleased, put forth a delicacy both of diction and sentiment, not surpassed by Racine in his best efforts.

We subjoin the translation of the concluding lines of the poem, sublimer than the close of any other epic, printing in italics our proposed alterations of the text of M. de Chateaubriand:—

"So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now, too nigh  
The archangel stood: and, from the other hill  
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,  
The cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding metéorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river on the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime : whereat  
 In either hand the hastening angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms."

" Ainsi parla Eve notre mère, et Adam l'entendit *satisfait*, mais ne répondit point ; car à cet instant, l'archange se posait trop près, et de l'autre colline à leur poste assigné, tous, dans un ordre brillant, les chérubins descendaient : ils glissaient, comme des météores sur la terre, ainsi qu'un brouillard du soir élevé d'un fleuve, glisse sur un marais, et envahit rapidement le sol sur les talons du laboureur, qui retourne à sa chaumière. De front avancé, flamboyait devant eux le glaive brandissant du Seigneur, terrible comme une comète. La chaleur torride de ce glaive, et sa vapeur, telle que l'air brûlé de la Libye, commençaient à dessécher le climat tempéré du Paradis ; quand l'ange, hâtant nos parens tardifs, les prit par la main, les conduisit droit à la porte orientale ; de là aussi vite, jusqu'au bas du précipice dans la plaine inférieure, et disparut. Ils regardèrent derrière eux, et virent toute la partie orientale du Paradis, naguère leur heureux séjour, surondulée par ce brandon flambant : la porte était obstruée de figures redoutables et d'armes ardentes."

But it is time to refer our readers, who may be lovers of Milton, to the work itself, which is well got up, and printed in separate paragraphs, which at once relieve the eye, and the mind. The English text is on the left hand, the French on the right ; and we have but seldom noticed errors in the typography or punctuation. Still it must be confessed that the Miltonic ladder has not yet, by any means, satisfactorily been scaled by our Gallic neighbours. There is a brisk petulance in their dialect, which is very hostile to the matronal and Juno-like majesty of the " Lady of Christ's," who loves to walk with a gait " sober, stedfast, and demure," generally speaking at least, like her own *Penseroso*. Aware, as we are, that M. de Chateaubriand has been a great reader of our Homer, perhaps he may be pleased to hear, that the garden of Christ's College, in Cambridge, the nurse of our poet, has been lately embellished, and made, perhaps, as pretty as a small acre will admit of its being, for the

sum expended upon it. Sometimes did it occur to the writer of this, when a stripling at Cambridge, about the time that Byron was lipping his numbers under the elm at Harrow, to pass a musing hour or two by the mulberry (it should have been an apple) tree, traditionally believed to have been planted by Milton's own hand. He revisited this tree but last year, and found it, with some sorrow, shorn of a limb of considerable size, through the incivility of Notus, or Boreas, "bursting their brazen dungeons" from over Barnwell, Trumpington, or the Gogmagog-hills. The hollow of this tree, two centuries old, has long been protected by a leaden plate; but the remaining portion of the trunk showed a good display of fruit, *forbidden* to all but the inmates of the college.

Some three centuries hence this garden will be visited, perhaps by some Byron of the new world, to muse there, as did lately our Byron by the tomb of Dante, at Ravenna.

One or two more efforts from the *marchands de modes* in the service of MM. Didot and Gosselin, and France will ultimately be able to congratulate herself on having conferred on the "Lady of Christ's," a dress à la *Parisienne*, and with which she, peradventure, will be, on the whole, as pleased as with many other of her foreign habits. But it must be confessed that the atmosphere of Paris is not over-well suited to her physical and moral temperaments; and, how much soever to her satisfaction may her future best dress prove, she will never be content with any residence in that capital, out of the *Boulevard du Temple*.

M. de Chateaubriand, the *Abdiel of the revolution*, has, we are aware, carried in his pilgrimage through life a pretty heavy wallet of mind. *Scriptis multum, et nil moramur*. In his essay noticed above, which he dates *d'outre tombe*, we have often noticed strong proofs of that *wide-encroaching* vanity, which, we think, in the eyes of posterity, must deduct considerably from the merits of his literary toils. The essay smells as strong of this as any of his former productions, confirming the fine lines of Alexander Pope, which we conclude with paraphrasing:—

"Thou, Chateaubriand, at thy latest breath,  
Shalt find the ruling passion strong in death;  
Such in those moments, as in all the past—  
'Crown me immortal, fame,' shall be thy last."

But, whatsoever may be the quota of praise which posterity shall award to his deserts, let us hope that the evening of his days will be gilded by the consciousness that the major part of the productions of his prolific pen have been, even out of France, neither fruitless nor disregarded.

ART. III.—*Portraits Littéraires*. Par Gustave Planche. 2 tomes  
8vo. Paris. Werdet.

THESE volumes contain a collection of several clever literary sketches, which appear to have been occasional contributions to Parisian periodicals. They are destitute of formal arrangement; there is no connexion between the parts; Planche assumes the character of a gossiping friend rather than that of a regular lecturer, and he thus continues to correct errors without giving offence, to hint useful information without wounding self-love. The subjects on which he dwells most emphatically are the state of modern criticism and the characteristics of modern works of fiction, both in France and England. We feel inclined to adopt his example, to lay aside the grave dictatorial character of reviewers, and enjoy a quiet chat with our readers by the social fire-side, discussing various matters, grave and gay, in the desultory conversation that best whiles away the long nights of winter. How shall we begin? What subject may best be started—the last drama or the last novel, or the character of Bulwer, whose tragedy would, it was supposed, outshine the glories of his *Rienzi*? Every body says that the English stage is in the lowest state of degradation; many add that our neighbours are no better off; let us just inquire into the causes that have produced this consummation, far from being devoutly to be wished.

Oh! for the days of Shakspeare! sighs the lover of what is called the legitimate drama. "See what the theatre was then!" Well, let us see; it was the newspaper, the novel, the essay, and sometimes the sermon; it was not merely the place of public amusement, it was more emphatically the place of public instruction. A new play, in the days of Elizabeth, was a leading article in the *Times*; a comedy in five acts filled the place of a novel in three volumes; *Macbeth* on the stage was what *Rienzi* is in the closet; and Ben Jonson's *Alohy mist* was a very able essay on the currency question. What a fine trade wool-combing was in the days of Shakspeare's father? Cotton had not then commenced its race against the fleece, silk was rare and costly, hands had not been superseded by machinery, brawny arms did not confess themselves vanquished by the potent force of steam, and spinning-jennies were jocund figures of flesh and blood, not curious combinations of wood and iron. We have touched, then, the very point of explanation; the theatre has lost its intrinsic importance because more efficient means have been found to effect its great object—public instruction; and because potent rivals have interfered with its secondary object—public amuse-

ment. While it stood alone at the head of both departments, all the talent of the nation hasted to the only vantage-ground by which it could obtain display; but Bunn and Osbaldistone are less active managers than Colburn or Bentley. On all intellectual grounds the novel has beaten the drama hollow, and all the lamentations of steady play-goers cannot alter the fact. Does any one now propose to act *George Barnwell* once a year for the benefit of the London apprentices, or hope to improve the morals of servants by exhibiting *High Life Below Stairs*? Apprentices and servants, like the higher classes, have taken to the circulating library, just as they wear cottons instead of worsted stuffs; to revive the power of the stage is about as wise a project as to restore the Heptarchy. Could Bulwer bring back the days of *Shakespeare*? Yes, if he could annihilate all the periodicals, and unwrite the *Waverley* novels.

Our good friend Gustave Planche admires the author of *Pelham* exceedingly, but he moots a question which, in reference to that gentleman's present literary projects, possesses considerable interest. Can the same person hope to excel as a dramatist and a novelist? Maturin's example may be quoted on one side of the argument, Scott's on the other. Before, however, we allow any weight to the instance of Maturin, let us see whether one play will make a dramatist, although one swallow will not make a summer. Bertram succeeded, but Manuel and Fredolfo were very speedily dismissed to the tomb of all the Capulets, and they merited their fate.

Let us not be accused of treating unjustly a very powerful and very original writer. M. Planche ranks Melmoth and Bertram with Faust and Manfred, and he is not the only continental critic who thus highly estimates works that have here fallen into undeserved oblivion. But in all Maturin's writings, for the stage or the closet, we find a want of form, that prevents us from assigning to his works a definite place in literature. He is all over Irish; his imagination hurries him into digressions, extravagances, and inconsistencies; he wrote for the sake of writing, as his countrymen fight for the abstract love of fighting. It is said that a young Irishman, going out to join Don Pedro, accidentally landed in the territories of Don Miguel—the Mogul, as he had learned to call the pretender. Naught recked he of cause or principle; he fought valiantly against those whom he came to join, declaring all the time that he would drive out the intruding Mogul, a name which his Portuguese associates, not too deeply skilled in geography, supposed to be a malicious allusion to Don Pedro's empire in Brazil. Maturin, in his glow of composition, similarly misleads himself and others. Like *Frankenstein*, he collected all

the limbs and appurtenances of strength and beauty, but, huddling them together unartificially, the result was a monster.

Coleridge criticized Bertram with great skill, but with too much severity. He regretted the introduction of German metaphysics into English literature, and reproached Sheridan for having translated Pizarro. We agree with his conclusion, but dissent from his reasoning. Pizarro ought not to have been translated, because it is nothing better than a piece of stilted mediocrity. It strutted its little hour upon the stage, simply because John Kemble declaimed the part of Rolla. Coleridge finds the germ of Bertram in *The Robbers*. Without denying that there is a strong analogy between the dominant thoughts in both productions, we must say that there is very little similarity in the developments. Maturin's metaphysics are not so explicit as those of Schiller; he is more passionate and less declamatory. Schiller, we are told, in the latter end of his life lamented his authorship of *The Robbers*. He was right; for, in spite of its temporary popularity, the piece is destitute of poetic value, and should never range on the same shelf with *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Mary Stuart*. The ideas, which in Schiller assume the form of a grave dissertation, or at best a fragmentary essay, become in Maturin's hands living legends, glowing with the superhuman and the terrible. Bertram's style wants the nature and simplicity suited to the stage; the defect is compensated by the brilliancy of the images, the boldness of the metaphors, by the burning lights with which the poet occasionally illumines the secret and mysterious workings of the human conscience. The action of the piece belongs rather to the irregular epic of the middle age, than to the definite and rapid deductions required by the exigencies of the modern drama. As a whole, we cannot admit Bertram to the lofty elevation once claimed for it, but it contains scenes and situations not unworthy of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. What we have said of Bertram as a play, is equally applicable to *Melmoth* as a romance; Maturin's example is therefore indifferent to the issue; instead of being both a novelist and a dramatist, if we adhere to strict form and definition, we must deny him to be either one or the other.

Another example, not mentioned by M. Planche, merits a little of our attention. *Salathiel* and "*Pride shall have a Fall*," were written by the same powerful author, and both commanded intense admiration in the closet and on the stage. Much that we have said respecting Maturin is applicable to the case of the Rev. Dr. Croly. Like his countryman he possesses a wide grasp of genius, an overflowing abundance of imagery, and a gorgeous style, whose march is impeded by its own richness. But *Salathiel* is not a romance, and "*Pride shall have a Fall*" is not a comedy.

Both are the untrammelled epics of Ariosto's school, written by an Irishman, not by an Italian, and consequently dashing onward with an Hibernian recklessness which leaves even the Orlando Furioso far behind. Criticism on such works is like a legal writ sent into the wilds of Connaught; it is laughed to scorn, and well it is if the reviewer be not compelled to eat his own article, just as ministers of the law, when caught with writs in Connaemara, are forced to devour the obnoxious parchment, steeped in whisky however, in order to assist their powers of deglutition.

Let us now attend to the example on the other side, Sir Walter Scott; as a novelist he has no equal, as a dramatist he is below contempt. Yet there are few writers who have displayed so much conversational power, or whose characters, to use his own phrase, made themselves better known by their talk. Nay, his novels when dramatized by some professional play-wright have had considerable success; we have ourselves enjoyed Baillie Nicol Jarvie far more in Drury Lane than in our own chambers. Is then Scott's failure in dramatic literature an inexplicable anomaly? We trow not; he had all the elements of a successful writer for the stage but one, and that one was form. The management of the story in a romance differs essentially from its management in a play; the novelist can insert explanations, introductions, and preparations; the dramatic hero must enter unannounced on the stage. What the novelist can directly state in his own words, the dramatist must rely upon the actor to intimate by look or gesture, and the mechanist to exhibit by contrivances more or less clumsy. How powerfully might the chase of the Wild Huntsman be described in words; how paltry and insignificant is its show on a screen in the incantation scene of *Der Freischütz*. Practical stage knowledge is requisite to the production of a successful drama; the secrets of the green-room must be understood, the scene-painters must be consulted, the scene-shifters examined, and every trap-door intimately known. The stage, not metaphorically, but literally, from the foot-lights to the remotest scene, must be thoroughly understood by any one who aspires to produce a successful drama. Let us not forget that Shakspeare was himself an actor. That Ben Jonson was the boon companion of the players, and that Molière almost lived in the theatre. It was not from any want of genius that Scott failed as a dramatist, it was simply from a meaner want; he knew not how to manage contrivances for helping out his story. As a novelist he had all these subsidiary means at his own command, but he knew not where to seek for them in the theatre.

Scott had the principal share in the revolution that, in our opinion, overthrew the drama, by substituting the novel in three

volumes for the play in five acts. He put an extinguisher on historic tragedy. The fashionable novelists will perform the same office for genteel comedy; and, if Boz has many followers, we may bid a long farewell to the whole generation of farces. It would be the most absurd thing in the world to enter on the investigation of the relative claims of novels and plays; the matter is already settled; that most obstinate and puzzling of all personifications, "the reading public," has pronounced its fiat, and has recorded its opinions in such a practical shape, that he who runs may read. Circulating libraries flourish, and theatres are ruinous speculations; publishers are sending forth fleets of literary ventures, managers are contracting their issues, and setting their houses in order. It is all nonsense to say that there is no dramatic talent in the present age; the plain fact is, that there is no demand for the article in the market. We generously spare our readers a learned dissertation on the laws that regulate demand and supply; political economy is rather too heavy a subject to be introduced into the free gossip in which we are indulging with our gentle companions.

M. Planche takes another view of this question, in his sketch of Henry Fielding; he thinks that there are essential psychological differences between the novelist and the dramatist; the former he regards as an investigator, the latter as one who skims the surface of things, and seizes only the broad outline of events. We must allow him to join our social circle, and share in the conversation:—

"To certain intelligences that mingle with the world and regard it attentively, that collect the numerous and almost imperceptible anecdotes which form the tissue of life, that take pleasure in studying the most minute details of character, that never witness the most trivial incident without scrutinizing physiognomies, to discover the sentiments which they reveal, or which they try to hide,—to such sorts of intelligence, I say, the narrative form of romance is particularly suited. . . . Spirits of a more energetic temperament, who think less but act more, who study parts rather than characters, and limit their attention to the external aspect of events, require an action to be definite and rapid. They strip from it every episode, whether real or probable, that does not lead directly to the accomplishment of a dominant and defined event; they use a dialogue concise and pointed, proceeding straight to its object, obeying the laws of an irresistible fatality, like a hero of *Æschylus* or a Mussulman soldier; such are the minds that Nature has designed for the drama."

Now we think that, on a very cursory examination, it will appear that the first class of intelligences described by Planche, no more possesses the characteristics of novelists than of dramatists, and that the second class includes the authors of both



species of fiction. It is true that a knowledge of mental anatomy is necessary to the writer of romance, but an ostentatious display of his science will be fatal to his success. He must not tell the secrets of his dissecting-room; he must not present the component parts of character separate, he must give the results, not the actual operations of his moral analysis. He is not so much fettered by space as the dramatist, but he cannot support his illusions by direct appeals to the eye and the ear, and when descriptions of scenery and action are removed from the romance, he will be found to have little more room given to the actual working out of his fiction than the dramatist. Take *Ivanhoe*; it is to regular romance what melodrama is to the legitimate drama. Suppose all its scenes painted instead of being described, and all the actions of the characters directly represented; you at once feel that it would become a melodrama of no very inconvenient length. On the other hand, the *Tempest* might very easily be changed into a romance of three volumes. We hold, then, to our opinion, that the novel and the drama differ not in essence but in form; that they vary in their developments rather than in their nature, and that the popularity of the circulating library has been a principal cause of the decline of the stage.

To come more immediately to the case of Fielding; we grant that very few of his dramatic pieces survive, but we must remember that they were literally written for bread. He had neither time nor opportunity for study; his play was his only chance of support; detaining it for revision a week, or even a day, might have consigned him to a prison and starvation. Still we think that in Fielding's dramas there is sufficient merit to prove that he would have been a successful writer for the stage, had he confined himself to that path of literature. Fielding has been styled the English Cervantes; and there is more justice in the epithet than is usually found in these complimentary appellations. His *Joseph Andrews*, written to ridicule a forgotten folly, won a victory over *Pamela* as decisive as *Don Quixote's* triumph over books of chivalry. The story is curious, and highly characteristic of the English nation, where the man who sets up a wooden idol is lauded to the echo, until some hardy wight breaks the false deity to pieces, when the destroyer inherits the fame of the maker. About a century ago, Richardson was confessedly the chief of English novelists; it is questionable if the Great Unknown ever attained an equal share of popularity. His *Pamela*, indisputably the weakest and worst of his novels, had a success which was absolutely astonishing. Not only was it vaunted as a finished model of perfection, but ministers cited it from the pulpit, just as Hannah More and Wordsworth have been quoted at a later

period. This mania roused the parodying spirit of Fielding; he had already demolished some score of mock tragedies by the admirable burletta of Tom Thumb, and he now attacked Richardson in Joseph Andrews. The parody is immortal, but Pamela has sunk into utter neglect. Like Gifford's Baviad and Mæviad, the satire has survived the folly, and some modern critics have even blamed Fielding for wasting his strength on such ignoble game. Before passing to any other example, we must notice Planche's warm testimony to the merits of Tom Jones:—

“Tom Jones is a constant truth; a probability which never contradicts itself; it is nature caught in the fact, keenly observed, and depicted with unexampled delicacy. It is in this respect especially that this book is distinguished from all books of the same kind that have preceded or followed it. . . . Considered as a mere romance, it is as *spirituel* as Gil Blas, and as amusing as Don Quixote, and unites to this double advantage an interest more judiciously and constantly sustained.”

To Henry Mackenzie, a writer of a very different order, our French critic awards higher praise than modern readers of the Man of Feeling and Julia de Roubigné. But it would be of little use and less interest to raise a controversy about works which have long lost their importance; we turn, then, to Planche's account of E. L. Bulwer, or perhaps we should rather say, the author of Pelham. In examining the merits of Pelham, M. Planche avoids the common error of identifying the author with the hero; he very justly remarks that a novelist, like a biographer, must more or less have a personal interest in the character of his hero, and nothing is more common than to believe that the fiction, which is thus invested with the attributes of life, must have a real existence. It was thus with Byron and Childe Harold; the poet loved the creature of his imagination, and invested the imaginary wanderer with much of his own feelings and remembrances. Hence it was concluded that he designed to draw an ideal portrait of himself, and much virtuous indignation was wasted on the personal faults of the imaginary Childe. The same injustice, but in a lighter degree, has been dealt to Pelham; the hero of the fiction is assailed as if he were a living man, and the novel reviewed as if it were a biography. Even Rienzi was exposed to this extraordinary species of criticism, and it was gravely asserted that Mr. Bulwer wrote with the prepossession of recommending himself to the vacant office of Tribune of the English people. To us Pelham has always appeared a clever personification of aristocratic exclusiveness, drawn with a satirical design, and as effective for its purpose as

if the character had been sketched by Juvenal or Molière. We know that, in London as well as in Paris, Pelham has been represented as the model of dandyism, and the author accused of having proposed his hero as an example worthy of imitation. This is a proper piece of social controversy for the present occasion, and we will say a few words on the subject. It is undeniable that the reader is taught to admire Pelham, in spite of his airs and haughtiness, but this very circumstance gives truth and strength to the satire. Had Mr. Bulwer described the idol he designed to break as altogether worthless and contemptible, the world would have been shocked by the absurdity of the caricature. If, in the very first pages, Pelham had been represented as insensible and indifferent; if, at the age of sixteen, he had acquired the fastidious languor and apathy which were supposed to be the highest consummation of fashionable existence; if, on his entrance upon the stage, he had been invested with the vices in matured perfection that are only produced by long and continuous indulgence of disastrous passions; had he possessed a brazen forehead, cheeks which feelings never flushed, eyes where tear-drops never glistened; in fine, all the attributes that can only be acquired after having passed the dangerous round of debauchery, gambling, and ambition,—the reader might say to the author, “Your hero is a monster, such as the world never saw; we regret beforehand all the inferences that may be drawn from an impossible character; your premises are utterly false, and we therefore care not a jot for your conclusion.”

Pelham stands at the head of a countless host of fashionable novels, like *Ivanhoe*, leading its train of historical romances. It is a fiction peculiarly English; had Mr. Bulwer sought at Paris for the original of Henry Pelham, he must have given up the search in despair. The French capital has no Court Journal, to detail in millinery romance the dresses at the last drawing-room, or the display of fashions at Almack's; a couple of lines, dry, dull, and reckless, contain the sum of all that Parisian journalists deign to say respecting a ball at the Tuileries or the English embassy. At Madrid, Vienna, or Berlin, the aristocracy is too widely dissevered from the middle classes to inspire the slightest interest. It is very singular that M. Planche has better described the psychological character of Pelham, and more completely developed the causes of its success, than any of Mr. Bulwer's English critics. We must let him explain the reasons why the attempt to draw a French Pelham would not have the slightest chance of success:—

“It is because the English aristocracy, in spite of the rude assault

that it now sustains, which menaces indeed its overthrow and the dispersion of its very fragments, has struck deep roots in the history and constitution of the country. In spite of the destruction which its recent opposition to the declared will of the people threatens, it has continued, ever since the accession of the House of Hanover, in the greater part of the questions and accidents that interested it personally, to associate the country in its fate, to attach national independence and national glory to its cause. It is because, without going farther back, we can trace its history for one hundred and sixty-four years, can count its battles and its victories, can see it always active, always ready for contest, whether it were necessary to defend the soil from foreign invaders, or to protect public freedom against a stretch of the royal prerogative.

"But in France, at the same epoch, whilst the English aristocracy drove out James II., and gave the throne to William III., how were the nobles employed? The whole body of the noblesse was grovelling at the footstool of Louis XIV. ; the demi-god of Versailles had no longer need, as at his first entrance into his Parliament, of his whip and spurs to impose silence on factious marmurers; a word, a curl of the lip, an almost imperceptible motion of the eyebrow, was sufficient to enforce obedience to his sovereign will. Has it done anything since to regain public confidence or esteem?"

We have dwelt thus long on *Pelham*, because it is one of the works which best illustrates the question between novelists and dramatists, which we proposed to consider. It is, in a great degree, a satirical drama, belonging to the school of Aristophanes rather than Menander; the tragical tale blended with the original design, though it possesses deep romantic interest, is felt to be a digression, and almost an impertinence. Had the stage retained its monopoly of holding the mirror up to nature, *Pelham* would have been just such another comedy as the *School for Scandal*; that it is not so is by no means a proof that the author wanted dramatic talent, it is simply explained by seeing that every fiction must, more or less, derive its form from the age in which it appears.

M. Planché seems not indisposed to favour this opinion in his examination of *Eugene Aram*, a fiction which, Mr. Bulwer himself informs us, was originally designed to assume the form of a tragedy. Of this work our critic speaks in terms of the warmest admiration:—

*Eugene Aram* is, next to *Pelham*, the most important of the author's works. It would not have established the author's reputation so rapidly, but it will sustain it more surely. It is a poem at once marvellous and pathetic, a village tragedy in which the actors are few, and derive no celebrity or lustre from their social rank,—but it is a tragedy so full, so rapid, so rich in terror and in tears, that Euripides or Sophocles would not have disavowed it. The characters introduced have nothing exclusive or conventional; they possess, on the contrary, all the depth

and majesty that belong to universality. This production is assuredly the result of long meditation.

With a very slight alteration the same criticism is applicable to *Rienzi*: both belong to the same class of prose epics; but the characters, the incidents, and the situations are infinitely more dramatic than narrative. Eugene Aram is, in fact, a tragedy deprived of its proper form, and in some degree injured by the softening down of the hero's character to a standard which conventional laws have imposed upon moralists. The stern sophist, the unrepenting murderer, the cold calculator of chances, would not have added devoted and enthusiastic love to his attributes; but, what is of much greater importance, the conciseness and correctness required for the development of the fable on the stage would have imposed on the writer a task from which he has ever shrunk—we mean the task of paying some attention to style and expression. It is impossible to read any one of Mr. Bulwer's productions without a strong conviction that a fatal facility of writing is his besetting sin; blocks of polished marble are put together in his edifices not unfrequently with mud instead of mortar, and the Ionic shaft has sometimes a Corinthian capital. His dramatic power is proved by his novels; the only question that remains to be decided is whether he possesses sufficient industry to master the difficulties of acquiring a new form. In this effort the strength of his own will must be the measure of his future success. We trust that we have said enough to show that excellence as a novelist is far from being presumptive proof of failure as a dramatist. In the opinion, however, of all our dramatic critics, Mr. Bulwer's tragedy is a failure, and the author feels their censure as he would an injury done to a favourite child. But the severity of the critics, and the soreness of the author, are equally out of place. The fault is in the age; though novels have not disqualified novelists from writing dramas, they have cut them off from the greatest source of inspiration, a fitting audience; while the progress of civilization has swept from them all the models of prominent, that is, dramatic, character. Shakspeare saw in his generation husbands as jealous as Othello, statesmen as unscrupulous in the use of means to gratify ambition as Macbeth; *Ancient Pistol* was probably one of his tavern companions, and *Dogberry* the parish constable of Stratford. Where are we to find such marked characteristics of habits of thought or action in this Pelhamite reign of affected indifference and real uniformity? In Mr. Bulwer's play

“Groom *talks* like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well.”

But so they do in the present world—if, as Shakspeare says—“All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players,” it follows that the fortunes of the world and the stage are intimately blended, and that the sobriety and quaker-like stillness which have seized the great theatre must of necessity rule the small one. In short, before a good drama can be produced, a dramatic age must be created:—are human abilities adequate to such a task?

The last question that remains for discussion is, Can the power and the popularity of the drama be restored? We have incidentally stated our reasons for answering in the negative; we cannot conceive a return to the circumstances which gave the theatre supreme importance; we cannot conjecture any new combinations that can be substituted for those which have passed away. The drama once stood alone; it is now one of many, and of many that have stronger pretensions to public favour, or at least which possess more powerful sway over the public mind. The days are gone by when a play would shake a minister and even threaten a dynasty, and the genius that in these days wishes to impress itself on the national intellect and character is forced to seek a larger audience than can be cooped into a theatre.

In presenting our readers with specimens of what may be called the gossiping and personal criticism which is just now the fashion in Paris, we have confined ourselves to Planche’s reviews of English writers, and in some degree also to his incidental remarks on the analogies between narrative and dramatic fictions. We have controversies enough of our own, without meddling in the disputes between the partisans and the opponents of Victor Hugo; and we hope that our conversation, though rather desultory, will prove more agreeable than formal discussion. Should any prove dissentient, let them be satisfied by our declaration that we shall not pursue the subject further at present.

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ART. IV.—1. *Beiträge von den Constructionen in Holz und Eisen, und der Ausbildung des Characters neuerer, zeitgemässer Baukunst.* (Contributions relative to Constructions in Wood and Iron, and the forming a Character for a newer and more appropriate species of Architecture.) Von Hugo Ritgen, Doctor der Philosophie und Architect zu Giessen. Leipzig & Darmstadt, 1835.

2. *Die Holzarchitectur des Mittelalters, mit Anschluss der schönsten in dieser Epoche entwickelten Produkte der gewerblichen Industrie: in Reise-Studien, &c.* (Timber Architecture of the Middle Ages, including other Specimens of Art and Manufacture belonging to the same period.) Gesammelt von C. Bötticher, Architect. Folio, 1stes und 2tes Heft. Berlin, 1836.

3. *Gesetze der Pflanzen und Mineralienbildung angewendet auf Alt-Deutschen Baustyl.* (The Laws of Vegetable and Mineral Structure applied to old German Architecture.) Von J. Metzger. Stuttgart, 1835.

4. *Beiträge zu der Lehre von den Konstruktionen.* (Contributions to the Theory and Practice of Constructions.) Von Doctor Georg Moller. Folio. Leipzig and Darmstadt.

WHILE two opposite parties in architecture are warmly advocating their respective systems, to the exclusion of any other, are at variance on every other point, and agree only in recommending their own favourite style, not merely as the most beautiful in itself, but applicable to every purpose, and to all our present necessities; a third comes forward and assures them both, that, much as they may seem to differ from each other, they both embrace one fundamental error in common—namely, that of substituting imitation for art, imagining, it would seem, the highest triumph of the latter to give, as near as may be, the *fac-similes* of works of former ages, instead of attempting to impress upon their own productions that consistent beauty of character and expression, which would render them in their turn worthy to take their place beside those styles which gradually developed themselves into completeness and perfection. To such an extent is this unfortunate predilection for imitation—or to give it its proper name, copying—carried, that, although the architect who should venture to ingraft ideas of his own upon the particular style which he takes for his model, would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a capricious and adventurous imitator, it is held quite allowable to deviate from it into some bastard mode, which, though it originated either in ignorance and unskilfulness,

or in perverse taste, is too remote from our times to strike us as a degrading revolution in the art, and is consequently permitted to enjoy a sort of authority. Thus the enthusiastic admirer of classical architecture, who would be scandalized at any liberties taken with the models expressly derived from antiquity, tolerates, patiently enough, the strange metamorphose it has undergone from its so-called revivers and the Italian school generally; and, in like manner, the devotee of the Gothic style is more inclined to admit the pretensions of the Elizabethan mode, and that of the times of James the First, as derivatives, although in fact tasteless depravations of the other, than allow any departure from precedent in what would be infinitely more faithful to the spirit of the original style. Such, in fact, is the authority conceded to everything or anything, no matter how extravagant, which has already established itself as belonging to a particular period, that even such a mere capricious fashion as that which has obtained the appellation of *à la Louis Quatorze*,—at once most whimsical and *borné*,—is admitted as something standard at least, even by those who would be shocked at meeting with a tenth part of the same caprice and conceit displayed according to a mode to which we are less accustomed. This is doubtless to be ascribed, in a great measure, to that indolence which causes people to be dissatisfied with whatever calls upon them for any exertion of their critical faculties before they can with safety decide upon matters of taste; and therefore leads them to prefer what has some time or other been admired to that whose title to admiration still remains to be made out. At least it is difficult to account in any other way for that anomalous severity of taste, which, while it is so exceedingly latitudinarian in regard to all that has been done at some time or other, is so intolerant of all further innovation. Hence, too, it happens that, notwithstanding the numerous varieties and sub-varieties of style we are now become acquainted with, the resources of the architect are very little if at all increased in proportion; because, instead of being left at liberty to have recourse to them as sources from which he may draw elementary forms, to be worked up by him into fresh combinations, he is expected to adhere, as strictly as possible, to some one style in particular, retaining all its characteristic deformities or incongruities, no less than its positive merits. Were it not for this unhappy prejudice and its cramping influence, many ideas now suffered to remain in their native uncouthness, when they were probably no more than rude and imperfect essays in the transition from one mode to another, might be taken up and worked out into some degree of beauty. But such process, unexceptionable as it may appear to be in itself, would by no



means be calculated to satisfy those who hold exactness of imitation to be almost the very first condition of correctness in architectural style, no matter what else be violated, or how little suitable the precedent itself may be for the purpose to which it is thus applied, or under any different circumstances.

Of the two leading sects into which our architectural imitators—that is, nearly the whole of the architectural public, professional and non-professional—are divided, each is equally dogmatical in asserting its own views; apparently regarding them as quite incontrovertible, yet neither cares to rebut or even to notice the objections brought forward by the opposite party; which certainly is not for want of opportunity for doing so, since such questions are suffered to remain from time to time unanswered, although quite as well deserving attention as many which are made subject of serious dispute. Those, for instance, who, opposed to Grecian architecture and the styles derived from it, maintain that of our ancestors to possess indefeasible claims upon us as congenial to our soil and climate, and as bearing that stamp of nationality which imparts so much interest to the buildings of any country, carefully abstain from adverting to the wide difference there is between adhering to a long-established system, and attempting to revive it after it has fallen into desuetude, and been altogether superseded by one which, if nominally more foreign to us, is certainly quite as popular, and accommodates itself more economically to all our present exigencies. Had the link never been broken, then indeed it would be no more than prudent to consider how far it would be advisable to abandon one national mode of building for another, even though that other should be recommended by superior intrinsic beauty; but such is very far from being the case, so much so that we should now find it an exceedingly difficult task to apply the architecture of our ancestors to general purposes at the present day, although for certain subjects it recommends itself as decidedly preferable to any other. Undoubtedly, it sounds plausible enough to say that we are neither Greeks nor Romans, but Englishmen, and that consequently our old English style, of which we have varieties enough to furnish us with either express types, or else hints, for every possible occasion, ought to serve us as a standard model. Such argument, however, is not perfectly free from fallacy; it is incumbent, therefore, upon those who hold it, to be prepared to show not only that we are still Englishmen, but remain precisely such Englishmen as were those of the periods when that national style was in vogue. Unless this can be satisfactorily shown, and also that the two or three last centuries have produced no perceptible changes in our habits as a people, and in the transactions

of life, such argument becomes little more than a rhetorical flourish, addressed rather to our patriotism than our judgment. We have adopted so much that is exotic, not in the shape of refinements alone, but of the daily necessities of life, that now to reject any mode of architecture, because the offspring of other ages, of a widely different soil and inhabitants, would be preposterous; especially as it is quite as easy for us, taking that we are accustomed to, as we now have it, to efface its foreign mark, and stamp it afresh, as to divest the other of its venerable rust, and obtain for it fresh currency.

In thus calling attention to what the advocates for Gothic architecture carefully keep out of sight, let us not be thought disposed to take a hostile part either against them or their favourite style, to which we are quite as much attached as they can possibly be, although not blind to the many and serious obstacles that lie in the way of its being again brought into general use; nor insensible to the merits of other styles which they would willingly proscribe, or which they at least affirm to be comparatively quite unworthy of public favour. We might in fact here prove our impartiality, by bringing forward circumstances that are equally overlooked by those who claim the pre-eminence for Grecian architecture, not only on the score of its pure æsthetic beauty, but for the facility with which it accommodates itself to every modern purpose. We would rather, however, hint to both parties, that it would be more profitable were they, instead of pronouncing panegyrics on their own favourite style, and affecting to treat the rival one with unseemly contempt, to inquire within what limits it may safely be proposed for imitation, and what changes are rendered expedient both in consequence of the greatly altered purposes for which it is required, and of the difference of material and mode of construction now employed.

That, in many otherwise praiseworthy modern buildings, not only the apparent forms are more or less at variance with construction, but superfluous parts are brought in with no other view than that of securing marked features peculiar to the style aimed at, will hardly be denied by any one who is at all capable of distinguishing between what is essential and what is merely supplementary in an edifice. Nay, it by no means always happens, that any pains are taken to bestow a plausible appearance of utility on what is in reality so superfluous as to announce itself as such almost at once, although by a little management some kind of motive might be made to excuse it. Besides these radical defects, arising from adopting styles arbitrarily chosen, independent of any ascertainable object in doing so, and sometimes even more to the prejudice than advantage of utility; it

rarely happens that the detail, however correct it may be considered merely as so many pieces of pattern, copied from authentic examples, is intelligently composed, or consistently kept up, so as to have the air of not being compiled and put together almost at random, but of emanating from and being dictated by the leading ideas of the work—those which have determined the architect to shape it out in the way he has done preferably to any other. Still more rare is it to meet with a building in any one assumed style, where, without direct imitation, the particular idiom of that style is successfully adhered to and maintained, not in those minutiae alone which may be transferred by the process of mere copying, but in the general conception, arrangement, and expression. This peculiar quality of style it is which shows the architect to be master of it, not working formally after precedents whose spirit, perhaps, he after all very imperfectly comprehends, but moulding to his immediate purpose that particular style of design of which he happens to have made choice, in such manner as to convince us that he has a perfect command over it; enters into all its peculiarities, and is even capable of imparting to it fresh power. It was thus, by consulting and complying with circumstances, not by slavishly conforming to previous modes of building, that those styles were gradually brought to maturity, which we now receive as models, and which we, for the most part, vainly strive to emulate, while pursuing a directly opposite course; whereby, even if much of their effect is retained, propriety and significancy are generally lost sight of.

With an earnestness amounting almost to bitterness, does Dr. Ritgen animadvert on what he contends to be a most injurious prejudice in favour of borrowed architectural modes and forms, both abstractedly beautiful, and beautiful in their original application, but which are rendered incongruous, affected, and unmeaning, when allowed to falsify what ought to be the natural physiognomy of a building,—making it appear other than it really is, or at least than it would show itself, if no such artifices were resorted to, and if the architect made the real constructive members and forms contribute to effect and decoration; whereas the character obtained by the usual process is little better than an imposition kept up with more or less dexterity. An excessive and mistaken reverence for antiquity led the revivers of Roman architecture—Greek being utterly out of the question—to content themselves with borrowing its external features, without attempting to penetrate beyond them into the constitution of the style itself, or to investigate its principles. Their vanity was, in all probability, sufficiently flattered by their being able, by dint of examining and comparing Roman structures, to produce the

semblance of a style recommended to them, on the one hand, by the imposing authority of classical times, and on the other, by its novelty, in comparison with that which they were endeavouring to explode. This was, perhaps, all the more excusable an error, because, during the preceding ages, the architecture of Italy had not, like that of other countries, refined itself into a distinct and independent system, but continued to retain strong reminiscences of its Roman origin, in columns and ornaments taken immediately from more ancient structures, and adapted with more or less skill to other situations and purposes than those for which they were at first intended. Hence, in restoring to columns their entablatures, and all the component members of the orders, it is no wonder that the Italian artists of the *risorgimento* period gave themselves credit for having purified architecture from the corruptions which it had undergone, and rescued it from the caprices of a degenerate taste; but it certainly is to be regretted that, through an undue scrupulousness, and an overweening regard for ancient examples, just as they happened to meet with them, they should have considered the Roman orders rather as patterns implicitly to be followed, than models, of which discretionary use might be made; while, at the very same time, they unreservedly allowed themselves so much latitude in every other respect, that the degree of resemblance which is attained chiefly serves to render the general disparity between the type professed to be imitated and the imitation all the more glaring; and to make manifest, either that they very imperfectly understood the nature of the style they professed to adopt, or else that the style itself did not contain such resources within itself as would have enabled it to meet circumstances not originally contemplated for it.

Certain it is that the respect, whether sincere or pretended, entertained for the ancient orders\* and the few other ornamental members to be met with in Greek or Roman edifices, has operated mischievously, both in securing admiration for buildings destitute in themselves of claims to notice as productions of art, beyond what they derive from adscititious parts, and in cramping the architect by conditions not to be fulfilled without violating the primary law of architectural composition; viz., that the forms and details shall arise out of the plan and construction, at least not be in contradiction to them.

"One of the chief causes," says Ritgen, "why our modern architecture is so utterly deficient in actual creative and plastic power, and is

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\* The article *Civil Architecture*, in the Penny Cyclopædia, affords a very lucid synopsis of this subject, and many no less ingenious than novel remarks, among which the writer's hypothesis as to the origin of the base of the Ionic column.

prevented from attaining it, consists, in my opinion, in those mistaken æsthetical principles which, not content with prescribing impassable boundaries to each of the fine arts, establish other and still more contracted limits within those boundaries; and consequently prevent the different arts from acting in concert together, or co-operating towards any one great purpose. It is a fatally pernicious idea (*ein unglückbringendes Gedanke*), that the beauty of architectural productions consists entirely and solely in their form. A most unhappy fatality was it that the great Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Michael Angelo, and other eminent masters of the Roman and Florentine school, should have regarded nothing more than ancient classical form, without endeavouring to explore the principles of Grecian art, to investigate the sources of Grecian taste, and, if possible, to imbibe the same spirit. No less unfortunate a fatality was it that Wincklemann, the worthy hierophant and eloquent champion of ancient sculpture and architecture, should have recognized Grecian purity only in naked baldness, and absence of decoration, without, apparently, even respecting the intimate connexion which exists between the several arts of design, and how powerfully they may be made to support each other, when brought into such alliance as to co-operate together.

"Most undoubtedly, beauty of form is both the first and the last requisite in beautiful architecture; yet more, very much more, is indispensable, in order to constitute a building a perfect work of art."

This, it must be confessed, is taking a widely different, and far more comprehensive and searching view of the matter, than is generally taken either by teachers or theorists, who seem to be of opinion that measurement and memory are all-sufficient to ensure beauty in architecture, which, if it does not actually include, is with them a substitute for every other merit. Fain would they persuade us that we are bound to follow the ancients implicitly, as closely as we can, certain so far of satisfying the most fastidious taste, assuring us at the same time that all attempts to proceed beyond the point where their examples stop short must prove worse than nugatory. Even supposing, for a moment, such doctrine to be incontrovertible, it certainly is not encouraging, nor by any means calculated to impress persons with any very elevated notions of an art which, according to the confession of those who are most interested in asserting its dignity, is so exceedingly limited as to have been completely exhausted long ago, and incapable of furnishing any other modes of expression or beauty than the comparatively few which have been actually preserved to us, out of all the productions of Grecian art.

It is one thing to study the architecture of the ancients with the view of forming our habits of taste accordingly, another and widely different one to confine ourselves to the express models which it affords; the former is both liberal and laudable, and can hardly fail

to be beneficial, while the latter leads only to pedantic servility, and at the very best to little more than bungling *secundum artem*, because such imitation can be but partial, or rendered complete only by thoroughly disguising the fabric, and bestowing on it an appearance that does not belong to it. Almost might we imagine that this profound veneration for the antique is in general quite as much assumed out of indolence or sheer incapacity as prompted by real feeling; it being made the pretext for a species of routine which, while it fetters invention and cramps real talent, bolsters up imbecility and mediocrity, raising them to a level they could not possibly have attained of themselves. It is true, that the want of real taste, for the most part, betrays itself through all the seeming classicality which it assumes; but then it is only to the eyes of the few; it still imposes upon the million, who are unable to distinguish between the counterfeit and the sterling metal, seeing that the one bears what looks to them like precisely the same stamp as the other. Some showy columns or a portico are sufficient to secure the applause of those who have no suspicion that such things are precisely those which in themselves cost least trouble and study, unless they are treated with a far greater degree of originality than architects seem disposed even to aim at, in such particulars. So abortive, indeed, are the majority of designs and buildings professing to be Greek, that it becomes doubtful whether they do not tend more effectually to depress taste than more palpable extravagances would, by deadening, if not by decidedly vitiating it; so that in time we may possibly come to regard with wearisomeness and disgust the very models themselves, which, owing to the perverted use made of them, have occasioned the insipidity and sluggishness that unhappily stamp so great a portion of modern architecture.

At the risk of being taxed with inconsistency, we are nevertheless ready to admit, that architectural design has in some respects made a considerable advance during the present century, compared with the preceding one; but then the improvement extends hardly at all further than the discarding certain incongruities before tolerated, and showing greater correctness—perhaps exactness would be the more suitable term—in those details for which we have the antique to guide us. That is, our advance consists in having got certain lessons by rote, and being now able to repeat them with specious cleverness off-hand; having accomplished which we stop short, as if we had reached a *ne plus ultra*—not impassable, perhaps, yet not to be passed without plunging at once into chaos and darkness. To the superficial observer, a rapid progress may seem to have been made, whereas of real progress there has been little or none, inasmuch as we stop short at

the very point from which we ought to begin to reckon, all the rest being to be considered as merely preparatory, and as affording proof not so much of our actual ability, as of our aptitude in studying our tasks.

"That lofty, creative energy"—it is Ritgen who again speaks—"which in the times of classical antiquity, and not less so in those of the middle ages, gradually brought architecture to perfection, stamped it with the impress of nationality, and elevated it to the rank of one of the noblest arts, no longer exists. Wavering and unsteady, without any confidence in its own powers, it now contents itself with the humble office of imitating and re-combining the productions of its more genial time—a time far different from the present—when it produced works instinct with soul and character, and touched them into life by the magic power of art."

Popular religion, to which architecture was in former days so greatly indebted, not for patronage alone, and the opportunities of displaying itself on a scale of magnificence, but also for a certain imposing authority with which it was invested, is no longer favourable either to this or the other fine arts. Neither are our public buildings of such nature as either to admit of architectural grandeur, unless it be externally, or to familiarise the great body of the people with art in any degree.\* This principle of exclusion, of sequestration of art from the people, constitutes one most influential difference between the spirit of modern times and those of ecclesiastical power and splendour. Had the Roman Catholic church done no more than employ

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\* In fact they are, for the greater part, only so far public as they are open to those who happen to have business to transact in them, or who visit them, where it can be done, for the express purpose of viewing them as a special sight; one, moreover, which is seldom accessible either without a fee, or formal application for admission. To us, therefore, it seems that Mr. Hamilton—to whom, we may observe, both Colonel Jackson and Mr. Vivian have just replied—makes use of a very feeble plea, in his second letter to the Earl of Elgin, when he recommends the adoption of the Grecian style for the new houses of Parliament, on the ground that it would better admit of the interior being embellished with historical paintings. Such a scheme might certainly be beneficial enough to the artists who obtained commissions, but hardly could it be attended with any effect in regard to the improvement of public taste; since, as far as the public are concerned, such paintings might as well be shipped off to the North Pole at once. In fact, no pains are taken among us to facilitate access to works of art to precisely that portion of the community which stands most in need of assistance in that respect, they having no other means or opportunities of improving their taste than what can be provided for them. How many thousands are there even of the middling classes of society to whom the National Gallery and similar places are, though nominally open, virtually closed, merely because the time of admission is limited to those hours when persons engaged in any sort of business are occupied. Perhaps it will be said, so much the better, it serves to keep the company more select; besides which, persons of the class alluded to ought not to be so unreasonable as to have any taste of the kind to gratify. Or if this is not expressly said, it is—which is still worse—acted upon, and tolerated in practice, though it might appear quite odious in theory.

artists, it would have effected comparatively nothing for the advancement of the fine arts; but, let its motives for doing so have been as self-interested as they may, it gave its noble fabrics and their rich adornments to the gaze of all without distinction, and at all times. In them the poorest had the opportunity of contemplating not only the pomp of architecture, but the finest productions of the pencil and the chisel; and whatever delight he might feel—a delight enhanced by religious sentiment—it was unalloyed by any of the bitterness of envy, since it was for him and such as he, no less than for the noblest and the wealthiest, that this array of solemn magnificence existed. He felt that he stood not beneath the roof of man, but in the house of God.

As respects private buildings, although expense is lavished upon them, and luxuriousness consulted almost to a degree of effeminacy, they are not, with here and there an exception, permitted to afford much encouragement to architecture; not because edifices of this class offer a very limited scope for the display of talent and striking effect—quite the contrary—but because the studied refinements of art are treated as matters of secondary importance. What the architect is chiefly called upon to provide in the way of display is empty space, to be afterwards filled up with costly furniture, and with such decoration as admits of being changed at pleasure. And here we may remark that one great, perhaps insurmountable, obstacle to the establishment of permanent good taste among us arises out of what is in itself a source of commercial activity and national prosperity—namely, the impetus given to all branches of manufacture by the constant fluctuations of fashion, and that demand for novelty which the supplier increases by his increasing eagerness to meet it; so that one new fancy is constantly starting up after another, and each in its turn discarded for some newer one. Here we have one leading and important distinction between antiquity and modern times; for neither fashion nor anything analogous to it appears to have had influence over the former, if we except, perhaps, the age of extravagance among the Romans under their later emperors. Costume is not to be confounded with fashion, it being, in fact, the reverse of it; not a series of modes shifting in quick succession, but permanent national modes transmitted from one generation to another; and, where such is the case, taste, when once refined, becomes fixed upon a steady basis; whereas the reverse of this can hardly fail to take place, whenever it begins to be considered requisite to have recourse to change for the sake of change, and to regard whatever is common as vulgar. The feeling which drives so many among us to aim at exclusiveness and distinction in the style of fitting up their houses, and in that of



their furniture, is, it must be confessed, altogether opposed to the cultivation of taste on sound æsthetical principles; since it is not so much intrinsic beauty, as rarity or expensiveness, which finds favour with them; nor will they want imitators among those who can afford to enter into a species of rivalry which can be supported by their purses alone; and in a commercial country, the means of thus establishing a character for fashionable taste will as frequently as not be at the command of those who are fain to supply themselves with taste at the readiest market for it they can find. Much has been said on the advantage that would result from taste being generally diffused among all classes of our population, and some measures have lately been adopted for promoting it among our artisans and manufacturers; yet to us the ultimate, if not the immediate, success appears doubtful, unless it should be in the power of some ingenious projector to devise a scheme whereby good taste should be rendered universal, and yet not become common. Besides which, it would be not less indispensable that it should itself remain unwavering, and firmly anchored, yet able to veer about and drift with every changing gust of fashion. The problem is a puzzling one—so puzzling, that there is little chance of its being solved otherwise than by cutting through the Gordian difficulty; and, since it is impossible to produce a lasting league between fashion and taste, by deposing the former from the paramount sway which it has obtained.

But if, owing to circumstances which it is much easier to point out than to remedy, or even to control, neither our public nor our private edifices furnish architecture with opportunities of exerting its full powers, we have numerous public works that may fairly be pronounced so many triumphs of constructive genius or mechanical skill,—canals, and tunnels, and suspension bridges, and breakwaters, and rail-roads. These may well be reckoned among the monuments of our age and country, so strongly do they identify themselves with both the present spirit and the actual state of society; yet, stupendous as many of them are, considered as undertakings, and beneficial as they may be to the interests of the community, they neither possess, nor make any pretensions to, æsthetic value. They lie entirely within the province of mechanical science, and quite beyond the confines of that of art. Else it would not be impossible that, in the course of time, architecture would hence derive, together with new expedients and new modes of construction, new forms and expressions of beauty. They belong, however, so exclusively to the engineer, that it is not likely they should ever receive any of the refinements of architecture, supposing them at all capable of

doing so; and consequently, they will be prevented from imparting to the latter any fresh spirit and vigour in return. Gigantic as they may be, such constructions do not in the least address themselves to the imagination, but merely to good sense and matter-of-fact reflection. There is nothing of the poetical connected with them, any more than with a problem in Euclid. Whether they be not preferable to the poetical—more befitting the manhood of society and the earnestness of every-day life, than the chimerical fancies and illusions which amuse our idleness, is a different question, which will be answered in the affirmative or the contrary, according to the individual views entertained of it. The only point upon which most are likely to agree is, that from this quarter little or nothing is to be expected that will in any degree advance architecture by driving it out of its beaten track. Or, if this should ever happen, it is not likely to be produced by any direct agency, but rather by architects being driven to the necessity of availing themselves of improved methods of construction, and other materials than those they have hitherto employed, and thus gradually led to essay forms dictated by such changes. In the mean time, they strive to mask their structures to the best of their ability by all manner of appliances, out of deference to customs which they either have not the courage to desert or the talent sufficient to put down, by showing that beauty may be elicited from other elements of design than those of which we have hitherto availed ourselves. Quoting again from Dr. Ritgen, we may add:—

“ It appears almost incomprehensible, that the passion for imitating the ancients should have taken such deep root as to have grown up into a species of tyranny—a tyranny that daily instigates us to the perpetration of some fresh folly, some *regular* absurdity. Satisfied with shifts and expedients that answer our immediate purposes, we allow no time for either the understanding or taste to exert itself; but, while we admit the necessity for new ideas, the plastic talent which should produce them is *inert*—dormant, if not extinct. Greek, Roman, and Gothic forms are alternately resorted to and alternately laid aside, in order to be again brought into use; until, perhaps, wearied of thus repeatedly borrowing modes of architecture, which we put on and off with equal facility, because they are no more than superficial disguises, we may at length begin to form for ourselves a style of our own, which, in all its features and ornaments, including the embellishment of colour, shall be both consistent and expressive. The course we must pursue in order to accomplish such arduous purpose, and gradually mould our architecture to the actual wants and usages of society in its present tendencies, may even now be foreseen with some degree of distinctness. The progress of civilization is in nothing more evident than in the strides which mechanical industry and invention are every day making. It will be

incumbent, therefore, on architecture to follow closely in the same track, and, by catching the spirit which now animates the mechanical arts, to assume a natural and unaffected character, wholly independent of antiquated systems. Besides which, it ought to avail itself of the improvements that have taken place both in the mathematical and the physical sciences. Intimately acquainted as we are now become with the properties of every kind of material, whether wood, metal, or artificial substitutes for stone, and with the laws of statics in respect to them, we possess the means of providing whatever we require, with far greater facility and economy than by employing stone and marble. Here a new and extensive field opens itself to the architect; for the variety in regard to proportions, forms, and modes of construction, which the materials now known to us afford, is endless in comparison with what solid masonry admits of.

"But O! the folly of inveterate prejudices! While ample means are thus placed at the architect's command for securing propriety not less than novelty, he can scarcely be induced to make any use of them. The most he does is to make his new materials simulate the old ones, and in proportion to the ingenuity he shows in thus falsifying his work, does he give himself credit for having achieved something particularly meritorious and deserving admiration. Yet, after all, the incongruity is too evident, the imposition too palpable to be persisted in for ever. Already do the newer modes of construction, and their tendency, begin to gain ground, and as they do so, the architect will be gradually led to have recourse to them in every branch of his practice, both on a large and on a small scale, so that, driven from his old routine, he will strive to infuse another and newer æsthetic character into his productions. All we have to require of him is, that, in pursuing this aim, he should proceed honestly and openly, exhibiting his construction such as it really is, without any attempt to mask or falsify it.\* Let but each kind of material show itself undisguisedly, in the forms and proportions natural to it, and, while all the conditions of durability, convenience, and propriety, are fulfilled, there will also be full play allowed to originality. At the same time, all regard must be paid to beauty, as one of the first and most indispensable conditions annexed to art. One beauty, that of simplicity, will result almost spontaneously, inasmuch as the ideas of the artist, not the mere imitator, will present themselves in their original clearness, and in unaffected expression. At the same time, the natural constructive forms and outlines will admit of being decorated and filled up, and thereby present a wide scope for taste in the selection of suitable details and colours.

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\* "We ought not," observes a recent German critic, "to strive to imitate the Greeks, either in the construction or the architectural composition of their buildings, but rather in the refined taste with which they made art subservient to what their climate and their customs required. Had they been inhabitants of the North, and at the same time been gifted with the same degree of taste, they would not have produced the antique as we now find it, but have invented something partaking more of the style of the middle ages. Most assuredly, they would have approximated, more or less, to Gothic architecture, because no other style is so well adapted to northern countries."

"In this respect, antiquity offers few models. Stone construction was almost universally prevalent, so that we have scarcely any examples of the application of wood or metal; nevertheless, the few that we do meet with clearly prove that they were designed independently of any reference to the other material; which is, perhaps, so much the better for us; since the few remaining instances of the use of metal and wood, and likewise of polychromy,\* are sufficient to call our attention to them; while, not being such as to furnish express models for our imitation, they are likely to direct us all the sooner to exercise our own invention, unfettered by formal precedents."

After this, many, if not most, of our readers, at least such as are professional men already far advanced in their career, will regard Ritgen's doctrine as not less mischievous than novel,—as amounting, in fact, to a proscription of Greek, Gothic, and every other former style; and tending to upset all that is now recognized as legitimate and established, to subvert the principles of taste, and to introduce complete anarchy, by countenancing wholesale innovation,—or rather, directly advocating it. How-

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\* The subject of polychrome architecture, to which we ourselves recently called attention (see No. XXXV. Art. 8), has excited much interest and inquiry, more especially in Germany, where, as we now learn, one or two practical experiments of the kind we recommended have been actually executed, and, it appears, with complete success. The principal one is an ornamental building, lately erected after designs by Klenze, in what is called the "English Garden," at Munich. This structure, (upwards of fifty feet high,) which is an open rotunda, or monopteral decastyle temple, in the Grecian Ionic style of the richest character, is so embellished both within and without. No colouring is applied to the shafts of the columns, but it commences immediately below the capitals, where a series of arrow-headed leaves, blue on a gold ground, correspond with the flutings of the columns; the neckings of the capitals are similarly ornamented with painted leaves and tendrils, in accordance with the decoration of the like character given to the abacus and echinus, and with the mode in which the volutes are enriched with colours; and the whole combination of colours, although different from that observed in any of the ancient specimens of polychromy yet met with, is allowed to be exceedingly beautiful. The middle fascia of the architrave is distinguished from the other two by a tint partaking of red or orange hue, while it is thus made to agree with the cymatium and other mouldings which crown the entire architrave. The frieze has a fret interspersed with rich foliage of different colours, upon a sky-blue ground; and the different members of the cornice are relieved by colours; besides which, the antefixe surmounting it, are so painted as greatly to contribute to the general richness of effect. On the summit of the roof or dome is a rich ornament composed of foliage, partly of white metal and partly variegated with colours, surmounted by another in the form of a pineapple. Within, this dome is divided into coffer, with white ornaments on a green and red ground alternately; and its centre is occupied by a rich rosette upon a blue ground, encircled by a kind of border or frieze composed of differently coloured flowers. The pigments are applied with wax and an admixture of copal, and the dead colouring, or first coat, is made of a darker tone than the finishing one; and, in the stone employed for this building, the colours were found to penetrate considerably beyond the surface; so that there is every reason to presume that the method here resorted to will be found to possess great durability, provided the colours themselves resist the action of the weather and atmosphere. The new Post-Gebäude at Munich, by the same architect, offers another example of polychromy, but of a different and more simple character.

ever opposed they may be to each other, all sects in architecture are likely to view in him a common foe, aiming at nothing less than to give a death-blow to what they term sound principles, but which he looks upon as pedantical restrictions and antiquated prejudices, which cannot be too soon got rid of, in order that we may freely avail ourselves of superior mechanic means, together with improved mechanic knowledge. Our own objection is, that he gets over the main difficulty by passing it by altogether untouched, and leaves us in the dark with respect to those very points which most require some kind of direct illustration; there being nothing either in his introductory remarks or in the body of his work from which we can gather more than the above vague, unsatisfactory, and remote hints, announcing that as not merely possible, but almost easy, whose feasibility remains to be proved by its successful accomplishment. The difficulty of practically working out the solution of this problem is not at all lessened by the consideration that there must be very decided success to recommend what would have to encounter a more than usually rigorous ordeal, and must submit to have its pretensions closely scrutinized by those who would be ill-disposed to admit them; because, in the case of architecture, novelty—that species of it at least which consists in actual innovation—is generally so far from conciliating favour, that it is rather apt to be regarded with suspicious jealousy. Besides all which, it is exceedingly difficult to divest the mind of habitual associations and prepossessions, and to get rid of that attachment to established styles which would prevent our breaking away from them to the degree we ought to do, if we would form one that should not appear either a corruption of some one of them, or a medley of several. The present position of the art is altogether different from what it was when pointed architecture began to develop itself out of a negative, degenerate style, bearing few traces of its original elements. At that crisis, there were no models of excellence to be abandoned; nothing to be lost by experiment; every thing to be gained; nothing to be uprooted, but merely the seeds of future taste to be sowed. Widely different becomes the case when both taste and practice are biassed in favour of certain styles already so inveterately confirmed as to admit of no improvement in themselves, and scarcely of any departure from them that would not be deemed capricious or solecistical.

Hitherto not one systematic innovator who has set up as the founder of a new style has been at all successful, or rather, his failure has been so decided, that his example has carried with it more of warning than of authority, and proved more disheartening than encouraging. Both Ledoux and Soane failed most egregi-

ously, the wild philosophical theory of the one producing only bombastic chimeras—mis-shapen, unlicked, roughly chalked out monstrosities; the feebler invention of the other rising no higher than puny conceits, hammered out of two or three pet fancies, and repeated till they became sickly, nauseating inannerism. Like the Frenchman, our English architect and professor got out of the high road only to bewilder himself, and stumble about gropingly, without chart or clue whereby to direct himself onwards in a progressive course. Sir John's own distinct style was made up of little arches without impost mouldings, sunk lines in lieu of mouldings, and petty dabs of ornament scattered about, as if intended to render the general blankness and vacancy the more disagreeably striking: or an infinitude of petty details was spread over entire surfaces, so as to render the whole indistinct and confused; yet, even in such cases, there was also something left in jarring contrast with the rest—some incongruous manifestation of penuriousness in the midst of riotous prodigality. The primitive elements of his style, and the taste upon which it was founded, may be traced with tolerable distinctness from his incipient efforts in his collection of "Designs for Casinos and Garden Buildings"—a volume, always curious, and now become rather scarce, owing to the author's having afterwards bought up every copy he could meet with—to that *chef-d'œuvre* of it when in its acme, his own residence in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, destined henceforth to pass under the title of the Soanean Museum. Neither ought we entirely to overlook that specimen of his powers in design, the exterior of the National Debt Redemption Office, a work so execrably uncouth in every respect, that it would be discreditabale to the merest village bricklayer. Besides its other offensive incongruities and poverty-stricken conceits, that building, like many others of the professor's, exhibits a most offensive mixture of brick and stone in glaringly raw opposition to each other; the piers of the no less flimsy than cumbersome screen being of stone, while the arches themselves are of rough brick, without the slightest dressing or finishing of any kind: in fact, the whole looks as if it had been suddenly abandoned in its progress, before being completed, by the architect. The extreme paucity of Sir John's ideas, if we except some of those which relate to plan alone, wherein we admit that he threw out many excellent hints, becomes evident enough on inspecting his volume of "Designs of Public and Private Buildings," which, to say nothing of the disgracefully coarse and bad drawing, proves his imagination to have been exceedingly limited, although devious and irregular. For the most part, these Designs show only two or three odd whims differently hashed up, at which he

appears to have been perpetually fumbling, without being able at last to make any thing tolerable of them. Not a few of them, particularly those for churches, are of the most patchwork and piebald character—heterogeneous compounds, salmagundies of all styles, brought into harsh conflict with each other. He certainly did something in being the first to venture upon a practical application of the Tivoli-Corinthian, but of Grecian architecture he appears not to have had the slightest apprehension, otherwise hardly would he have fallen into such caricatures of it as heavy Doric columns, mixed up with mean-looking fluted pilasters, light segmental arches, and fan-work dome ceilings, like that in his own breakfast-room; or given us such vile sophistications of the Grecian-Ionic as that in the King's Gallery at the late House of Lords; where the likeness of that order was confined to the capitals of the columns alone. Even his *magnum opus*, the Bank—the study of thirty years—contains merely some good bits here and there; the order itself, except in the part at the north-west angles, is defrauded of its original character by the frieze being left blank, and so occasioning the capitals to look squat and heavy: and the centre of the principal or south front, is a most egregious falling off, and a decided failure in itself, not taking into account the miserable solecistical conceit of making the chimney-shafts resemble small Doric columns. Another most indefensible impropriety, quite counter to every sound principle of architecture, and even construction, was that of putting, as he has done, both in this part of the Bank and at the Board of Trade, a row of columns and their entablature, forming a mere sham erection, placed against the building and only partially attached to it, so as to discover that there are mezzanine windows behind the entablature, quite blocked up and obstructed by it.\*

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\* Were it not that our list is likely to be considered long enough already, we could enumerate many other instances of architectural freaks and absurdities indulged in by the late professor, such as those ugly horizontal stripes and scorings of external walls, in which others have since followed him, and the rustication internal walls; unmeaning and tasteless zigzag flourishes of sunk lines around arches; and the aiming at sundry little *peep-show* effects, which, although they might be all very well in such a mere little show-box as his own house and museum, produced an air of insignificance and paltriness elsewhere. In short, the professor's taste in his art may justly be affirmed to have been at once dull and capricious—whimsically bigoted to precedent in some things, in others setting both precedent, principles, and common sense at utter defiance; and far more instructive from the warnings it still holds out to others, than in the exemplars it has left. Thus much must suffice here, as we have no room for entering into such systematic and detailed criticism of his works and designs as would serve to confirm the opinion we have passed upon them. In saying what we have done, we shall probably be considered ungenerously harsh, if not absolutely unjust, towards one over whom the grave has so recently closed, and who has bequeathed—not, indeed, unincumbered with restrictions—his museum and its contents to the public. And if so, we should be thought still more unjustifiably severe—even

At the very best, Soane can be allowed to have done no more than to have made some beginnings towards a style which he wanted either the leisure or the ability to reduce to any tolerably consistent system. Even Schinkel himself is by no means uniformly happy, when, deserting both the antique and every later style, he trusts almost exclusively to his own resources, as is the case, we are concerned to say, of the buildings attached to the new barriers at the extremity of the Wilhelm's Strasse, in Berlin. His originality displays itself most advantageously in bestowing copiousness and variety to Greek architecture, infusing into it a fresh spirit, pliancy, and grace, not less than in purifying it from not a few adulterations ingrafted upon it by mere copyists. However it may please Dr. Ritgen to make light of it, it is a point of very formidable difficulty to find out how we are, in consequence of the more general and undisguised use of metal and wood, to obtain such numerous and characteristic forms and details as will fully supply the place of those which, if newer ones

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to uncharitableness, were we to give utterance to our estimate of the man as well as the architect; in doing which we should be tempted to set at nought the maxim—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,—a time-honoured one with most, yet, in our opinion, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," since, by promising posthumous impunity, it tends to do away the wholesome awe of posthumous disgrace,—the last remaining check upon many, who—

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
Are awed by dread of infamy alone."

We do not speak rashly and unadvisedly when we say that, however much public opinion may be dazzled by certain acts of munificence, the motives for which might be traced to not the most laudable source, it will be difficult even for those most eager to vindicate Sir John Soane's memory to exculpate him from the charge of having been the reverse of amiable in his private character. That he was a singular compound of sordid meanness and ostentatious prodigality, those who knew him will hardly pretend to deny. That he was a man of egregious vanity and overweening self-conceit is perfectly notorious; though the full extent of that vanity may not be so generally known—a vanity that led him to relish the most fulsome, outrageous, and barefaced flattery from sycophants, parasites, and legacy-hunters, whom, all the while, he despised, if not actually detested, being aware that they looked upon him as their dupe. In his disposition he was ungenerous, unfeeling, obdurate, tyrannical; in his capricious resentments, implacable even to oppression and persecution. His enmities, once avowed, were most deadly; and, besides various acts of direct malevolence, he could stoop to the most paltry and shuffling duplicity in matters which, although not always important in themselves, plainly marked the natural disposition of the man. Numerous are the anecdotes related of him on the most unquestionable authority, which would corroborate all this beyond the possibility of doubt; and although they have hitherto been allowed to circulate only in whispers, the time is now arrived when many of them will, perhaps, court the publicity they before shunned. Whether Mr. Smith's *Life of Sir John*, a prospectus of which made some noise in certain circles not long ago, will now see the light, is somewhat doubtful, but if it ever should, it will portray him more à la Fraser, or as we ourselves have delineated him, than in emulation of the flattering pencil of Sir Thomas, or the more servile pen of one, whose unctuous memoir of Sir John has, perhaps, by this time, been rewarded by a fat legacy.



be adopted, must be abandoned, because it would be still more difficult to reconcile the two together. It is not for mere economy and facilities of execution that the use of metal is recommended: it is already employed for cast-iron columns and other things that mimic stone: on the contrary, it remains to be devised how we can escape from such mimicry, and show the actual materials as they really are, and as they enter into the construction of the fabric, without counterfeit. To effect this, we must, "at one fell swoop," dismiss the Greek orders—columns, and entablatures of every kind, which, even now for the most part ostentatious embellishment, would become too palpably and offensively incongruous when attached to what would be made to display totally different materials and mode of construction. This would be all the more requisite, because, otherwise, the main building itself, however durable and strong it might be, would appear almost flimsy patchwork in comparison with the solid and more massive columns of uniform stone. Could we, in fact, obtain any substitute for the orders—external columns of any kind in lieu of those we should thus be interdicted from making use of? we apprehend not.

The utmost, in all probability, that we could do, if metal or wooden pillars are to be employed, of such forms and proportions as the mechanical constructive principles would require, would be to introduce them in virandas or open viranda-galleries; which would of course lead to the adoption of a light style altogether different from the Grecian or any of its derivatives, and with not much that would be nearly akin to the Gothic. Independently of pillars for such purposes, there would, we imagine, be very little opportunity for having recourse to metal-work in the exterior, which would thus be reduced to little more than mere wall and windows—the latter of simple unvaried outline, since there would be nothing to occasion any great departure from the forms now generally in use. Timber, again, it is to be presumed, could be made to show itself to any extent, or with any degree of effect, by merely resorting to something analogous to that species of construction once in vogue for domestic buildings, in what are styled half-timbered houses, that is, those in which a frame-work of timber, often richly carved on some of its external surfaces, was filled up either with brick or plaster. Adopting this species of construction, it would be very possible for us to re-fashion it so as to bestow on it that finished elegance and uniform richness in which it was generally deficient; since, owing in many instances, perhaps, to subsequent repairs and alterations, in which economy alone has been consulted, few examples are to be met with of uniform character throughout; spirited and beautiful as many of the

details are, taken separately, the general effect is, for the most part, of that quaint uncouth kind, which pleases chiefly by its singularity, and in consequence of the associations attached to the buildings as reliques of former periods and of their taste; or else interesting as studies from which valuable hints may be derived.

As a series of specimens and studies of ornamental forms and details suitable to such mode of construction, we can, in all sincerity, most strongly recommend Bötticher's work, entitled "*Die Holzarchitektur des Mittelalters*," not only for the intrinsic beauty of most of the subjects themselves, which exhibit a very superior style of design to any thing of a similar kind in this country, but also for the masterly execution of the plates themselves, and the free, artist-like spirit with which the respective details are delineated. Notwithstanding the fancifulness of some of them, and though they are equally remote from Grecian and Gothic, they evince a certain refinement and delicacy of taste and happiness of composition, that are almost fascinating; which is particularly the case with some of the examples from Halberstadt. In this respect, these details are, although equally "nondescript," if we may venture to apply to them an epithet universally taken in an unfavourable sense, immeasurably superior to any thing in what is termed Elizabethan architecture, including that of James the First; since, compared with these, the details of the latter appear coarse and tasteless, even to unmeaning clumsiness. It is to be regretted, however, that the work itself proceeds exceedingly slowly, only two numbers having as yet appeared, although it is now more than a twelvemonth since its publication commenced; which tardiness is all the more displeasing, because, besides supplying much historical and technical information, the text is to be further elucidated by additional engravings, showing plans and modes of construction; and this portion is reserved for the concluding *Lieferung*. This "*Holzarchitektur*" is calculated to prove very serviceable in suggesting ideas applicable to various purposes of construction and ornament both in wood and metal, should any of our architects have confidence enough to venture upon the course so strongly urged by our German theorist, as one of imperative necessity, and to which they must come at last.

At all events, it is likely that professional men will be led to bestow some consideration on the matter, and inquire into its practicability, the Institute of British Architects having proposed it as the subject of one of their next prize essays: they would do well also to offer a premium for some design that should exemplify some such mode of construction, and show what rudiments at least of an appropriate ornamental style might be elicited from

it. Otherwise, we apprehend that it will not have a fair trial either way, but that either the difficulties attending it will be pronounced insurmountable, or its feasibility taken for granted, without the slightest proof, or any attempt being made to point out a beginning and a starting-place for such new career. For our own part, we very much question whether the more extensive application of iron to building could be made at all to affect design, or conduce to any decided change in that respect, either internally or externally. Supposing it to become in time almost universally adopted for the framing both of floors and roofs, those are parts not exposed to view, consequently, could not very well influence or produce any modification in those which are visible. Hardly, too, could iron or other metal be employed to any extent for the outside of a building, except in the particular way we have already instanced, which, after all, would be suitable for dwelling-houses alone. In regard to wood, again, that would be far more likely to be exploded, nearly altogether; in consequence of metal being substituted for the principal purposes for which timber has hitherto been employed, than to be brought into use afresh for constructions whence it has been discarded, and for which it would now be considered objectionable on account of its dangerousness in case of fire.

One point, by far too important to be overlooked, perhaps fatal to what might otherwise seem a very rational and well-founded hope on the part of those who advocate innovation on or renovation of architecture, is that, contrary to the process by which all the styles we are now acquainted with were gradually reared up to maturity, we should be compelled to lay the foundations of ours upon too humble and contracted a basis. We should be compelled, in the first instance, to begin with it, and consequently, adapt it to private buildings, or such as would be comparatively unimportant, so that, even if we succeeded in giving it some determinate character, while a certain prejudice would thus be excited against it, such character itself would be accommodated not to stateliness and grandeur, nor be in anywise capable of rising to them, but be confined within exceedingly contracted limits. Never would the pointed style have been able to develop its full powers, and attain to that wonderful variety and those various excellences which claim our admiration, had it not found an open field for its exertions in the lofty and spacious interiors of cathedrals and other ecclesiastical structures; whereas, hardly any one class of our public buildings, not excepting even our churches, affords scope for the manifestation of internal construction, upon such a scale as might conduct to an impressive degree of grandeur. Excepting churches, all the rest are par-

tioned off within into separate rooms, which, although they may be comparatively termed spacious, are utterly inadequate to the purpose of achieving that architectural dignity which would be recognized as a valid authority, and give currency to the style so coined. Without some such generally acknowledged authority, it would be hopeless to look for the establishment of any fixed system; for, however successful some individual attempts might prove in themselves, a very long time indeed must elapse before any thing like a fixed standard test could be derived from them, even for buildings of the same class. In the mean time, taste would be unsettled, fluctuating, and exposed to vagaries and caprices of every kind. Could we, indeed, clear away, expunge, and draw the veil of oblivion over, all former examples, so as to begin entirely *de novo*, there would be greater chance for our ultimately working out some style for ourselves, marked by beauties which should be congenial both with the materials employed and the construction followed; but, while we already possess, or are acquainted with, so many examples of finished excellence, it is almost impossible that any thing, however meritorious it might be intrinsically, could be at once decidedly unlike any of them, and yet stamped with such matured perfection of design, as to be able to stand a comparison with what have beforehand so many suffrages in their favour. We should point to America, as almost the only country where an entirely new and independent style of architecture could take root and thrive, and where it could freely accommodate itself to all the exigencies of a community who have no violent prejudices and partialities to break through before they could admit it. What would elsewhere be apt to be scouted as extravagant innovation and a dereliction of good taste, would there incur no such danger. Of Gothic architecture America possesses nothing whatever; it has neither cathedrals, nor abbeys; neither castles nor baronial mansions; and what samples it possesses of Greek, Roman, or Italian, are neither so numerous nor so excellent as to cause an abandonment of them as models to be considered presumptuous. There would also be this advantage, that, owing to the absence of Gothic architecture, there would be little danger of borrowing from that style, while departing from the others. At any rate, it must be allowed that, unless it be obstinately bent on rivalling the old world in the architecture it has derived from it, in preference to making any original efforts of its own, that country affords the most favourable opportunities for such efforts and experiments, with the greatest probability of their being attended by ultimate success.

In fact, it is no easy matter to steer entirely clear of one style without coming in contact with some other, so that after having,

as we may imagine, obtained elements sufficiently novel for composing one which shall be unborrowed, we discover that they resolve themselves more or less directly into forms already familiar under another appellation. Or should we be so far fortunate as to hit upon one or two features passably original, a fresh perplexity arises—how to extend the same character to all the rest, in such a manner that the whole shall seem of a piece? or, if we must retain much that we would willingly get rid of, how to blend together the old and new forms, and not only make them perfectly accord, but appear to have been intended from the very first to combine with each other? The *Bauschule*, or Architectural College at Berlin, offers, upon the whole, one of the most skilful solutions of this exceedingly puzzling problem. While the taste manifested in it with regard to the style of ornament in relief is evidently founded upon the antique, there is nothing whatever in the building itself to recal to mind ever so slightly that of Greece. Equally remote is it from Roman, Byzantine, Lombard, Gothic, Cinquecento, later Italian, or any intermediate variety of those styles. There is no masking, no counterfeiting: the forms are those actually demanded by the purposes of plan and by construction; and the material, while allowed to show itself, is made to conduce to novelty both of character and embellishment, it being throughout of brick and terracotta, and producing variety and richness not by ornament alone, but by opposition of colour likewise. Yet, although the marking peculiarities and characteristics of every preceding style are avoided, many of the qualities belonging to them are here incorporated. Thus we may trace that simplicity of *ensemble*, that exact symmetry, and that successive repetition of parts belonging to classical architecture; that profusion of ornament in relief, disposed in panels, so general in the Cinquecento; that predominancy of windows, as embellished features, which distinguishes the Italian; together with that species of decoration of surface obtained by means of variegated brickwork, and alternating courses of different tint, to be met with in some of our old English buildings and Tudor mansions; yet the resemblance extends no farther, for in no other respect is any trace discernible of the styles mentioned; consequently, it exists only in certain adjective qualities, which may be possessed in common by things altogether dissimilar in themselves.

We have thought fit to refer somewhat particularly to the above example, as affording evidence of what it is possible for a man of taste and genius to accomplish when guided by principles of art alone, without direct assistance from models. At the same time, we must confess it to be with us matter of very great ques-

tion whether such a style is capable of that variety of expression which would render it generally applicable. In the opinion of some this may be no great defect, provided it be good as far as it goes; so also may it be urged, that, although unsuitable for buildings required to display solidity, majesty, and grandeur, such a style as would be likely to be produced by the mode of construction and the application recommended by Dr. Ritgen might in itself be very desirable, there being nothing to prevent our availing ourselves of different styles for different purposes, and admiring each for its respective merits. Such kind of compromise in favour of all tastes would certainly help to put an end to much of that idle squabbling and bickering which now take place between rival schools and parties, each of which claims exclusive admiration for its own favourite style, and is loth even to tolerate any other; whereas, were they to succeed in carrying their point and banishing all the rest, they would probably then discover that they had done away with all that, by its contrast, acted as a foil to what they admire; and tended, although unconsciously to themselves, to make manifest its decided superiority even in their own eyes. If heretofore, both in ancient and later times, only a single contemporary style prevailed among a people, that was owing to circumstances which have since altogether changed. We have nearly all previous styles of widely different ages and nations already fashioned to our hands as models; and when, laying aside traditional prejudices, we look at the matter as a plain question of common sense, we can hardly fail to see that, if there be anything preposterous in employing a variety of architectural styles, there are many things analogous to it which we do without scruple, and in which we perceive neither contradiction nor absurdity. It has been said that many of our European cities have no predominating styles of architecture, but rather seem to be "a congress of the representatives of every known style:" this may be a very clever and smart, though somewhat exaggerated comparison, but it is nothing more. A city is not a single piece of architecture, but an assemblage of buildings,—a collection more or less miscellaneous—it may be a jumble. So then are our galleries and museums, where we meet with specimens of all schools, styles, and classes of painting and every variety of subject; ancient and modern art, works of painting and sculpture in all their diversities, brought together; where the productions of some thousands of years ago are placed in juxtaposition with those of yesterday. Is there anything incongruous in all this? anything repugnant to taste or good sense? Does the admirer of one particular school or department of painting affect to proscribe all others as undeserving regard and unworthy of being cultivated? Or is

any one so extravagant a stickler for uniformity as to contend that a gallery of pictures should contain such only as partake nearly of the same character as regards subject and execution? And what else is a city, save a gallery of architecture, containing subjects and designs independent of each other, and each one of which may be contemplated without reference to those around it. Such at least it may, in a great measure, be considered; not that we would therefore recommend an indiscriminate huddling together of all styles, there being no occasion to make them clash disagreeably with each other, even where prominent examples of opposite ones are brought into the same view.

Let us have both Gothic and Grecian: meanwhile we ought not, on that account, to be less earnest in our endeavours to rear up something that may in time deserve to supersede them. One step towards this would be, perhaps, to relax in the excessive scrupulousness with which we restrict ourselves to a species of imitation hardly a degree higher than mere pattern-taking; though, with all this affected preciseness and unnecessary rigour, we in the very same things tolerate deviations from our professed models, far more at variance with the laws of composition observed in them than almost any affecting mere detail could possibly be. To this some will reply—we adhere to the originals—we follow as closely as circumstances will permit, deviating from them only where unavoidably compelled to do so, in consequence of having to provide for purposes never contemplated by them. Such then being the real state of the case, which rather accounts for, than excuses, the defect complained of, would it not be better, since innovation there must be after all, to admit such degree of it in the borrowed features as would reconcile us to that which is inevitable? Do we then advocate rash innovation?—by no means. On the contrary, we would have it be the fruit of deliberate study, and of a taste fertilized by constant intercourse with the best exemplars of the original style. We would have nothing rashly ventured upon, no groping experiment of dubious issue to the architect himself; and surely any one who at all understood effect, would be able to satisfy himself beforehand, by means of adequate drawings and models, as to what would be the actual appearance in execution. We would have such invention displayed in regard to forms, details, and proportions, as, instead of breaking loose from the principles of Grecian design, or those congenial to any other style which might happen to be adopted, should closely incorporate themselves with the original elements, and so increase them. But then, in order to accomplish this effectually, and to do justice to their own ideas, architects should boldly bring them forward in works of

some likelihood and magnitude; otherwise, by confining all their essays of the kind—and they are but few—to trifling and unimportant erections, not only do they betray their own mistrust, but stamp them at the very first with a character of triviality, so that even supposing them to be really good in themselves, they become no authority.

There are many natural productions which would afford hints for, and germs of, architectural detail, could but professional men bring themselves to look for fresh embryo rudiments applicable to their art, out of its seeming province. The artist-architects of the middle ages undoubtedly derived many such from the vegetable kingdom, and that to much greater extent than what is obvious in the forms borrowed almost immediately from foliage and flowers. Some curious, not to say fanciful, speculations on this subject, are to be met with in the work of Metzger, the title of which is prefixed to this article. According to him, it was upon the laws of organization observable both in plants and minerals, that the originators of the Gothic style founded their system. A knowledge of these constituted the mystery of the societies of masons or freemasons; and, so long as they were understood and followed, Gothic architecture continued faithful to its original character; but when those fraternities were abolished, the art itself degenerated all at once; and unmeaning, capricious ornament was introduced, which at length nearly effaced all traces of it. As a complete contrast to such organization, springing from an internal vivifying principle, energy, and stamina, which gave expansibility to the style itself, and modified every minuter detail into varied harmony with each other and the whole, we may point to the lumbering, quaint, conceited dulness which stamps that of our first James, or to the equally dull and monotonously capricious, and gaudily pompous mode, if not exactly of architecture, yet of decoration, distinguished with unhappy celebrity by the name of Louis Quatorze. In such fashions—for styles they can hardly be denominated—constructive fitness is altogether disregarded, and mere “gilt gingerbread whimsies” and gimcrackery substituted for art. Although to the ordinary observer Gothic architecture may appear equally capricious,—even still more wild and extravagant in its exuberant and “thick-coming fancies,”—its richness is not that of factitious, extraneous decoration, but may be likened to the efflorescence of a plant, whose stem derives nourishment from its concealed roots, and throughout the whole of which vegetable life permeates, until it finally manifests itself to the eye ripened into the loveliness of the flower. As respects the precise formation of the pointed style, what was the primitive germ in it from which its whole scheme gradually developed



itself is still a secret, and likely ever to remain such, for want of that direct historical evidence which it is now almost hopeless to look for; yet there can hardly be a doubt that motives of construction, seconded, indeed, by happy skill and exercise of invention on the part of the architects in availing themselves of them, led gradually, yet also rapidly, to that completion and that unity of character by which it continued to be distinguished until it verged upon its decline.

Moller, a name tolerably well known in this country among amateurs and antiquaries, perhaps more than among architects, is almost the first who, instead of contenting himself with a knowledge of its external forms and characteristics, has attempted to inquire into the first rudiments of the constitution of Gothic architecture, by analyzing its peculiar modes of construction. His new work, *Beyträge zu der Lehre von den Konstruktionen*, is intended to point out and recommend the practical application of the same principles to which he himself has had recourse on various occasions, with apparently uniform success. These he considers to have lain in establishing a framework of the whole edifice, strongly articulated and firmly united together by intersecting ligatures, and his general views in regard to them may be found in his essay "On the Construction of the Buildings of the Middle Ages," attached to the recent English translation\* of the descriptive text to his *Denkmäler der Deutschen Baukunst*. "Let us compare," he there says, "the strength of a number of cords arranged parallel with each other, and of the same number when united together by meshes. The latter, where the lengths are intersected by knots at small intervals apart, appear to me to be the characteristic principle observed in the constructions of the middle ages, and one which is deserving of being imitated. And for examples of it we may consult the vaultings, roofs, and spires exhibited in these very plates of Freiburg. One and the same

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\* This translation, which must not be confounded with an incomplete one published several years ago, contains, in addition to the original matter, much useful supplementary and illustrative information in the shape of notes, besides an excellent table of all the known lineal measures. Although, therefore, chiefly intended to accommodate the purchasers of the large German work, it may be considered in some respect independent of that. Yet there are few, we should conceive, professing to have any taste for Gothic architecture, who would not, now that the *Denkmäler* may be obtained at so low a cost, pass by the opportunity of possessing themselves of a work almost essential to attaining a full knowledge of a style, of which Germany affords specimens so distinct in their character from any of our own. It must be admitted that it does not contain such as would furnish immediate models for practice here, yet we would hardly think so meanly of our architects as to imagine that they take no interest save in what conduces to their interest another way,—little or none in those studies which tend to elevate their art, and extend the views of those who devote themselves to them.

principle may be detected in them all." Much, however, as this may be in favour of Gothic architecture, proving it to have been founded upon a correct theory skilfully carried into practice, it may be thought conclusive against a new style out of new modes of construction, since they must resolve themselves into some modification, or else some combination of the two already exemplified in their full perfection in Grecian and Gothic architecture.

It would be idle to look for entirely new elements in what depends upon unchangeable physical laws. Still we would not despair, when we perceive how differently the same general principles of formation and structure manifest themselves in operation throughout both the animal and the vegetable world, according to the specific purposes to be accomplished. It is very possible, therefore, that, by allowing design, instead of entirely disregarding or concealing construction, to be in some degree controlled by it, we should be directed to congenial decorative forms. At the same time, we dare not flatter ourselves that, important as they are in themselves, any of the public works of the class to which we have already alluded promise to assist us in achieving such aim. Content with exciting admiration as triumphs of mechanical power and science, whose primary and ultimate object is utility, they stop short of the point where art commences. They do not even so much as pretend to show the slightest deference to its laws, æsthetic beauty being the indispensable condition of the one, utility and economy of the others. Little does it avail to insist that utility and fitness contribute in marked degree to beauty, which, unless recommended by those qualities, must offend the judgment even while it delights the eye; that beauty ought never to be at open variance with them; that, if possible, they should be indissolubly linked together with it is indisputable, but that in themselves they constitute æsthetic beauty is a doctrine we must broadly deny. Such beauty makes itself valued on its own account alone, and for the pleasurable emotions which it excites in the mind independently of ulterior purpose; whereas, if fitness and utility were beauty, it ought to exist in innumerable objects which make not the slightest pretension to that quality. Those who maintain the contrary ought, by way of showing their consistency, if nothing else, to assert that medicine is more delicious to the palate than the daintiest food, and an apothecary's bolus more relishing than a Perigord *pâté*. How architecture is to obtain other beautiful forms than those already appropriated, it is for architects—those, at least, who can detect all the latent and unexplored resources of their art, and who would have confidence enough to call them to their aid—to discover. They who

launch out upon such an undertaking must be prepared to be foiled in it; since to the first adventurers, if not to all, it might prove not a whit more successful than any of the voyages made for the purpose of discovering a North-West Passage. In all such cases, the only certainty we have is, that if we shrink from the peril attending the attempt, so likewise must we abandon all hope of success.

One thing which we ought not to leave, as the Spaniards say, in our inkstand, and which may be shaped interrogatively, is, through what sinister circumstances does it happen that, while we of this country follow the Grecian style so much more closely, our architecture, as exhibited in our public buildings, is, with few exceptions, of inferior effect, upon the whole, to buildings of the same class abroad,—less dignified and impressive in the *ensemble*, although more tasteful and correct in certain details? Perhaps we should not be altogether wide of the mark, were we to ascribe this defectiveness to our trusting too exclusively to the efficacy of the copied parts alone, and to the comparatively little study bestowed on everything else, which might, by different treatment, be rendered of value in the design. Neither do we appear even so much as to suspect that our excessively punctilious niceness, as far as mere copying goes, serves to render our negligence in other respects, and the inequality of our taste, the more apparent. Taking all merit to ourselves, it would seem, for being fastidiously correct, where correctness is no more than mechanical imitation, we are apt to limit our ambition to that humble scope, instead of bestowing all the greater care upon the rest; which, if it does not fully bear out and support the character of the order, or other adopted features from the antique, necessarily interferes with them, and thereby disturbs and deteriorates the whole. Hence, while the correctness is but partial, the incongruousness becomes total. To the same mistaken mode of proceeding, may we also very fairly set down the disregard manifested for every other kind of quality and effect—nor are they few—which the art is capable of eliciting and expressing.

And yet we have occasionally seen designs that assure us there is talent among us which, could it meet with opportunities, and obtain fair scope, would give us much superior edifices to almost any we now possess. Indeed it is not a little surprising to observe the vast difference between ideal architectural compositions—of course we do not mean in general—and designs intended for actual execution, even when proceeding from the same mind. It looks not much unlike as if, when called upon to provide the latter, the architect's powers were all at once paralyzed; or, as if

his chief aim was to comply with such taste as is likely to be sanctioned by those who have the power of selecting—a power, we are sorry to say, perfectly irresponsible, and very frequently abused—sometimes to such a degree as to render competition little more than a mere form, subservient to collusion in favour of some individual to whose interests every other consideration is made to give way.\* This calls loudly for correction; and it might tend to produce it, were the designs sent in on such occasions gratuitously exhibited for some days beforehand to the public.

The competitions for the additional new churches now proposed to be erected will, it is to be hoped, be conducted with more attention to architectural merit, and so as to afford no room for the suspicion of undue preference. Equally is it to be hoped that architects will, on their part, seize the opportunity thus presented to them for bringing forward ideas both more novel and appropriate for Protestant places of worship than either abortive imitations of ancient temples, with no other pretension to classicality than a portico taken from Stuart; or those Gothic churches shorn of all their beauties, and miserably curtailed, in order to meet the conditions imposed in regard to economy. Here, then, an opening presents itself for originating a better treatment for subjects of this class—and that both internally and externally—than what has been hitherto pursued; and surely one may be devised quite as appropriate to actual circumstances as that derived from buildings adapted either to Pagan or to Roman Catholic worship. Nor can there be much danger in innovating even freely, since, to speak unreservedly, little is risked in breaking away from the *patterns* for buildings of this particular class, which the last twenty or thirty years have scattered over the country. We dare not be too sanguine; yet, as more intelligent and liberal views of the art than were formerly entertained appear to be now gaining ground among the profession—among its rising generation at least—there ought to be room for hoping that the advance made in theory and criticism, together with the increased practical resources now at our command, will lead to a corresponding degree of improvement in the application of those means, and in actual design.

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\* A good deal has at various times been said on the subject of competition in the "Architectural Magazine," and some exceedingly curious anecdotes illustrative of it have come to our knowledge; one especially, where, owing to the unfortunate mistake of a name, the influential person gave all his interest in favour of the wrong candidate, who thereby immediately obtained the preference, the merits of the respective designs being left entirely out of the question.

ART. V.—*Denkwürdigkeiten der Gräfin Maria Aurora Königsmark und der Königsmarkschen Familie. Nach bisher unbekannten Quellen.* (Memoirs of the Countess Maria Aurora of Königsmark, and of the Königsmark Family, from sources hitherto unknown.) Von Dr. Friedrich Cramer. 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig, 1836.

WE have long entertained a suspicion that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at least the greater part of the latter, were the most vicious periods of time that the world has seen since the unspeakable corruption of the Roman Emperors, diffused by them throughout the Roman world, was simultaneously punished and crushed by the invasion of the northern barbarians. This suspicion was strengthened by seeing sufficient cause for such vice, public and private, in the then state of the world, which might be termed in modern phrase, a state of transition. We omit many particulars of that state, which were perhaps local—as, for instance, on the Continent the rise of the military profession, which, superseding chivalry, had inherited all the violence and lawlessness of feudalism without any of its lofty spirit, of its patriarchal sentiments, and as yet dreamt not of its later high tone of honour and patriotism—we will speak only of what may be esteemed European. Knowledge, civilization, and luxury had, at this epoch, made just sufficient progress to throw ridicule upon the ignorance, the prejudice, the coarse simplicity of past times; and this degree of progress necessarily brings on a crisis unpropitious for human nature. The virtues belonging to the condemned state of society are but too likely to share in the reprobation and mockery lavished upon their concomitants;—as was exemplified during our own civil war and after the Restoration, when the royalists thought vice indispensable as a security against the suspicion of republicanism and puritanism. Succeeding generations, as they grow more enlightened, see the faults and absurdities of their immediate predecessors, and learn to discriminate between the good and the bad qualities of their remoter ancestors; until gradually science and civilization attain to that height of improvement at which knowledge induces modest self-distrust, and refinement is the parent of delicacy. We use the word delicacy in a comprehensive sense, including personal, social, moral, and intellectual delicacy; inasmuch as we consider the delicacy of moral feeling that would render it impossible for even the most vulgar-minded of our living English public men to accept from a foreign power such bribes as a Sidney, a Russell, a Marlborough, received without any apparent consciousness of disgrace; the delicacy of manner that

forbids the remotest allusion in female society to topics familiarly discussed by and with the wives and sisters of those great men; and the delicacy of taste that compels genius to submit to critical rule, as, all alike, the fruit of mental cultivation and refinement.

French history and memoirs down to the French revolution, and English history to the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, or perhaps we should say of this likewise till the French revolution, afford but too ample confirmation of our unfavourable opinion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, should they be deemed insufficient, as relating to two countries only, although the two most advanced in civilization, the volumes now before us supply proofs that, as relates to Germany, and we believe we may add Sweden, render all others superfluous.

But how we are to make our readers acquainted with the matter contained in these volumes is a point requiring some consideration, they not being at all susceptible of regular criticism or analysis, or calculated to afford ample extracts. They give no regular memoirs of the Countess or her family, consisting chiefly of family papers, such as extracts from the conjugal correspondence of Count and Countess Löwenhaupt, (the lady was a Königsmark,) letters addressed to Countess Aurora, a few written by her, and some few statements, memoranda, &c., in her handwriting, with a few occasional pages of explanation, connexion, and the like, by Dr. Cramer. But from these unliterary, scattered, detached, and diffuse materials, we gather a view of northern Germany at the close of the seventeenth century, too painfully impressive to pass unnoticed. It is a picture less striking from the guilt portrayed, than from the exhibition of such an utter absence of principle as is not readily conceivable. Patriotism and honour in the one sex, like chastity in the other, appear to be, not so much virtues beyond the reach of a corrupt generation, as ideas that never presented themselves to the minds of most of the personages here introduced to our acquaintance. And it must be owned that the individual who, associating with these personages, should have formed such out-of-the-way conceptions, must have been gifted with a truly Shakspearean imagination. We believe our only course will be to give a sketch of the narrative to be gathered from these papers, occasionally illustrating and substantiating it with an extract, when we find one worth inserting.

These Königsmark Memoirs begin during the thirty years' war; a war, be it remembered, the object of which was on one side the establishment of religious liberty, on the other the suppression of heresy; objects, however, which seem to have interested none of the warriors engaged except Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and the Emperor Ferdinand II. himself. John

Christopher Königsmark, of the ancient and noble family of Königsmark, in the Old Mark of Brandenburg, entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus during this war, and certainly does not appear to have been more actuated by religious zeal than his own comrades. As a soldier he must have distinguished himself, since we find him holding separate, and in some measure independent, command of a body of troops; but we learn that he was one of those whose freebooting propensities brought disgrace upon the Swedish arms. By plunder he amassed a fortune, and, unwilling probably to forsake so lucrative an occupation, he did not choose, it should seem, to consider himself bound by the peace of Westphalia, as the Imperial city of Bremen experienced to its cost in the year 1657. This appears to have been Königsmark's last exploit as belligerent or bandit. He submitted to the general peace, received the reward of his services from Queen Christina in the title of Count, and divers estates both in Sweden Proper and in the then Swedish duchy of Bremen, and, renouncing altogether his allegiance to Brandenburg, became a Swedish subject, and the founder of the Swedish family of Königsmark.

Upon wealth and honours acquired by converting the military profession and the alleged championship of religious liberty into mere pretexts or covers for wholesale brigandage, and by a desertion of country, natural enough in a freebooter, it might be said that there rested a curse. The Count's two younger sons died early and childless; the one by a fall from his horse; the other, after affording promise of legal eminence, wandered over Europe as an adventurer, and fell at the siege of Negropont, in the service of Venice against the Turks. The eldest, Count Conrad Christopher, also died young, in foreign service, that of Holland; but he had married in Sweden, and left two sons and two daughters, the youngest of whom was the Countess Aurora, whom Voltaire has called, "the most celebrated woman of two centuries;" an opinion—even he scarcely meant it as a panegyric—from which we must take leave to dissent; though we pretend not to deny the celebrity of her beauty, or that of her illegitimate son.

Of Count Conrad's sons, the youngest ran a course nearly similar to his younger uncle's; and the eldest appeared likely to do the same, had not his career been cut short by a catastrophe, in which his fate was involved with that of a Princess, destined to be Queen of England, Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I. Of him, in whom the Swedish house of Königsmark perished, we must speak more at length.

Philip Christopher, Count Königsmark, like all those of his name and race, forsook his native land and patrimonial estates

for foreign countries, and his earliest youth he appears to have passed in the court and household of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, at Zell; where, it is said, he was thought a very desirable match for the Duke's daughter by an unequal marriage, until the Emperor, by conferring high rank upon the wife, changed the character of the marriage, made her Duchess, and her daughter, Sophia Dorothea, hereditary Princess of Zell. Upon reaching manhood, or perhaps upon the alteration in Sophia Dorothea's rank and prospects, he left Zell, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, which some years afterwards he quitted, we know not why, for that of the Elector of Hanover. Be it observed that none of these changes led him back to the original country of his family, Brandenburg.

At the Hanoverian court Königsmark found, in the neglected wife of the Electoral Prince, the daughter of his first foreign master, the Duke of Zell. The Princess Sophia Dorothea was delighted at meeting again the former playmate, whom she had once regarded as her intended husband, and she resumed her intimacy with him to a degree which, whether innocent or guilty, —a point hardly to be determined at this distance of time—was certainly indiscreet. The mass of presumptive evidence however, as well as all the documents collected by Countess Aurora, are decidedly in favour of the Princess's innocence and imprudence. That upon Count Königsmark's arrival at Hanover, he awoke a sudden and vehement passion in the bosom of Countess Platen, the mistress of the old Elector, and the sister of the Electoral Prince's mistress; and that, without the least degree of liking, he engaged in a criminal amour with her, we learn from a statement written by the Countess Aurora, which, we blush for the sex while we say it, we *cannot extract or even abstract*. We mention this, however, rather as corroborative of the opinion we have advanced concerning the character of the age than as matter of imputation against the then spotless though afterwards frail Swede; as will distinctly be seen if we add that a maid of honour of the Electoral Princess's, upon whose reputation even those who wished to discredit her testimony cast no suspicion, in her formal examination argued the innocence of her accused mistress upon grounds, at the nature of which we cannot even hint. It further appears, from Countess Aurora's paper, that Count Königsmark at length broke off his intrigue with Countess Platen, whose jealousy, both of the Princess and other ladies, was so unbridled and inveterate that the Electoral Princess was alarmed, and "entreated him to renew his former intercourse with the Countess, for fear of her revenge."

Strange as such advice from a Princess appears to us, her



dread of the profligate termagant's revenge was but too well founded. Countess Platen's jealousy becoming frenzy; she first thwarted all Königsmark's hopes of advancement in the Hanoverian service, whereupon he resolved to return to that of Saxony. He requested permission to resign his Hanoverian regiment, and had received his appointment as general from the Elector of Saxony, when Countess Platen, exasperated probably at the approaching escape of her victim, by exciting the suspicions of the Elector, and the jealousy of the Electoral Prince, brought on the catastrophe. From the many papers respecting this affair here published we will extract one narrative, that seems authentic in its simplicity, after we shall first have stated that a letter from Königsmark's secretary to the Countesses Löwenhaupt and Aurora Königsmark, merely stating that the Count had gone out one evening, as he frequently did, unattended, and had never returned, and that he, the secretary, knew not what to do, produced an unnoticed appeal to the Elector from the sisters, and great exertions to discover what had befallen their vanished brother :—

“Bernhard Zeyer, a native of Heidelberg in the Palatinate, a wax-image maker, and artist in lacker work, was engaged by the Electoral Princess to teach her his art. Being on this account continually in the Princess's apartment, he has frequently seen Count Königsmark there, who looked on while the Princess worked. He once learned in confidence, from the Electoral Princess's groom of the chambers, that the Electoral Prince was displeased about the Count, and had sworn to break his neck; which this Bernhard revealed to the Princess; who answered, ‘Let them attack Königsmark, he knows how to defend himself!’ Some time afterwards there was an Opera; but the Princess was unwell, and kept her bed. The Opera began, and as the Count was absent as well as the Princess, first a page, and then the *Hofffourier*,” (an officer whom not to know does not, we trust, argue ourselves unknown; literally Englished, his title should mean, Court Quarter-master, or Court Harbinger,) “were sent out for intelligence. Then the *Hofffourier* came back running, and whispered to the Electoral Prince and then to his Highness the Elector. But the Electoral Prince went away from the Opera with the *Hofffourier*. Now Bernhard saw all this, and what it meant; and as he knew the Count was with the Princess, he left the Opera secretly, to warn her; and as he went in at one door, the other door was opened, and two masked persons rushed in, exclaiming, ‘So! Here I find you!’ The Count, who was sitting on the bed, with his back to the door by which the two entered, started up and whipped out his sword, saying, ‘Who can say anything unbecoming of me?’ The Princess, clasping her hands, said, ‘I, a Princess, am I not allowed to converse with a gentleman?’ But the masks, without listening to reason, slashed and stabbed away at the Count. But he pressed so upon both, that the Electoral Prince unmasked, and begged for his life, whilst the *Hofffourier* came behind the Count and ran him through between the

ribs with his sabre, so that he fell, saying, 'You are murderers before God and man, who do me wrong.' But they both of them gave him more wounds, so that he lay as dead. This Bernhard, seeing all this, hid himself behind the steps of the other room.

"Then was this Bernhard privily sent by the Princess to spy out what they would do with him.

"When the Count was in the vault, he came a little to himself, and spoke—'You take a guiltless man's life. On that I'll die. But do not let me perish like a dog, in my blood and my sins. Grant me a parson, for my soul's sake!' Then the Electoral Prince went out, and the *Fourier* remained alone with him. Then was a stranger parson fetched, and a stranger executioner, and the *Fourier* fetched a great chair. And when the Count had confessed, he was so weak that three or four of them lifted him into the chair; and there, in the Prince's presence, was his head laid at his feet. And they had tools with them, and they dug a hole in the right corner of the vault, and there they laid him, and there he must be to be found."—[If this be correct, the body reported to have been found at a later period, under the floor of one of the Princess's apartments, could not be Königsmark's.]

"When all was over, this Bernhard slipped away from the castle; and, indeed, Counsellor Lucius, who was a friend of the Princess's, sent him one of his livery to save him; for they sought him in all corners, because they had seen him in the room during the affray. \* \* \* And what Bernhard Zeyer saw in the vault, he saw through a crack."

The Electoral Princess spent the remainder of her life in confinement; but it is to be observed further in her justification, that attempts were repeatedly made by the Electoral family to effect a re-union betwixt her and her consort, all indignantly rejected by her. It is said that, after that consort had ascended the English throne, a similar proposal was made to the lonely Princess by some influential persons in this country, to which she replied, "If I am guilty, I am not worthy to be your Queen; if I am innocent, your King is not worthy to be my husband." Whereupon we must observe that she is one of the few exceptions to our rule of virtue having been unknown to our friends in these volumes. What really became of Königsmark was never ascertained. His sisters received several positive assurances of his existence in confinement from different persons connected with the Electoral Court, and from the imprisoned Princess herself. But he never re-appeared; and the uncertainty respecting his fate served merely to prolong the distress of his family, and to enable some litigious relations to prevent his sisters from obtaining possession of his estates as his natural and lawful heirs.

To these sisters we now turn. The eldest, Countess Emilia, married Count Löwenhaupt, a Swedish nobleman of very old family and high rank, and it might be supposed that she would,

through such a marriage, have found friends at court to support her own and her sister's claim to the provisional occupation, at least, of the family property. But Count Löwenhaupt, according to the fashion of the day, had deserted his native land to seek increase of fortune and professional advancement in foreign service. He first entered the Emperor's, and made several campaigns with the imperial armies in Hungary; then, either from some unexplained cause of dissatisfaction, or from the restlessness that seems proper to these unpatriotic knights-errant, he exchanged the imperial for the Dutch service, and again the Dutch for the Saxon. In this last Löwenhaupt remained for several years, although during some of those years Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was, as the ally of Czar Peter, at war with Charles XII. of Sweden; and our Count and Countess appear to have thought it a most atrocious piece of cruelty and tyranny that the said Count was prosecuted in Sweden as a traitor, in arms against his country. Equivocations, to our apprehension, the most childish and unintelligible, are adduced in their letters to prove that he, an officer in the enemy's service, consuming his fortune in speculatively raising and training a regiment for that service, never actually bore arms against Sweden. Had we been so unfortunate as to be that wife, or son, or brother to Löwenhaupt, we should have deemed it a very merciful interposition of Providence that removed him from the world, a victim to grief, anxiety, and mortification, before the termination of his trial at Stockholm, whither his Countess had gone to move heaven and earth in his favour. It does not appear in the letters what legal measures ensued upon his death; but they must have been lenient, since we afterwards find the widow residing upon the Löwenhaupt estate. Before leaving this branch of the Königsmark family, we must observe that we here meet with a redeeming feature in the domestic affections. The Count and Countess Löwenhaupt seem to have been faithfully and fondly attached to each other, and to their children. But is it not characteristic of the age that in the confidential correspondence of this worthy couple, we should find not only no idea of public principle, but not a word intimating either suspicion of her sister's illicit connexion with the Elector, or anger at, and disbelief of, the public gossip respecting it, whilst her favour and court influence seem tacitly recognised?

We now come to the extraordinarily beautiful and accomplished Countess Aurora herself. She has usually been represented as having accompanied her sister to Dresden, when little more than a child, as such having fallen a victim to the seductive arts of the libertine Elector, become the mother of Maurice, the celebrated

French General, the *Maréchal de Saxe*, and been deserted; and having dedicated the remainder of her life to the cultivation of the Muses in a convent. The Editor of these family papers and memoirs, whilst professing himself an admirer of *Aurora*, refutes much of those apologies for her frailty. He proves that at the period of *Königsmark's* disappearance she was five and twenty, had already been surrounded by numbers of lovers, honourable and dishonourable, equals and superiors, whom she had, at least coquettishly, encouraged; and that she repaired alone to *Dresden*, for the just and reasonable purpose of soliciting the Elector to interfere in behalf of her brother, who was, it must be remembered, at the moment of his disappearance, a Saxon general, and whom she firmly believed to be alive in a Hanoverian prison. The inquiries of the Elector into the fate of his own officer were civilly eluded at *Hanover*, and do not appear to have been urged with the warmth that might have been anticipated from the suit he was even then pressing to the affectionate sister. The success of this guilty suit is proved by the existence of the *Maréchal de Saxe*, called in his youth the Count of Saxony; and with his birth the Elector's passion for the lovely mother died away. Countess *Aurora* did not hereupon exactly retire to a convent, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, or after the fashion of *Madame de la Vallière*, but she sought to secure the future post of Abbess of *Quedlinburg*, by obtaining that of coadjutrix in the princely abbey, which, since it had become a Protestant establishment, imposed no severe restrictions upon its nominally cloistered inmates. The history of this abbey is so remarkable both in itself and as illustrative of the changes and corruptions—or reforms, if the reader pleases so to call them—of the original feudalism of the empire, that we cannot refrain from refreshing our own mind, and relieving our picture of vice, by a sketch of its foundation and vicissitudes.

Upon a hill commanding the town of *Quedlinburg*, stood a castle of the old Dukes of Saxony, often inhabited by *Henry the Fowler*, the first and the greatest of the Saxon Emperors, even after his election to the sovereignty, and given by him at his death, with its domains, to his widow, the subsequently canonized *Matilda*. In the church of *Quedlinburg* *Henry* was interred; and adjoining to it *Matilda* founded the abbey, with which she connected schools for both sexes. She endowed the abbey with most of her possessions; and, assisted by her son, *Otho the Great*, she obtained for it privileges, ecclesiastical and temporal, unexampled, we believe, in the history of nunneries. Ecclesiastically, the Abbess of *Quedlinburg* was exempt from the jurisdiction of her diocesan, the Bishop of *Halberstadt*, and subject to no

superior save the Pope, whilst several cloisters of monks as well as of nuns were placed under her spiritual government. In her political relations, the Abbess of Quedlinburg was a Princess of the empire, entitled to a seat in the college of Princes, and a vote at the Diets. The town of Quedlinburg, with others of inferior note and extensive domains, were the property of the abbey, which numbered Saxon nobles of higher as well as of lower grade amongst its vassals and its honorary officers. The Dukes of Saxony enjoyed the high office of its hereditary Protector (*Schirmvogt*).

A daughter of Henry's and Matilda's appears to have been the first abbess, and for a considerable time her successors were princesses; at a later period the daughters of counts of the empire attained to the envied dignity. But, whatever their birth, these ecclesiastical princesses appear, almost without exception, to have exercised their high functions wisely and holily. The abbesses by their prudence, if they could not quite save their subjects from the calamities resulting from the wars which so frequently desolated Germany, at least reduced those calamities to the level of the most favoured district. The Quedlinburg domains suffered less than those of most other princes, and flourished accordingly. The town of Quedlinburg, if it did not rise quite to an equality in opulence, privileges, and importance with the republican free imperial cities, was yet allowed by the sovereign abbesses to enjoy a great degree of self-government, whilst it acquired wealth both by trade and by the renown of its high schools, which were much frequented, and in which many distinguished men received their education. We feel tempted here to give another extract, as illustrative of a different state of manners, and of the religious opinions or at least sentiments of really devout persons, from the tenth to the thirteenth century inclusive, and probably even somewhat later:—

“The bishops of Halberstadt were always engaged in disputes with the abbesses of Quedlinburg, respecting the spiritual independence of the latter, sanctioned by the Popes. The bishops claimed spiritual jurisdiction over the abbey, in virtue of the natural subjection of women to men; of ancient custom, which included the whole Harzgau (in which stood Quedlinburg) in the diocese of Halberstadt; and they further endeavoured to found a plea upon arbitrary ancient usages. The celebration of Palm Sunday, professedly intended for the edification of the pious, but in fact a scandal to them, was an annually recurring cause of dissension.

“From the Gospel assigned to that Sunday, was borrowed the pattern of a procession which was conducted from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg. The bishop, representing the Redeemer, riding upon an ass, under the

shade of palm branches,\* surrounded by his clergy, and followed by a numerous train, arrived at and entered the abbey church, amidst the ringing of bells and shouts of Hosannah! After high mass he caused the abbey relics to be exhibited; and, with all his attendants and followers, was abundantly feasted throughout the day. The multitudes who flocked thither to banquet *gratis*, for a whole day long, increased every year, occasioning inconveniences and annoyances, of which the intemperance of the banqueters was not the least. Even in early times Otho III. had recommended the abandonment of this custom. In 1259 the abbess offered to purchase an exemption from the Palm Sunday celebration with 200 marks of silver; this the bishop refused, but he assigned certain tithes to the abbey in order to defray the cost.

"These disputes were repeatedly referred to Rome, and the Popes always decided against the pretensions of the diocesans, prohibiting the ass procession. But in vain. The utmost that could be accomplished was the restriction of the number of horses brought from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg, upon these occasions, to sixty. It was only the progress of the public mind that at length put an end to this blasphemous festival, represented by ecclesiastics as an act of, and incentive to, devotion."

As feudalism declined, so did the splendour, power, and dignity of the ecclesiastical princesses of Quedlinburg, whose lives were long absorbed by incessant struggles in defence of their rights and privileges, against diocesans, hereditary protectors, and the Quedlinburg municipality. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the abbess, Countess Anne of Stolberg, embraced Lutheranism, which she established in her abbey and its domains, forfeiting thereby some of her lofty privileges and jurisdiction, but obtaining in exchange, for herself and her community, emancipation from claustral seclusion and from the perpetuity of their vows; the sisters being thenceforward free to resign the advantages of their situations, quit the abbey, and marry.

The decline of this once princely establishment now proceeded rapidly. The abbess was reduced to a fraction of a vote at the Diet, her feudal sovereignty became merely nominal, and the dependence of the town of Quedlinburg was rather upon the abbey expenditure than upon the will and authority of the abbess. The community, never large, decreased in numbers, till it consisted merely of the abbess herself, with sometimes a coadjutrix, her designated successor, a prioress, a deaconess, and one single canoness. We should say that this Lutheran nunnery was heavily plundered by the Lutheran Swedish leader, Count John Christopher Königsmark; in fact Quedlinburg and its domains never suffered so much as during the thirty years' war.

The community of Quedlinburg was in the sunken condition

\* Query, whether the palm branches were not likewise represented by lowlier plants?

just described, when the fair, frail, and forsaken Maria Aurora of Königsmark sought the appointment of coadjutrix to the abbess, Anna Dorothea, a Princess of Saxe-Weimar. The abbess appears to have been willing to oblige the Electoral hereditary protector of Quedlinburg, by receiving as her heir-apparent his discarded favourite; but the deaconess and the single canoness, two sister Countesses of Stolberg, were inveterately opposed to her pretensions. And it is not the least remarkable feature of this age, that two ladies so actively and fiercely inimical to Countess Aurora never urged her misconduct, as a fault that ought to preclude her aspiring to the sovereignty of a community, which appears to have been appropriated exclusively to virgins, admitting neither wives nor widows. It is impossible to conceive that no whisper had circulated to her discredit, though we do not readily appreciate the degree of mystery or publicity that attached to her lapse from virtue, which at one time wears the guise of a profound secret, and at another, without any appearance of discovery or disclosure, seems generally known.

Count Maurice was born during Countess Aurora's absence from Dresden, professedly upon a canvassing visit to Quedlinburg. His birth and christening by the single name of Maurice are registered at Goslar as occurring Oct. 28, 1696, and he is called in the register the son of a great lady in the house of R. H. C. Winkel, without any name of father or mother. Among the letters here published, is one from Countess Aurora to her brother-in-law, like most of the others, in execrable French,\* dated October 29, the day after the birth, very playful, and relating chiefly to the engaging of actors for the Elector's theatre. In the Löwenhaupt correspondence there are letters dated immediately before and immediately after this 28th of October, in which the Countess, who was then residing in her sister's house at Dresden, mentions her expectation of Aurora's arrival on that day, or on the subsequent day, and her disappointment at Aurora's repeated delays, but never hints at their cause. Neither is there in the published letters, nor, as Dr. Cramer assures us, in the unpublished, any mention of the child,—although the Countess Löwenhaupt spent many months with Countess Aurora, and was visited by her husband at a Silesian estate which the latter had purchased, and where Maurice dwelt with his governor, preceptor, and a whole educational establishment,—until very

\* For our comfort Dr. Cramer generally gives us a German version, but tells us that almost all the originals are in French, especially the whole correspondence between Count and Countess Löwenhaupt. One might suppose that they adopted this foreign language as a security against the opening of their letters at German post-offices, only that we find, when they wished to keep any particular secret safe, they wrote a few lines in their mother tongue; i. e. Swedish.

many years afterwards, when he (Maurice) was seeking the Duchy of Courland, and Countess Löwenhaupt speaks of him as a near relation. In the Count of Saxony's letters to his mother, he only twice names their relationship, though he always writes to her as to a mother, to wit, as to the person upon whose love he implicitly relies, from whom he expects every thing. And though the different governors who had the care of him write to her as governors would to a mother, only one plainly calls her so. The others merely insinuate as much, the one speaking of Count Maurice as "what she best loves," another as "the dear secret."

There is one other circumstance which we know not whether to take as a proof of the skilful concealment of Countess Aurora's misfortune, as servants call such awkward accidents, or of the prevalent indifference to a trifling *faux pas*. It is, that the lady, subsequently to her son's birth, received many offers of marriage. Most of these she declined as inferior to her pretensions; and one, that she would probably have gladly accepted, from the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, appears to have been thwarted by the lover who had discarded her, Augustus of Saxony and Poland.

To return to Quedlinburg and the coadjutrixship. Augustus zealously supported his cast-off mistress's endeavours to attain this maiden sovereignty expectant, until they clashed with his own views upon Poland. The contest for the Polish crown was to be waged with gold, not steel; and the Elector of Saxony, from the moment of his becoming a candidate for this elective crown, thought only of what could be turned into hard cash, to bribe his intended subjects and electors. Amongst other saleable commodities, he laid his hand upon the hereditary protectorate of Quedlinburg. This he sold for ready money to the King of Prussia, stipulating, however, for the new protector's sanction of Countess Königsmark's nomination as coadjutrix. It is averred that the Elector afterwards underhand prevented her appointment, in order to have a pretext, in the purchaser's failure to fulfil his engagement, for cancelling the bargain.

Whatever were the cause, Aurora of Königsmark failed of the coadjutrixship and consequent succession; but obtained the second situation in the abbey, both as to rank and emolument, that of prioress. As such she incurred censure by her habitual non-residence—it should seem that the gay court lady found the abbey a dull abode. But we hear of no other objection to her conduct, although it can hardly be doubted, from some of the letters addressed to her by men of high rank, that this was as inconsistent as the birth of her son with her station in a vestal



community. And if we explain this silence by the veil of mystery that would, of course, be sedulously thrown over these her meaner transgressions, we must say that to us it appears strangely indecorous that the prioress of a religious establishment should, as Countess Aurora did, without any plea of natural connexion or necessity, have frequented the Court of Augustus, the licentiousness of which soon became so grossly flagrant that the two dowager Electresses, his mother and his sister-in-law, together with his consort, the Queen of Poland, collectively withdrew from it, leaving their places to be supplied by his numerous successive and contemporaneous mistresses. We extract a description by an eye-witness, of one of the most decorous of the courtly festivities of Dresden, in which the Quedlinburg prioress was too often a partaker:—

“Field Marshal Count Flemming gave an entertainment which was to offer to the court the spectacle of a regular engagement. Here war appeared in its beauty. The hosts attacked each other with a well-matched fire. Their manœuvres, charges, retreats, in short all their movements, had something in them fearfully comic, since no one was hurt. The King appeared on horseback, with Countess Dönhof and the wife of the Lithuanian General, Potzki (the rival mistresses of the day), dressed as Amazons; the other ladies were in coaches and six. After the battle the King sat down to table in a large tent, with the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen. Two other large tables were laid in two other tents, for the rest of the company. During the meal the music of cannons, drums, and trumpets, relieved each other's harmony. The merriest scene was after dinner. The tables were not removed, but the victuals upon them were abandoned to the soldiers. As the bread fell short, the Field Marshal, in compensation, ordered a thousand *gulden* to be severally stuck into as many little bits of bread. Then the bands sounded a charge, and the soldiers, drawn up in order of battle, boldly stormed the well-provided tables, the foremost being overthrown and trampled upon by the hindmost, &c. &c.

“Then all was cleared away, and dancing followed until seven o'clock in the evening. The Field Marshal drank stoutly with his guests, and was thoroughly intoxicated. The King was not sober, but committed no degrading indecency. I pitied a poor chamberlain who had to stand behind his Majesty with a glass of water, and was so unsteady upon his feet that the touch of a finger would have upset him. Count Flemming was beside himself with joy. When the King prepared to depart, Flemming fell familiarly upon his neck, saying, ‘Brother, I break with thee if thou goest.’ Countess Dönhof, who never left the King's side, tried to repress such improprieties; but Flemming was too happy for decorum. He endeavoured to embrace her, affectionately addressing her by the coarsest term in the language. She, who is used to such compliments from the Field Marshal when drunk, only laughed, and endeavoured to keep him from the King. On their way home, both King

and Countess fell from their horses,—but, thank God, without hurting themselves.”

Profuse as was Augustus upon his own pleasures, his liberality towards ex-favourites was small ; and the income of the prioress of Quedlinburg was utterly inadequate to support the magnificence and the extravagance of our Countess Aurora. It was ostensibly to solicit the possession of her vanished brother's estates for herself and her sister, as also the pardon of her brother-in-law's treasons, that she repaired to the head-quarters of Charles XII., being further secretly commissioned by Augustus to negotiate a peace for him, if possible. It is well known that the rugged Swedish hero, whether fearing her reputed fascinations, or merely in his accustomed contempt for the female sex, refused to see his admired countrywoman ; and, although she made herself friends amongst his ministers, she failed in all her objects. In fact, much as has been said of this celebrated lady's permanent influence over her faithless lover, of her talents for business, and of her genius for the arts, to all which we apprehend Voltaire's expression adverts, no evidence, as far as we or her posthumous admirer, Dr. Cramer, can discover, remains to attest their existence. Her political attempts, and her efforts in behalf of herself and her family, were alike unsuccessful ; and if her music and her poetry aided her conquests during the period of her youth and beauty, they do not appear to have yielded any power of captivation that could in later years serve as a substitute for those failing charms, or afford to herself any source of solitary and permanent enjoyment, that could console her for the loss of the universal admiration which her beauty had long commanded.

Countess Aurora of Königsmark never obtained her portion of her patrimonial heritage. We know not whether Countess Löwenhaupt was subsequently more successful, or what became of the ill-acquired Königsmark estates. Aurora spent the remainder of her life in pecuniary embarrassments and involvements, and died deeply in debt.

As to Quedlinburg—to our mind a more interesting subject—the few words we have to add concerning it are far from satisfactory. The Kings of Prussia appointed Princesses of their own family, although Calvinists, abbesses of this Lutheran community. Those abbesses drew their income from Quedlinburg, and resided at court. The community, like the abbesses, deserted the abbey, and the town languished for want of the accustomed abbey expenditure. In 1802 the abbey principality was secularized, and given as an indemnification to Prussia. It was afterwards transferred to the transitory kingdom of Westphalia, and declined yet

more as part of that ill-compiled State. On the fall of Napoleon and his vassal kingdoms, Quedlinburg was restored to Prussia, but not to its pristine consequence, or even to the provincial dignity which it enjoyed upon its secularization. It is no longer the residence of the provincial authorities, the seat of provincial administration. It has been despoiled even of the abbey archives, which are removed to Magdeburg; and Quedlinburg is now a mere country town of little trade and less importance.

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ART. VI.—*Manuel des Consuls.* Par Alex. de Miltitz, Chambellan de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, tom. i. Berlin, 1836.

A GOOD work on the duties of consular agents was a real desideratum. That of De Steele, published at Berlin in 1790, is not without merit, but is deficient in fulness of details and illustrations. Those of Borel and Warden, though compiled from very good materials, are also deficient in arrangement and clearness. The theory of the consular office, and a systematical delineation of its practical duties, still require the labours of a new builder. The work, the first volume of which is now before us, is intended to supply these deficiencies, and is particularly destined for the instruction of that numerous class of consular agents who have not been prepared by special studies for the performance of their official duties. The present volume contains a valuable mass of information on the historical origin and development of the consular institution in the interior of the countries where it was formerly established; of the judicial and administrative institutions created to supply its place, and to promote the interests of commerce; and the commercial and maritime legislation of the different countries of Europe and America from the earliest times to the present day. The second volume will complete the work, and will be divided into two parts; first, the origin, development, and actual organization of consulates established in foreign countries; with the stipulations contained in treaties and other international compacts since the sixteenth century respecting the consulate; second, the laws and ordinances of different states concerning consuls, with the theory of the consulate. It will be terminated by a bibliographical catalogue of the authors cited.

In the course of their official duties, consuls are frequently called upon to consider and decide questions arising under foreign laws. In order to fulfil this important part of their duties, it is essential that they should have some notion of the judicial and administrative institutions created for the advantage

of commerce and navigation, and that they should be fully informed respecting the commercial and maritime legislation of the countries where they reside. The learned author has therefore very justly deemed it not beside the object of his work to give a complete view of the principal monuments of maritime and commercial legislation anterior to the seventeenth century, with the successive alterations and improvements in each country since that period, and bibliographical notices of the principal authors to be consulted, under each of those chronological divisions. In this manner he has successively traced the history of this branch of legislation in France, the Italian States, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Austria, the Germanic Empire, Turkey, and the United States of North America.

Little is known of the commercial legislation of the maritime nations of antiquity previously to the establishment of the Roman empire. The earlier Roman jurists adopted the maritime laws of Rhodes, not by incorporating them into the text of their own code, but in the same manner as the Roman law is now used by some modern nations, as supplementary to their own institutions, and as containing a collection of rules consecrated by the wisdom and experience of a great maritime nation. The Emperor Augustus first formally incorporated the Rhodian laws into the Roman code, and the Emperor Antoninus Pius, being called upon to decide a maritime controversy, declared that it was to be determined "according to the Rhodian laws, by which the seas were governed, as his predecessor Augustus had decreed." This adoption of the Rhodian laws was confirmed by Justinian in the Code and Pandects: it survived the invasion of the western empire by the nations called *Barbarians* by the Greeks and Romans. These barbarians infused new life and vigour into the nations subdued by their heroic valour, and the efforts of this new creation soon became manifest in the institutions of the Italian republics of the middle age. Among these, the little commonwealth of Amalfi took the lead at a very early period in establishing commercial relations with the still-surviving eastern empire, and with that of the Arabian caliphs. Amalfi was also illustrated by the discovery, in the twelfth century, of the celebrated MS. of the Pandects, of which no complete copy then existed in the West, although the Roman law was never entirely extinguished in what has been called the midnight darkness of the middle age. This MS. had been imported in the course of trade by the Amalfitans from the Levant, and was taken by the Pisans in the sack of Amalfi in 1137. Pisa itself was sacked by the Florentines in 1406, and this copy of the Pandects taken to Florence, where it is still

preserved with great care, whence it has acquired the name of the *Florentine Pandects*. The knowledge of the Justinian legislation, which the people of Amalfi had thus acquired, has perhaps given rise to the tradition repeated by Giannone, and so many other authors, of a code of maritime laws compiled by them, called the *Amalfitan table*. Every trace of this code has been long since lost, and it therefore seems probable that this name has been given to the code of some other maritime people, less famous in history, but better entitled to the credit of having established such an institution. The *Amalfitan table*, if it ever in fact existed, has perished; but the *Consulato del Mare* survives to attest the early cultivation of maritime legislation among the various communities bordering the Mediterranean Sea. The honour of making this famous compilation has been claimed for Pisa by Azuni and other Italian writers. This claim rests upon the naked assertion of the abbate Costantino Gaétan (who wrote in the beginning of the seventeenth century), in his *Notes upon the Life of Pope Gelasius II.*, who states that the *Consulato* was presented by the Pisans for confirmation to Pope Gregory VII. in 1075. If it were true that this code was compiled by the Pisans in the latter part of the eleventh century, it must have been written in Latin or Italian. How happens it then that no Latin MS. of the *Consulato* exists either in the archives of Pisa or elsewhere? How happens it that the Italian editions, the earliest of which is that of Venice, in 1544, are all confessedly translations from the original, in whatever language that was written?

The jurists in every part of Europe have been so constantly in the habit of citing the *Consulato* from some one of the Italian editions, that it is no wonder the tradition which attributes it to an Italian origin should have met with such universal faith. But no tradition or authority can repel the stubborn fact, that the *Consulato* exists in manuscripts and in printed editions in a language which is neither Italian nor Latin, but a dialect of the *Romanz*, from which the modern French, Italian, and Spanish languages have been derived, and which is still preserved in several districts of Southern Europe, and with the least alteration in the Spanish province of Catalonia. The language in which the *Consulato* was originally published points irresistibly to one of two great commercial cities, as being the place where this collection of laws was first compiled. These are Marseilles and Barcelona. If the decision of the controversy depended upon superior commercial antiquity, Marseilles would unquestionably carry off the palm from her rival sister. But all the oldest manuscripts of the *Consulato* are written in that dialect of the *Romanz* which was spoken in Catalonia in the thirteenth and

fourteenth centuries, and which is still spoken in that province almost without any modification of its original structure; whilst the *Romanz Provençal*, spoken at Marseilles, before the alterations it experienced under the rule of the princes of the house of Anjou, has much less resemblance to the idiom of the Consolato. To this almost decisive circumstance must be added the facts, that the general opinion of all those who have not attributed this compilation to an Italian origin (a supposition entirely unsupported by proofs), concurs in referring it to Barcelona, where the first known editions were confessedly published; that the manuscript existing in the royal library at Paris (more ancient than any of these editions), was probably written there; and that no historical circumstance, or opinion of any author whatever, points to Marseilles or Provence as the place where the Consolato was first promulgated, whilst all the authors by whom it was cited soon after it was first printed concur in attributing it to Barcelona.

As to the time when this compilation was made, it must have been previously to the year 1400, since there is no reference in it to the contract of insurance, although every other maritime contract is distinctly treated. Now it is a well-authenticated fact, that the first written laws on the subject of maritime insurance in the south of Europe appeared in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and that the most ancient of these laws is that published by the magistrates of Barcelona in 1435. Had this contract been sufficiently known when the Consolato was compiled to have become the subject of legislative regulation, it would certainly have been distinctly mentioned. On the other hand, those writers who carry the antiquity of this compilation so far back as the time of St. Louis appear to have been led into error by the fabulous documents annexed to all the editions respecting the adoption of the Consolato by different sovereigns and republics, beginning with Rome in 1075. The conclusion adopted by M. Pardessus, which refers its compilation, at least in its present form, to some period between the year 1340 and 1400, seems to be founded upon grounds as probable as can be attained in a matter so very uncertain as the formation of a work which ought to be considered as a collection of maxims and usages relative to maritime affairs, rather than a code of positive laws or ordinances. The *Consolato*, properly so called, must not be confounded with the *Ordonnances* of Barcelona, which are subjoined, and by many considered as forming parts of one entire code promulgated by the magistrates of that city. It is evident, indeed, that the Consolato, in its present form, is not the result of a single compilation made at one and the same time. Some of the chapters must be referred to a compilation

anterior in date to others, which appear to serve as a commentary or development of the primitive work. In perusing the latter part, beginning with chapter cxxliii., we recognize the work of another hand, which frequently repeats in substance, and sometimes in the same identical terms, the provisions of preceding chapters.

If the *Consulato* ought not to be considered as a code of maritime laws, promulgated by legislative authority in the kingdom of Aragon, or even as a collection of customs and usages reduced to a written text, and published by order of the magistrates of Barcelona, it may perhaps be conjectured to form such a collection, drawn up for the use of some maritime tribunal, and augmented from time to time by the more recent judicial decisions of the same court of justice. The name of *Consulado* seems to point to this origin, that being the appellation by which the commercial and maritime tribunals in the south of Europe were designated at this period. Whoever was the author of the *Consulato del Mare*, whether it is to be attributed to private or public authority, its compilation must doubtless be referred to the same causes which produced the famous *Jugemens* or *Rôles d'Oléron*, which were also a collection of maritime customs or usages; and it may be said that circumstances were even more favourable to the compilers of the *Consulato*, since Barcelona, Marseilles, Valencia, and other commercial cities of the *Langue d'Oc* already possessed, in the fourteenth century, a great body of maritime legislation under the name of statutes or customs. These written codes, besides a certain number of local ordinances embracing positive regulations, contained many general rules and principles which time had gradually consecrated in the practice of Mediterranean commerce. These statutes were generally written in Latin, a language which, though still familiar to jurists, had already become a dead language to the great mass of society, and consequently to the class of merchants and navigators. This class was therefore deeply interested in possessing a concise manual of maritime jurisprudence like the *Consulato*, written in the vulgar tongue, and in a style of the most perfect simplicity, though its author or authors were evidently men of extensive learning, deeply versed in the principles of the Roman law, the *Basilics*, and the legislation of those cities of France and Spain which carried on trade and navigation with the Levant. These qualities soon acquired for this collection a wide-spread reputation, whilst the general wisdom and equity of its decisions caused it to be adopted by all the maritime states on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, as supplementary to their own local usages, customs, and ordinances. Its value in these respects is still acknowledged, after the lapse of four cen-

turies, by all the maritime nations of Europe and America. With some of these nations, its principles have been incorporated into their written statutes and ordinances; with others, they are adopted as authoritative rules of judicial decision; and with all, they possess great weight as embodying the collected wisdom and experience of the most renowned commercial states of the middle age. This remarkable monument of maritime jurisprudence is constructed of materials coeval with the earliest dawn of European commerce. It embraces not only the elementary rules for the decision of controversies growing out of civil contracts relating to trade and navigation in time of peace, but expounds the leading principles then recognized as to the rights of maritime war and neutrality. Among others, it explicitly recognizes the right of visitation and search of neutral vessels on the high seas in time of war by the belligerent cruisers; of carrying these vessels into port for adjudication in a tribunal of the belligerent state; and prescribes the rules to be observed for the payment of freight to the neutral master on goods condemned as prize of war. It furnishes, therefore, a most conclusive authority as to the so-much contested question, whether *free ships make free goods*, a rule which, however just, equitable, and convenient in itself, and whatever efforts may have been made at different periods to incorporate it into the international code by means of special compacts, certainly formed no part of the primitive law of nations, as evidenced in the constant usage of maritime states, except so far as that usage has been affected by these compacts.

All the editions of the *Consolato del Mare* now extant commence with a series of forty-two chapters relative to the election of the judge-consul of Valencia, and the proceedings before that jurisdiction. This series of chapters may be properly considered as a code of procedure or practice in maritime causes, drawn up for the use of the city of Valencia, to which King Pedro III. had granted a special maritime judicature in 1283. This code was certainly compiled subsequently to that date, as the grant is frequently referred to in the course of its provisions. After these forty-two chapters follows No. xlii., being a statute made for the island of Majorca by King Jayme I. (who died in 1275), relative to the oath to be taken by the advocates entitled to plead causes in the tribunals of that island. This chapter is followed by another, numbered xli., relative to the measurement of the tonnage of vessels trading to Alexandria in Egypt. Then comes the true *Consolato*, the first chapter of which is numbered xlii. The printed editions contain no chapter xli.; but the MS. in the royal library at Paris contains two chapters on the measurement of vessels, which exactly supply this chasm.



The printed editions indicate the termination of the proper Consolato with chapter ccxcvii. in these terms,—*Fins aci avem parlat de les leys é ordinaçons de octes maritims mercantivols, &c.*; and the MS. already referred to, in the following equally expressive terms,—*Finit es lo libre è acabat, gloria laor sia dada à Jesu Christ. Amen.* But the work is further continued in a regular series of chapters upon maritime captures, commencing with No. ccxcviii. and ending with No. cccxxxiv. This is again followed by a document of the pretended confirmation of the Consolato by various sovereigns and commercial republics, and various local ordinances having no proper connexion with the principal work.

The Consolato was translated from the Catalan into the Castilian language, and published at Valencia in 1529, by Francisco Dias Romano. A second Spanish translation was made by Cayetano de Paleja, and printed at Barcelona in 1732, in one folio volume. A third was published by the learned Capmany at Madrid in 1791, accompanied with the original text, forming the first volume of his collection, entitled *Codigo de las Costumbres Maritimas*. The earliest Italian translation was that published at Venice in 1544 by Pedrozano, and which he dedicated to Thomas Zamona, then consul of the Emperor Charles V. in that city. The original edition of this translation has become very rare, but it has been frequently reprinted. It is full of errors and obscurities, arising either from the defects of the text from which the translation was made, or from the translator's imperfect knowledge of the original language. Casaregis has endeavoured to correct these errors in his edition, published with a commentary or gloss, in the third volume of the works of this author, printed at Venice, in four volumes folio. Three translations exist in the French language, the first made from the Italian version by Mayssoni, an advocate at Marseilles, and published in that city in 1576. The second was published by Boucher at Paris in 1808. Both these translations are full of errors, and the notes appended to the latter work have contributed to diffuse the most absurd notions respecting the origin and history of the Consolato. The best translation of this famous work which exists in any language is that of M. Pardessus, published in his great collection of the maritime and commercial ordinances of Europe. It contains the original text of the edition published in 1494 in folio, at Barcelona, placed opposite to the French version drawn up by M. Pardessus, from a literal translation made by M. Llobet, a Barcelona merchant established at Marseilles. The editor has cited under each chapter the works of Clairac, Targa, Casaregis, Valin, Encérignon, and other authors, who have commented upon the Con-

sulato. The chapters of the Consolato relating to prize law have been translated into English by Dr. Robinson, and published in a little work entitled *Collectanea Maritima*. The Italian version is the only one cited by the English civilians, who appear to be wholly unacquainted with the original Catalan editions or Spanish translations.

The collection of maritime customs called the *Rôles d'Oléron*, or *Jugemens d'Oléron*, appears to have been known to the compilers of the Consolato, by whom its decisions are frequently copied, sometimes in the same identical terms, and in other instances with the modifications and explanations which experience had suggested. The supposed English origin of the *Rôles d'Oléron*, attributed by Selden and other writers to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, has been sufficiently refuted by M. Pardessus. There is no longer any doubt respecting their French origin, but by whom, or when, or where this very ancient compilation was made, still remains a matter of the greatest uncertainty. Vague tradition indicates the isle of Oleron as the place where it was first promulgated, all the MSS., both in France and England, bearing the title of *Rooles d'Oléron*, and several of these manuscripts, with all the French printed editions, conclude with this *finale*, "*témoin le scel de l'isle d'Oléron.*" But there is nowhere else in the different articles of this collection any mention of Oléron; the ports of Bordeaux and La Rochelle, and the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, being alone specified. It seems, therefore, certain, that they are not the records of local customs peculiar to that island, but only received there as a dependency of the duchy of Aquitaine. They formed the common maritime law of that duchy, as well as of Normandy and Brittany, and even of England under our kings of the Norman line. Clairac, whose work was published in 1647, attributes their compilation to Eléonore of Guienne, but without citing a single historical authority to support his assertion respecting a fact which occurred five centuries before his time. Nor is there any thing in the matter or style of the *Rôles* or *Jugemens* to induce us to attribute their publication to any sovereign legislative authority. The formula by which each article is terminated, "*tel est le jugement,*" sufficiently attests that they do not constitute a code of laws promulgated by the supreme power of any state, but a mere collection of precedents and decisions in maritime cases. The text of this compilation, most generally known and most frequently cited, both in France and in other countries, is that published by Clairac in his *Us et Coutumes de la Mer*, printed for the first time in 1647. He copied this text from a book less known in the present day than his own, composed by Garcie Ferrande, printed

for the first time in 1541 under the title of *Grand Routier de la Mer*. The most ancient English translation is also entitled *Rutter of the Sea*, and was first published by W. Copland, without date, and republished by Godolphin in his *View of the Admiralty Jurisdiction*. M. Pardessus, who has bestowed great pains upon the critical examination of the *Rôles d'Oléron*, concludes, as the result of his laborious inquiries, that they were not compiled at one and the same time, but that the whole collection may be divided into four several parts of distinct origin. The *first* consists of twenty-five articles, which the learned editor calls *primitive*, because they are the only articles found in the MSS. of the Bodleian and Cottonian libraries, and in the Castilian and Flemish versions. The *second* part consists of two articles (the 23d of the edition of Garcie, and the 23d and 24th of Clairac), which are not contained in any of the English MSS., nor in the Castilian and Flemish translations. The *third* part consists of eight articles added to the first in the collection so often cited by the English civilians, called the *Black Book of the Admiralty*; which articles are evidently of English origin, and may be referred to the time of Richard I. or Henry III. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance that the English jurists have claimed for the whole collection an English origin, and attributed it to the reign of the first of these kings of the Norman line. Finally, the *fourth* part, consisting of twenty-one articles, which had never been published until they were printed by Garcie, in his *Routier de la Mer*. From the style of language of this part, it is evident that it must have been composed in the sixteenth century. The *primitive* parts of the *Rôles d'Oléron* were probably first reduced to writing in the eleventh century, after having been long preserved in oral tradition. Their language, as published by Clairac, is the old French of the time of Francis I., the period when Garcie published his *Routier de la Mer*, from which Clairac copied his text. The habit of copyists modernizing the language of MSS. would naturally be employed in the editions which were intended for practical use in France. But the English MSS. preserve the old Norman-French, without any admixture of Gascon expressions, or more modern French; from which we may conclude that they contain the oldest text now extant, if not the true text of the original compilation of the *Rôles d'Oléron*.

The next most remarkable collection of maritime customs noticed by M. de Miltitz is that known by the name of the Supreme Maritime Laws of Wisby—*Hogeste Water-Recht tho Wisby*, and which has been represented by the northern jurists and historians as the most ancient monument of commercial

jurisprudence of the middle age. The early fame of the emporium whose name it bears—the capital of the isle of Gothland, and which had become in the twelfth century the great mart of the Baltic, and the resort of merchants and navigators from western Europe, and even from Asia—naturally gave rise to this supposition, and swelled into exaggerated importance a collection which is certainly not older than the fourteenth century, and which has evidently been compiled from the *Rôles d'Oleron*, and the maritime customs of the Low Countries. The most probable conjecture respecting the formation of this collection refers it to the work of some private compiler, who brought together the various customs and laws by which the different factories of foreign merchants established at Wisby, with special immunities, were governed as a matter of privilege. The most ancient known copy is the edition published at Copenhagen in 1505, very soon after the first introduction of printing into Denmark; it is entitled in the commencement,—*Her beghynt dat hogeste Water-Recht*,—Here begins the supreme maritime law: it terminates with these words,—*Hyr endet dat Gothlandsche Water-Recht dat de gemeyne Koppman und Schippers geordineret um gemakt hebben to Wisby*,—Here endeth the Gothland maritime law which all the merchants and ship-masters have made and ordained at Wisby. This collection must not be confounded with the code called the *Wisby Stadt-Tag*, the third book of which comprises several provisions respecting commerce and navigation, which M. Pardessus has published in his work. This code was compiled and promulgated under the auspices of Magnus II., King of Sweden and Norway, who reigned from 1320 to 1365. The *Wisby Hogeste Water-Recht* has been translated into English, and published in the work entitled *A Treatise of the Dominion of the Sea*, in that called *The Laws and Institutions of the Admiralty*, and in *Postlethwayt's Dictionary of Commerce*, vol. ii.

The commercial legislation of the renowned Hanseatic league has hitherto attracted much less attention than the history of its political constitution. Even the latter was very imperfectly known out of Germany until the recent publication of the continuation of Sartorius's history by Dr. Lappenberg, and the work of the latter, entitled *Urkundliche Geschichte der deutschen Hanse*. The history of the Confederation, published in French by Mallet, is nothing but an abridgment of the two first volumes of Sartorius, inaccurately translated, with a continuation compiled from the elementary books used in the common schools of Germany. The history of its maritime jurisprudence has been succinctly but clearly developed by M. Pardessus, in a preliminary disser-

tation to his edition of the Hanseatic commercial ordinances, published in the second volume of his great work. M. de Milnitz has embodied in his own work a rapid view of the vicissitudes of the rise, decline, and fall of the Confederation, with an account of its commercial legislation as exhibited in the different ordinances framed in the general congress, or by the particular members of the league, such as Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, &c. The Hanseatic league rapidly declined and fell, as soon as the original circumstances which had given rise to its formation had ceased to exist. The interests of so many different cities, widely separated from each other, in various lands, and surrounded by the dominions of powerful neighbours, soon ceased to be the same, when the discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and of the New World, gave a new direction to the commerce of Europe, and broke up the monopoly which the Hanseatic towns had so long enjoyed from their enterprise, skill, and political dexterity in availing themselves of the inferior civilization and improvement of other countries. Besides, the league was ever deficient in a supreme federal head of sufficient vigour to give effect to its common resolutions against refractory members. The thirty years' war, which desolated Germany, and dissolved all the political ties which bound the empire together, undermined the Hanseatic Confederation, which was reduced from seventy-two cities, of which it consisted in the fifteenth century, to fourteen in 1612. During the troubles of the thirty years' war, the cities of Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, were exclusively entrusted with the care of the common concerns of the league. These three cities formed with each other a closer union in 1630 and 1641, to which Dantzic subsequently acceded, and they vainly endeavoured, after the peace of Westphalia, to revive the federal congress. The last meeting of this assembly was held in 1669, and composed only of deputies from Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Dantzic, Cologne, and Brunswick. From this time the original league was superseded by the more imperfect union which still subsists for certain purposes between Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen. These three original Hanseatic towns have preserved their independence from total shipwreck, through the jealousy of the great powers, and their common utility to all nations as free ports, where the commerce of all enjoys equal privileges.

The work known by the name of *Guidon de la Mer*, compiled in France by some unknown author in the latter part of the sixteenth century, contains a rich collection of principles and decisions respecting the law of insurance, which was then beginning to receive that development which has since converted it into a

science. The substance of this and other old French law works was incorporated into the famous ordinances of Louis XIV. promulgated in 1673 and 1681, the first under the title of *Ordonnance du Commerce*, and the second under that of *Ordonnance de la Marine*. The *Ordonnance* on Commerce is supposed to have been principally compiled by Jacques Savary, an intelligent merchant, author of the *Parfait Négotiant*, a valuable work containing a commentary upon the *Ordonnance*. The *Ordonnance de la Marine* is a code of still greater merit, which embraces the general principles of maritime jurisprudence applicable to civil contracts, as well as captures and prizes in time of war. It was soon received as authority throughout Europe, together with the admirable commentary of Valin, the study of which prepared the mind of Lord Mansfield to lay the foundations of that vast fabric of commercial law reared by him and his successors on the English bench. These two codes, with the works of Valin and Pothier, furnished the principal materials from which was constructed the *Code de Commerce*, promulgated in 1807 by the Emperor Napoleon, of whom it may be said, as of Justinian, that "the vain titles of his victories are crumbled into dust; but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument." This code, established throughout the vast extent of the French empire and its vassal kingdoms, is still preserved as law in France, Belgium, the Prussian Rhine province, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom (except Venice), and in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It is certainly a proof of the great intrinsic merit of this and the other codes promulgated under the auspices of Napoleon, that they should still be retained in countries where they were originally established as badges of conquest.

It would be obviously impossible to follow the learned author of the work before us through the immense detail of his analysis of the existing laws and judicial institutions of the various maritime countries of Europe. This laborious and difficult task has been executed with the greatest skill and success; and whoever has occasion to consult his book, will find in it an inexhaustible source of information on these subjects, equally useful to the merchant, the jurist, and the consular agent. We look forward with great interest to the appearance of the second part of the work, which more immediately concerns the practical duties of the consular office, and which cannot fail to be of still more general utility.

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**ART. VII.—Kritische Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst durch Johann Gutenberg zu Mainz, begleitet mit einer, vorhin noch nie angestellten, genauen Prüfung und ganzlichen Beseitigung der von Shöpflin und seinen Anhängern verfochtenen Ansprüche der Stadt Strassburg, und einer neuen Untersuchung der Ansprüche der Stadt Harlem und vollständigen Widerlegung ihrer Verfechter Junius Meerman, Koning, Dibdin, Ottley, und Ebert. Von J. Wetter. Mit dreizehn grossen Tafeln voll sehr genauer Facsimiles.** (Critical History of the Invention of Printing by John Gutenberg at Mayence, accompanied by (what has not hitherto been attempted) a thorough testing and perfect disproval of the Claim of the City of Strassburg, as advanced by Schöpflin and his followers, together with a new Examination of the Claim of the City of Haerlem, and a full Refutation of its defenders, Junius Meerman, Koning, Dibdin, Ottley, and Ebert. By J. Wetter. With thirteen large plates of very perfect Facsimiles.) Mainz, 1836. Svo. pp. 806.

WHEN we consider the important changes which the Invention of Printing has already brought about in every quarter of the political and moral world,—when we remember the power which that invention must exercise over those great questions which now interest all classes of society, questions, the answers to which are pregnant with the most decided influence over the unveiled destiny of thousands yet unborn,—we cannot but look upon the inquiry as to when this happy combination of human experience with human foresight was first effected, as one of considerable interest. That man whose inventive powers unlocked those treasuries of learning which had been before sealed up from all but the rich and the mighty,—that man whose genius snatched from misery and barbarism, the vassal and the bondsman, and made them partakers with the lords of the earth of the choicest gifts of wisdom and of knowledge,—that man deserves indeed to be revered and held in remembrance by his fellow men. That man was John Gutenberg of Mayence, whom all Germany now delights to honour, and whose claim to the proud title of Inventor of Printing has been, we think, most clearly and successfully established by Dr. Wetter, in the volume to which we now call the attention of our readers.

The course of inquiry which Dr. Wetter marked out for himself, on undertaking the volume in question, was to ascertain the origin of Printing, not the origin or invention of printing from solid blocks, but to discover from whom, at what period, and at what place, arose the felicitous idea of employing moveable types,

of whatever material, and of combining them so as to form whole pages, and thereby perfect books. In this single idea, indeed, lies the whole merit of the invention, for it is clear that all that has since followed has been but a working out of that idea; it being manifest that the attempt once made, and that successfully, to print a single page with moveable types, it would very soon lead to the second thought—that the labour of cutting an indefinite number of the same letter might easily be avoided, by making the first letter a form from which a fitting mould might be contrived, wherein to cast as many letters as circumstances might render desirable. And he in whose active mind this primary idea was first conceived was John Gutenberg; and Mayence was at once the birth-place of the artist and of his invaluable art.

John Gutenberg was the younger son of Frielo Gensfleisch,\* by Else zum Gutenberg, heiress and sole child of Claus von Gutenberg of Mayence, the last of his family. His birth must have taken place between the years 1393 and 1400; and the name which he assumed as the representative of the family of his maternal grandfather was Johann Gutenberg genannt Gensfleisch.

The intestine feuds between the patricians and the burghers, which at the commencement of the fifteenth century disturbed Mayence, and obliged many of the patrician families to quit that city, and take up their residence in the neighbouring states, appear to have occasioned Gutenberg's first departure from the place of his nativity.

In 1430 he is at all events found to be an alien from his native city; and, four years afterwards, we see him resident at Strasburg. From the old proceedings before the judicial tribunals of this latter city, which Schöpflin discovered among the municipal archives in 1745, we learn that, between the years 1436 and 1438, Gutenberg had communicated to a citizen of Strasburg, Andreas Dritzehn by name, the art of polishing stones; that he afterwards became a partner with the above-named Dritzehn in a speculation by which they hoped to realize great profits; and further, that, after the death of the said Dritzehn, which took place at the termination of the year 1438, he, Gutenberg, was summoned before the municipal authorities of Strasburg by the brother of the deceased, in consequence of his having refused to admit him into the partnership. This proceeding gave rise to a long examination of witnesses; and in their evidence, which, as we have

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\* It would certainly have afforded matter of delight to old Aubrey to have added to his chapter on "Name Fatalities," the fact that he who invented the art by which, in the commercial production of books, the *goose-quill* was entirely superseded, was himself called *Goose-Flesh*, (Gensfleisch,) or, as it was latinized by one of his admirers, *Ansicarus*.



already noticed, Schöpflin discovered in 1745, mention is made, though in very ambiguous terms, and in very obscure passages, of a "*Press*," "*Forms*," and "*Printing*."

In spite of the obscurity in which the whole of the matters treated in this document are involved, it has hitherto been looked upon as clearly referring to the art of printing with moveable letters, and of establishing the claim of Strasburg to be considered as the birth-place of that art. Dr. Wetter, on the contrary, is of opinion, and it seems to us very properly so, that the printing in question was nothing more than printing from solid blocks; and that his readers may be enabled to judge how far his views are well founded, he reprints the document verbatim, from the copy printed by Schöpflin in his well-known work, "*Vindiciæ typographicae*," accompanying such reprint by notes in support of his opinion; and which, as we have already said, appears to be founded on reasoning which it is impossible to resist. This document is followed in Dr. Wetter's book by a chronological abstract of the facts produced in evidence, which our limits compel us to omit, with the exception of one or two passages which have the strongest reference to the points under consideration. It appears then, from the testimony of some of the witnesses, that shortly before Christmas-day, 1438, Gutenberg sent his servant to Andreas Dritzehn and Andreas Heilmann, two of his partners, to fetch away the "*forms*." And here we may remark at once, that Dr. Wetter shows very clearly that the term *form*, when used in this process, does not bear the meaning attached to it in the printing offices of the present day, where it is used to express the body of type set up ready for the press, but means either engraved blocks, the engravers of which were at that time called *formschneider*, form-cutters; or else, which seems most clearly established, forms for casting metal mirrors, the production of such articles, for sale at the great religious jubilee held at Aix-la-Chapelle, being one of the objects for which the partnership between Gutenberg and his associates had been formed. We next learn that on the 27th of December Andreas Dritzehn lay sick in the chamber of Mydehart Stocker; and that, immediately after his death, which took place in the course of Christmas, Gutenberg said the "*press*" must be sent for: he was afraid lest any body should see it, for that people wanted to do so; and that he sent his servant Beildeck to take it to pieces (*do sante er sinen kneht harju su zur legen*), and to invite Claus Dritzehn to a conference with him at St. Arbagast, where he resided.

The servant went, according to his own statement, to Claus Dritzehn, with Gutenberg's request, that he would not show the *press* which he had in his possession to any one, but go to the

press and open the two screws whereby *the pieces would fall from one another*, and that he should lay the pieces either *in the press or upon it*, so that no one might remark what it was. At the same time Anton Heilmann, it appears, sent to Conrad Sahspach, who had made the press and knew all about the matter, to take the pieces from the press, and to separate them from one another, so that no one might know what it was.

This chronological statement is immediately followed by a series of extracts from the writings of all those bibliographers who have made the Strasburg process the subject of their consideration, Dr. Wetter detailing their views in their own language, while he keeps up a running fire of commentary upon their statements and opinions, in the shrewd notes by which the extracts are accompanied. Schöpflin, as the first who printed the trial in question, leads the way; and some estimate may be formed as to the manner in which the expressions used in the document in question have been strained, by the supporters of the claims of Strasburg, to imply what they by no means express, when Schöpflin in his comments upon it, speaks of Gutenberg sending his servant Beildeck to Claus Dritzehn, with a request that he would take the four *pages* (?) (*paginæ*) out of the press,—the word page never once occurring, the term used by all the parties who speak upon the point being invariably “*stücke*,” pieces. Again, Schöpflin says that Dritzehn was not to show the press to any one, but without delay to open *the little screws, by which the columns were held together, whereby the letters would fall from one another*, and the matter thereby remain concealed. Who would believe after this that the original says nothing about columnus or letters, but merely that Dritzehn was to open the screws (*wirbelin*) of the press, whereby the pieces (*stücke*) would fall from one another,—that he should then lay those pieces in or upon the press, so that nobody might see or make out their use.\*

Having resolved in his own mind to gratify his long cherished prejudices, and award to Strasburg the honour of being the birth-place of printing, Schöpflin readily saw in the obscure and doubtful terms used in this judicial document a clear and satisfactory detail of the origin, nay more, of the whole process of printing by means of moveable types; and, as he jumped thus readily to his conclusions, it is not to be wondered at, that a careful and minute

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\* “Claus Dritzehn sollte gon uber die pressen und die mit den zweijen wirbelin uff dun, so fielent die stücke von einander. Dieselben stücke sollte er dann in die presse oder uff die presse legen, so kunte darnach nieman gesehen, noch ut gemerken.”—Lorrenz Beldeck's Evidence, *Wetter*, p. 61.

investigation of the evidence adduced upon this trial satisfied Schöpflin that Gutenberg practised this art at Strasburg, not indeed with his own hands, but that he was the inventor and director of the work. Why Gutenberg should not have practised it with his own hands at Strasburg, seeing how actively he busied himself in that way, some few years afterwards at Mayence, Schöpflin never thought to inquire. Had he entered into a further investigation of this part of the case, he might have been staggered by the difficulty of finding a satisfactory explanation why Gutenberg, who at Mayence had all his attendants sworn to secrecy, should at Strasburg, instead of having the whole process of his wondrous invention carried on under his own eye, and having the requisite machinery and materials for it in his own possession, have entrusted all these to the charge of the neediest of his associates. One passage, however, of Schöpflin's book will serve to show how imperfect was his knowledge, or how confused were his ideas, relative to the subject upon which he was treating. Instead of seeing that the first step to Gutenberg's invention was his actually applying the art of printing from wooden blocks to the production of books, he says in his "*Vindiciæ*," page 11, "Gutenberg discovered and practised the art of printing with carved letters at Strasburg before Schöffer invented matrices, or Coster block books,—*antequam matrices invenerat Schoefferus et tabellas Costerus*."

Our limits will not, of course, admit of our entering into an examination of the various opinions which this process against Gutenberg has drawn from those who have made it the subject of their remarks. We must, therefore, content ourselves with contending for that interpretation of the evidence, which common sense points out as the most obvious, looking at the ordinary acceptance of the words, and which is also that most satisfactorily borne out by subsequent events. In fact, the whole claim of the city of Strasburg to be considered the birth-place of typography, like that of Haerlem (of which we shall speak hereafter) is founded upon the error of confounding the production of books by means of solid blocks with the invention of printing properly so called.

Gutenberg undoubtedly made this first step towards his great discovery at Strasburg. At Strasburg, too, the first printing press ever constructed was made under his directions, for the purpose of taking off impressions from the blocks, which process had previously been effected by means of a *rubber*, a mode of operation which not only rendered it impossible to print upon both sides of the paper, but gave a polish to the side to which the

rubber was applied. Gutenberg's application of the press, a modification probably of the wine press, or some other press in general domestic use, not only prevented the waste of paper, which the rubber occasioned by rendering one side of each leaf of no avail for the purposes of printing; but furthermore, as it appears from the evidence itself, it enabled Gutenberg to produce a greater number of impressions in a given time, by printing from four blocks at once.

Such, it is evident, was the full extent of Gutenberg's discovery at Strasburg. Had he succeeded in bringing to any degree of perfection the art of printing from moveable types at Strasburg in 1438, we should hardly find him at Mayence, in 1450, retrograde to the printing them from solid blocks. Had he withdrawn from a partnership formed for the purpose of turning to account an invention of such importance, and which promised to realize such extensive profits, is it probable that all his co-partners, who were inhabitants of Strasburg, would have agreed, with one consent, to drop all further proceedings in the business? Had he succeeded so far as the advocates of the Strasburg claims would have us believe him to have done, the silence upon this point observed by the earliest printers of that city would indeed be remarkable. When Gutenberg himself, at the end of the Catholicon of 1460, proclaimed Mayence to be the seat of the invention, what was there to prevent Mentel and Eggestein, the earliest Strasburg printers, from contradicting that assertion if it were not founded in fact; and, while they at once acknowledged Gutenberg to be the inventor of the art, from claiming for their native city the honour of being its birth-place? But no; in 1467 Peter Schöffer published the "Constitutiones" of Pope Clement the Fifth; and at the end he also specified Mayence as the place at which the art, by which that book had been produced, was invented. Eggestein actually reprinted this book at Strasburg in 1471, and, though he spoke of himself as being well acquainted with all that related to printing, he never contradicted this statement made by Schöffer. In the year 1468 again Schöffer published the Institutes of Justinian, and again mentioned Mayence as the seat of the invention, and expressly declared that the two Johns (Gutenberg and Fust) were the inventors of the art. Eggestein, who reprinted this book in 1472, observed absolute silence on the subject of the invention; and does not contradict Schöffer's statement, but is content to describe himself again as "*artis impressoriæ peritissimum*." One word more, and we will quit this portion of our subject. As the children say,—If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, where is the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked? So say we,—If John

Gutenberg printed books at Strasburg, where are the books printed at Strasburg which John Gutenberg did so print?

Turn we now to an examination of the claims which have been put forth from time to time by the learned in behalf of the city of Mayence, to be regarded not only as the birth-place of Gutenberg, but also as the scene of his great and important invention; and we shall be struck, at the first glance, with the extraordinary dissimilitude which exists between the evidence adduced in behalf of the rival cities. In the case of Strasburg, all is obscure, all is ambiguous, and only to be arrived at by the deduction of inferences, which the premises by no means warrant; in behalf of Mayence, on the other hand, we have evidence, clear, unmythified, undeniable, and conclusive. We have the evidence of the inventor Gutenberg himself; we have the evidence of his contemporaries; and what, in matters of this nature, must always exercise considerable influence upon the decision of such claims, we find the opinion of the world in general favourable to those put forward in behalf of Gutenberg's native city.

After the termination of the process which the brother of Andreas Dritzehn had instituted against Gutenberg, we have no evidence as to the pursuits of the latter for a few following years; but it is most probable that he remained at Strasburg, awaiting the expiration of the period to which the partnership was limited, which was the year 1443, since he is found in that city for the last time in 1444, previously to which he had been obliged to obtain certain loans, a tolerably conclusive proof that the speculation, in which he and his partners were engaged, had not fulfilled their expectations. It is most probable that, in the course of the year 1444, he returned to Mayence, where his uncle, Henne Gensfleisch the elder, had, on the 28th of October in the preceding year, already rented from Ort zum Jungen the court called zum Jungen at Mayence, near the ancient church of the Franciscans, the same house in which Gutenberg exercised his profession as a printer, and which has consequently ever since retained the name of the Printing House. We hear nothing further of him now until the 6th of October, 1448, on which day he borrowed 150 florins, through the intercession of his relative, Arnold Gelthuss, from Rynhard Bromser and Henchin Rodenstein, and for which he mortgaged the rents of several houses belonging to him at Mayence.

It is obvious from this that Gutenberg continued to contract debts with the view of bringing his invention to perfection, without however succeeding in doing so. The attempt to apply the printing from blocks to the production of books, which he had com-

menced at Strasburg, he continued at Mayence; and it is evident from a passage of Bergellanus\*—

“Cumque illi starent *cælata toreumata magno*  
Et labor angustas attenuabat opes,”—

that about the year 1450 he had already prepared a number of engraved blocks, when, finding himself prevented by want of means from bringing his invention to perfection, he was about to renounce all further thought upon the subject, when he was enabled by the advice and pecuniary assistance of John Fust, a citizen of Mayence, to carry his long-cherished idea into effect. Of this we have the evidence not only of Bergellanus, but also of Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim, a witness whose testimony few, we should think, would venture to impugn, when they consider that the account of the origin of printing, which he relates in his Annals of the Monastery of Hirschau, was, as he himself tells us, taken from the mouth of Peter Schöffer, the son-in-law of Fust, some thirty years before,—“*sicuti ante xxx ferme annos, ex ore Petri Opilionis de Gernsheim, ciris Moguntini, qui gener erat primi artis inventoris, audivi.*”†

Gutenberg's partnership with Fust was concluded on the 22nd of August, 1450, when an agreement was entered into between them, by which it was stipulated that Fust should advance to Gutenberg 800 florins, and receive six per cent. interest for the same. With this sum Gutenberg was to make and prepare the necessary tools, machinery, &c., which tools, &c. were to be made over to Fust as a collateral security for the money so advanced. Fust was further bound to give Gutenberg yearly the sum of 300 florins for expenses, and was also to pay for wages, house rent, parchment, paper, ink, &c. Moreover, if they disagreed, Gutenberg was to return to Fust the 800 florins which had been ad-

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\* Arnold Bergellanus, who published at Mayence, in 1541, a Latin poem in praise of printing, *Encomion Chalcographiæ*, and who, according to his account, had been for fifteen years a corrector of the press in a printing establishment at Mayence, declares, in the dedication of his work to the archbishop Albert of Brandenburg, that, in some historical work of Trithemius's, (certainly not the Annals, which were only printed in 1690,) he had found an eulogium upon printing and upon its invention, which invention Trithemius attributed to Gutenberg, as the first inventor, and to his assistants, Fust and Schöffer. This account, he adds, had been confirmed by certain old citizens of Mayence, with whom he had conversed; and he had also seen some of the materials, and these were very old indeed, which had been used by the first practisers of the art.

† Since Trithemius completed his Annals of the Monastery of Hirschau, about the year 1514, Schöffer must have communicated this information to him about the year 1494, a fact which renders Trithemius's account of the greatest possible historical value. The MS. of these Annals was first recovered from the dust of a library towards the end of the seventeenth century, and printed at St. Gallen, in the year 1690.

vanced by him, and to receive the tools, &c., free from the mortgage. And it was further agreed, that all moneys, not expended on the necessary tools and machinery, (for the preparation of which the 800 florins before named were especially intended,) but on the direct production of books, (such as workmen's wages, parchment, paper, ink, &c.,) should be considered as applied at the mutual risk and for the mutual advantage of the two contracting parties.

Such was the agreement entered into by Gutenberg and Fust, as recorded in the instrument drawn up on the 4th of November, 1455, by the notary Helmasperger; and we learn from the account of the origin of printing, drawn up from the papers of the Fust family, by John Frederick Faust,\* that the earliest works produced under this partnership were several books printed from blocks; the first being merely tables of the alphabet, which were printed off by means of small presses, after many attempts had been made to produce an ink adapted to the work. These tables were followed by the Donatus, and, according to Trithemius, by the Vocabulary, which he calls "Catholicon." As we have before observed, previously to his being joined by Fust, Gutenberg had already prepared a great number of such engraved blocks. Nor does the account given by J. F. Faust render it altogether impossible that, at the time of his admitting Fust into the partnership, he had already practised for some time with success his block printing, and was then engaged in plans for bringing into operation his grand scheme of printing with moveable types; and that Fust, aware of the honour and profit which must result from the discovery, to all who might be partakers in it, readily consented to furnish the necessary funds for the bringing out of that great work,—the Bible undoubtedly,—which Gutenberg was anxious to produce by his newly discovered art. Whether this be so or not, it is evident that he was prepared to apply the art of printing from wooden blocks to so important a purpose as the printing of a vocabulary. The objection which has been urged by some writers, that block printing could never have been rendered available to the production of any work of considerable extent, is contradicted by the testimony of Doctor Paul, of Prague, who, in a Latin MS. preserved in the university of Cracow, and which bears the date of 1449, describes a bookmaker

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\* Johann Friedrich Faust, of Aschaffenburg, a son of the judge of the Imperial Court and Council of Frankfort, who died in 1619, drew up a History of Printing from the family papers of the Fausts of Aschaffenburg, the descendants of the Fusts of Mayence, which are preserved in the Uffenbach collection of MSS., now in the public library at Frankfort.

as an artist who engraves lines, figures, &c. upon blocks, which he then transfers to paper; and adds, that in his time copies of the Bible had been so produced at Bamberg in the space of four weeks. “*Et tempore mei Bambergæ quidam sculpsit Bibliam super lamellas, et in quatuor septimanis totam Bibliam in pergammento subtili præsignavit sculpturam.*”

But, though practicable, the printing of a work of considerable extent from wooden blocks must obviously be one entailing extraordinary labour upon the projectors, in the engraving of the infinite number of blocks, which the work required; and none of which were of course available for any other purpose than that for which they were originally designed. Gutenberg, having well considered this difficulty, and having seen how much more advantageous it would be to employ single and separable letters instead of engraved columns or pages, had the blocks, which he had engraved for the *Donatus*, sawn asunder, separated the different letters of which they consisted, and began to compose works with these letters, supplying any of which he ran short by new ones expressly cut for the purpose. Such is the account given by J. F. Faust, and it certainly presents us with the most natural origin which can be ascribed to the invention of moveable types. Of the practicability of printing with letters so constructed we are furnished with ample proof. Gassau, in his “*Annales Augsburgenses*,” speaks of the first letters being made of wood; and in the Colophon to the “*Expositio Georgii super summulis Magistri Hispani*,” printed at Lyons in 1488, they are again mentioned.

“*Sic prima in buxo concisa elementa premendi.*”

These authors, it may be said, only confirm Faust, and do not attest the practicability. Dr. Wetter himself, however, has done this in the most satisfactory manner, by having a sufficient number of letters of the size of the type of the forty-two line Bible engraved on pear-tree wood, from which he has had a column printed and inserted in the appendix to his work. The types used for this purpose he has deposited in the public library at Mayence.

That Gutenberg conceived the idea of separating his engraved blocks into single letters in the course of the year 1450, is rendered exceedingly probable, as the two leaves of the “*Donatus*,” which Bodman found forming the cover of an old account book, belonged to an edition of that work printed, in all probability, in the course of that year, or in the beginning of 1451; and the type of this “*Donatus*” has been pronounced by those learned bibliographers, Fischer and Van Praet, to be of wood; and is



proved moreover to be a moveable type, in the first place by the inequality in the size of the several letters of which they are composed, and in the next, by some of them being reversed; as, for instance, in the word *discerni*. There are other grounds, too, for supposing that this great and important discovery took place at the time we have already stated; but we must refer such of our readers as desire to be made acquainted with them to Dr. Welter's volume, while we proceed to detail the further progress of the art; and we find this recorded in a very consistent statement made by Trithemius, who, be it remembered, received his account of the discovery and its progress from the mouth of Peter Schöffer. "These inventions," says Trithemius, "were followed by another still more ingenious; they (Gutenberg and Fust) found out a way and manner of casting the forms of all the letters of the Latin alphabet, which forms they called matrices, and from which they cast letters of tin or brass, sufficient for every printing, which they had formerly engraved by hand." Nothing, we think, can be clearer than this statement; yet some writers, not content that the first idea of casting letters should have been carried into effect in this simple and obvious manner, have sought to prove, that the earliest process was the engraving the letters in steel, which letters then formed stamps from which copper matrices were struck. This opinion is, however, by no means tenable; when a simple process would bring about the desired result—a process, too, with which Gutenberg must have been acquainted, from its resemblance to that employed in casting metal mirrors—the production of such mirrors being one of the principal objects of the speculation in which he had engaged at Strasburg in conjunction with Dritzehn, Heilmann, &c.)—it is not to be supposed that he would reject it at the outset of his invention, for the sake of effecting the same object by a very laborious and expensive mode of proceeding. And nothing can prove more clearly that Gutenberg did discover a method of casting types, certainly imperfect, but still answering the end in view, than the fact that Trithemius, when he reverts to the subject of type-founding, expressly declares that Schöffer *discovered a much easier method* of casting the letters.

The date of Schöffer's improvement cannot be determined. But that he had not made it known in the year 1452 or 1453, when Gutenberg commenced the printing of the Bible, is rendered certain, not only by the fact of that work being printed from type cast in the manner which Gutenberg had originally practised, but by an inspection of the letters used by Albrecht Pfister at Bamberg. Those employed by him in "Boner's Fabelbuch," printed in 1461, in "Die Vier Historien," printed in 1462, and in the

thirty-six line Bible, which he produced some few years earlier, were evidently cast in the faulty and imperfect leaden matrices, which is proved by the irregularity of their edges and corners. Pfister, who had commenced printing at Bamberg several years before the taking of Mayence, an event which occurred in 1462, and was the means of spreading abroad the newly-discovered art, and had obviously left the latter city, and the workshop of Gutenberg and Fust in consequence of their separation, which took place in 1455,—Pfister, it is very evident, knew nothing of Schöffer's method of casting letters by means of copper matrices,—a fact which he could not have been ignorant of, had Schöffer in 1453 already brought his plan into operation.

In the year 1455, a difference between the partners, the possibility of which had been provided against in their deed of agreement, arose out of certain claims advanced by Fust in consideration of two advances, each amounting to eight hundred florins, made by him to Gutenberg; which claims, being resisted by the latter, became the subject of legal proceedings, and eventually led to the separation of the parties. It is not easy to decide what motives induced Fust to institute these proceedings against his associate; proceedings, however, which ended in Fust and Schöffer becoming possessed of all the tools, machinery, and materials, employed by Gutenberg and Fust in their printing establishment,—in Gutenberg's endeavouring to establish himself once more at Strasburg, and upon this failing, in his returning to Mayence, and erecting another printing-office with the funds provided by Dr. Humery.

Though Gutenberg failed in his endeavours to form fresh connexions at Strasburg, which evidently was the case, as we find him, with the assistance of Dr. Humery, recommencing printing at Mayence, where in 1460, he completed the *Catholicon* of John de Janua, an extensive work, which probably occupied him for three years; the fact of his having made such an attempt may, in some degree, have given rise to the idea of his having invented printing in that city. It is also probable that, after the separation, some of the workmen who had assisted Gutenberg retired to Strasburg; for Trithemius, upon the authority of Schöffer, expressly asserts that the art was first promulgated in Strasburg, and that moreover by some of those who had assisted the inventors. Albert Pfister too, as we have already seen, migrated to Bamberg at this period. Fust and Schöffer, on the other hand, remained at Mayence, where they established a printing-office of their own, from which they shortly afterwards

produced those works which have been looked upon until the present day as master-pieces of typography.\*

It is not necessary for us to proceed further with this sketch of the origin and early progress of the Art of Printing. Dr. Wetter has, in our opinion, clearly established its origin at Mayence, and annihilated for ever the claims of Strasburg and Haerlem to be considered as the scene of its invention. The assertion that the claims of Haerlem must be silenced for ever, after Dr. Wetter's examination of them, may astonish many of our readers who have seen how strenuously they have been supported in the writings of English bibliographers. Nevertheless, the fact is as we have stated. These claims, indeed, were never put forth until they were advanced by Van Zuyren in his "*Latin Dialogue upon the first invention of Printing*," written by him between the years 1550 and 1560, and which, with the exception of some few of the introductory leaves, has been lost. Van Zuyren was followed by Theodor Volckhard Coornhert, a printer at Haerlem, who, in 1561, published a Dutch translation of Cicero *De Officiis*; and, in the dedication of his work to the town council of Haerlem, claimed the honour of the invention for that city, asserting that the art had been communicated to Mayence by the treachery of a servant. Coornhert again was followed by Guicciardini, and he again by the physician Hadrian Junius, who in his "*Batavia*," written before 1575, and printed at Leyden in 1588, relates the account given by Cornelis, the old bookbinder at Haerlem, of the pretended invention of the art of printing by his master, Lawrens Janssoon. Junius may be styled the Defender of the Faith of the men of Haerlem, and his history would be very satisfactory if it were only true. It wants, however, as our author shows very clearly, this desirable quality, which is the greater pity, seeing, as Lambinet says, how nicely the whole story is arranged: "*Junius montre quelques principes dans son roman. On y remarque la règle des trois unités, comme dans les drames; unité d'action, de temps, et de lieu. L'art typographique s'exécute à Haerlem dans les 24 heures.*"

Dr. Wetter shows, however, that the Lawrens Janssoon who is the individual for whom the advocates of Haerlem claim the honour of the invention, could not have been in existence before 1440, but must indeed have been contemporary with Andries-

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\* One of the most splendid specimens of modern typography which we have ever seen, is an edition of the "*New Testament*," printed in letters of gold, and enamelled, by De la Rue and Co., which we believe is on the eve of publication by Messrs. Richter and Co.

sohn, who was, in fact, the first Haerlem printer, and who erected his printing establishment in that city, in the year 1482. Then showing that this Lawrens Janssoon, the man who, according to the confused traditions of old people, erected at Haerlem the first printing press ever erected in the world, had for his wife a Catherine, the *daughter of Andries*, while the man who is proved by historical evidence to have been the first printer in that city was the son of Andries,—he contends that it is only reasonable to suppose that this said Catherine, the *daughter of Andries*, was a sister of the printer *Andries' son*, and that the printing establishment, which had heretofore been known as that of Andriessohn, must either have been founded by his brother-in-law, Lawrenz Janssoon Coster, or have been the common property of the two. This existed until 1486; and Meerman has satisfactorily proved that nothing of a later date is known to have proceeded from it. From this period until 1561, there did not exist any other printing establishment in Haerlem, and thus the confusion which existed in the traditionary accounts of the earliest printing establishments in that city may be readily explained.

Another curious fact, and which in some measure demonstrates that Cornelis is referring to the press of Andriessohn, when speaking of that of Lawrens Janssoon, and thereby establishes their identity as one and the same, is that, though he must necessarily have known the existence of Andriessohn's establishment, he never once mentioned it. But he knew their identity, and, knowing too that Andriessohn's press was the oldest in Haerlem, he supposed it to be the oldest and first in the world. That Cornelis, the old bookbinder, must have known of the existence of Andriessohn's establishment is put beyond a doubt, by the existence of a copy of the edition of "*Bartholomeus, Van de Proprieteiten der Dingen*," printed by Andriessohn at Haerlem, in 1485, and in which a former possessor has recorded that he "bought it at Haerlem, in Cross-street, of Cornelis the bookbinder, in the year 1492, in the month of May," &c. It is unnecessary for us to enter into any further examination of the fable, for such it is, which Junius has put upon record on this subject. The few facts we have already stated sufficiently prove how perfectly untenable are the claims which have been put forth from time to time by those who would award to Holland the honour of being the birth-place of the typographic art, and who would set up the statue of Coster upon the glorious column which Gutenberg has erected to his own memory.

The claims of Gutenberg to the proud title of Inventor of Printing are at length established, as it seems to us, beyond all

question. Germany has recognised them, and is preparing to do due honour to his memory. Gernsheim, the birth-place of Schöffer, saw, on the 9th of June last, a monument from the design of Scholl of Darmstadt, erected in honour of him who brought to such perfection the art which Gutenberg had invented. In March will Mayence have seen similar honours paid to the memory of its illustrious townsman.

In the year 1832, a committee was formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and adopting such measures as might be necessary for the production of a memorial to Gutenberg, worthy alike of his genius and of his grateful country.

The design for this monument, which has been selected, is by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, and the casting of it has been entrusted to Crozatier of Paris. It was to have been erected in the course of the last year (1836), but has been delayed from various causes; among others from some difficulty in procuring the stone necessary for the pedestal, until the month of March, 1837. The committee have not decided upon the inscription to be affixed to it; there being no fewer than seven different ones submitted to them for their decision.

∴ The expenses of this tribute to Gutenberg's memory are estimated at from twenty-five to twenty-six thousand florins, for which the city of Mayence has made itself responsible, in the full confidence of being indemnified by the subscriptions of the learned and the wealthy, not only of Germany but of all Europe.

We know not how far this confidence has been justified by the result, but we have much reason to fear that England, which boasts of being second to no other country in the world, either in civilization, or in love of the press and its liberty, has contributed but a very small quota to the subscription in honour of him, whose discovery is the strongest security which it possesses, that rational liberty shall be maintained for ever in the land. The sum stated to have been contributed to Gutenberg's monument by this country is so small, that we can only suppose the contemplated erection of such a monument has never been known to the intellectual classes of society in England. Where are those ardent patriots who once toasted at every public dinner, "The Liberty of the Press—it is like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die!" Where are they, we say, that their guineas do not flow in, towards erecting a monument to the memory of him who invented that press? Where is the Society of Antiquaries at such a moment? surely they have funds sufficiently ample to allow of their offering a tribute to the memory of the founder of

**Typography.** Where is the Royal Society of Literature on this occasion? Where those noble and gentle booksellers, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that they do not contribute their mite to his memory, without whose invention their Penny Magazine would have been nought? Where the Roxburgh Club? But no; one of the most learned men of Germany has declared that they, the printers of thirty copies of a book, are but as men *who multiply manuscripts*; the memory of Gutenberg, therefore, can look for but little honour at their hands.

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Since the above was written, we have received Raumer's Historical Pocket-book for the present year, which, among other papers, contains one by J. D. F. Sotzman, entitled "*The earliest History of Wood Engraving and of Printing generally; especially in its application to the Printing of Engravings—a contribution to the History of Art and Inventions.*" This essay was unquestionably written before the publication of Dr. Wetter's admirable volume, as the writer, who displays great industry in his researches, makes not the slightest allusion to that work. We regret this the more, because the candid spirit which directs his inquiries would, we are sure, had he been acquainted with Dr. Wetter's views, have led him to modify, very considerably, many of those opinions, as to the origin of typography, which he now so confidently advances.

When, where, and in what manner the typographic art arose, is of course one of the most important and stubbornly-contested points, on which he is called upon to pronounce an opinion; and he differs from the views which we have advanced in the present article, only in so far as relates to what constitutes the germ of this grand discovery; or, to use his own term, as to what is in this instance "the egg of Columbus." In his opinion, the idea of multiplying copies of given works, by means of impressions taken in ink from engraved wooden blocks—an idea which he supposes to have had its origin among the inferior scribes who were employed in the production of books of devotion, popular poetry, &c., for the less wealthy classes, with the view of meeting the constant demand for such subjects—formed that first grand step which, in this as well as in all other matters, is proverbially the only difficulty. And this he further believes to have taken place in Holland—probably at Haerlem. Let not, however, the supporters of the Haerlem claims rejoice too speedily that a fresh champion has risen up among them—one

who sets at nought the vain pretensions of Mayence. Sotzman is none of these. If he awards to Holland the merit of being the birth-place of printing, it is because he looks upon it as the place where the art of producing block books was first conceived: not because he believes in the well-worked-up romance, with which Junius varied the pages of his "Batavia," to the great satisfaction, if not edification, of the worshipful burgomasters and town-council of Haerlem. Sotzman is indeed not only a disbeliever in this highly-wrought piece of fiction, but he actually laughs at the credulity of the worthy managers of the commemoration of Koster, or festival of Printing; who, because the supposed Lawrens Janssoon, whom Junius referred to, became a grandfather in 1420, and the wood before Haerlem, in which he made his supposed discovery, was cut down in 1425, chose the medium point, 1423, as the date of his invention; and accordingly fixed upon the year 1823 as the fourth centenary of that event.

As we have already observed, his own only reason for looking upon Holland as the country where printing took its rise is founded on the fact of his considering block-printing as the grand discovery from which all the others have necessarily resulted.

That the invention of block-printing formed a very important preliminary step to that far more valuable discovery, the employment of moveable type, we are of course ready to admit; it might, moreover, have been a necessary step, but this we doubt; but that block-printing should necessarily, and as a natural consequence, lead to Gutenberg's inestimable discovery, is directly disproved by one well-established fact. The Chinese printed books from solid blocks as early as the tenth century, and continue to do so even up to the present moment. No Chinese Gutenberg has yet appeared in the celestial empire.

Gutenberg is recognized by Sotzman as the inventor of moveable type—according to our views, therefore, as the inventor of printing—and Mayence as the seat of his discovery. This *questio vexata*, which has so long agitated the world of letters, may now therefore be looked upon as set at rest for ever.

ART. VIII.—*Historische Werke* von Arnold Herrmann Ludwig Heeren. 1ster Theil. *Versuch einer historischen Entwicklung der Entstehung und des Wachstums des Brittischen Continental-Interesse.* (Essay on an Historical Development of the Rise and Progress of the British Continental Interest.—Heeren's Historical Works, vol. 1.) Göttingen.

STATESMEN make little use of history. Good practical ministers have been bad historians, and even those who are more accomplished in this branch of study are seldom guided in their measures by the knowledge which they derive from the annals of times past. Without inquiring now, whether the world would have been better governed if history had been more carefully consulted, we affirm, without hesitation, that, in the particular branch of administration to which Heeren's treatise introduces us, great benefit might have been, and great benefit may now be, derived from a consideration of the conduct of our ancestors and of its results. The "continental interests of Great Britain" have undergone repeated changes, but her geographical position is the same; and it is from this that her political system ought truly to be deduced. In fact, although we have rung the changes of alliance, hostility, and neutrality with every power in Europe, the same general notions of policy have guided our ministers for two centuries or more. It has been the opinion of all politicians, that England must connect herself particularly with some one or other of the great continental powers; and that treaties of alliance and guaranty, sometimes with one state, sometimes with another, are desirable for the maintenance of her connexion with the continent, and of her influence there.

In following Professor Heeren through the history of this connexion, we commence with a doubt, whether this our system has been conducive to the safety and happiness of Great Britain. We speak of *the system*; of those principles which have been avowed as the rules of our foreign policy, by statesmen who have widely differed in regard to their application. We shall chiefly consider their operation *during peace*: the justice and necessity of particular wars, and the wisdom displayed in the treaties by which they were concluded, are topics occasionally pregnant with instruction; but we would now desire the attention of political thinkers to engagements made in the time of peace, when there is no wounded honour, or injured interest, or aught but a cool calculation of future advantages. Let us ask, how many of these estimates have been verified by the result? which of our engage-



ments have in the end produced more of safety than of peril, more of peace than of war?

Those who are acquainted with our former lucubrations on foreign policy,\* know that we are somewhat heretical as to *the balance of power*, and that we have no good opinion of guaranties; a perusal of the Professor's book has confirmed us in our heresy.

According to M. Heeren, an insular power may be connected with the continent by four separate interests;—1. Security; 2. Commerce; 3. The hope of continental aggrandizement, (this, he says, may be excluded in treating of England;) 4. Family connexion between the rulers.

“An insular state is, by its navy, rendered more secure, but by no means perfectly so.” We admit it: and that we must therefore maintain also an efficient army, or take care to have the means of raising one speedily. But we hesitate at the further proposition, that we ought for the same reason to “take a part in the political transactions of other states.” We believe that we shall show, that the part which we have hitherto taken has not augmented the security of our island.

If the opinion of Heeren, that “commercial interests will not allow continental connexions to be neglected,” include political connexions, we dissent from it. If we maintain peace, and a liberal system of trade, and do not grasp at a monopoly, we shall have a profitable commerce, let the politics of the continent be what they may. For the further development of this principle of political economy, we have no space here.

“There is yet another ground,” says our professor, “which renders it impossible for an insular power, which occupies a permanent place in a political system, to be indifferent to the concerns of other states.” This is, “the maintenance of its station and dignity as a member of the system.” The United Provinces of the Netherlands, it is added by way of illustration, declined from the moment in which they took up a system, opposite to that of active interference in the affairs of Europe.

This illustration is surely most inapt; the United Provinces are *not* an insular power. It may be true, that a small continental power, liable to be invaded and conquered in a campaign, must make a friend of some power able to protect her; but *our* concern is with insular Britain. Assuredly, if she chooses to make herself a part of a continental system by alliances and intervention, the necessity of maintaining the character she has assumed will constantly involve her in new engagements. Thus stated, indeed, the argument is circular. Our question is, whether she

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\* See vol. viii. 50, 55, and xv. 7, 13.

acts *wisely* in putting herself in this position ; whether her dignity will not be effectually maintained by keeping up a respectable force, and showing that she can and will resent insult and resist aggression, without involving herself in alliances and guaranties.

With these remarks on his introduction, we follow M. Heeren through the six periods into which he divides his work.

I.\* *The Tudors prior to Elizabeth*, 1484—1558.

In this period the rivalry between the French and Austro-Spanish Houses first laid the foundation of a balance of power. The result was "four bloody wars between Francis I. and Charles V." Each party was anxious to gain our Henry VIII. to his side. During the lives of Louis XII. and Ferdinand the Catholic, Henry had been drawn into the league against the French King, and had made an unimportant expedition into France.† During the long contest between Charles and Francis, our fitful monarch took various parts. He was with Charles in the first war,‡ with Francis in the second,§ neuter in the third,|| in the fourth¶ again with Charles, who nevertheless "concluded a separate treaty, and left his ally to get out of his difficulties as he best could." The junction with Francis after the battle of Pavia, Heeren ascribes to an apprehension on Henry's part that Charles might become too powerful, but he admits that Henry's assistance of either party was insignificant, that "the pretended maintenance of the balance of power existed only in name," and that the part taken by England depended entirely upon the caprice of the king, the most capricious that ever wore a crown. We know not how far the vanity of Englishmen is flattered by the importance attributed to their alliance by the two great monarchs, or by the presumptuous treaty which Henry made with Charles V. for dividing France between them.\*\* Of the foreign affairs of Henry's reign little is now remembered, except that magnificent meeting in the field of the cloth of gold, at which the two monarchs—

clung

In their embracement, as they grew together.

This close conjunction, soon followed by open war between the two heroes of the splendid scene, together with the desertion of Henry by Charles V. in 1544, furnishes no inappropriate beginning of our narrative of friendships vowed and dissolved, of alliances made and disregarded.

The brief war with France, to which Mary was instigated by

\* P. 210. In our extracts we have, for the sake of convenience, adopted the accurate translation of Heeren's work, recently published by Talboys, Oxford, and made our reference to its pages.

† 1513.

‡ 1521.

§ 1528.

|| 1535.

¶ 1543.

\*\* See Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iv. p. 54.

her husband, and in which she lost Calais,—no loss according to Heeren and to us,—proves nothing but the evil of a matrimonial alliance with a sovereign prince.

## II.\* *Elizabeth*, 1558—1603.

“England under Elizabeth,” says Heeren, “raised herself to the first rank among nations. During this reign she first learnt her power and the proper sphere of her action; the old visions of continental conquest vanished away. All the family connections by which England had been united with the continent had been dissolved, and in their place arose relations of a very different character, produced by neither private interest, nor vain projects of aggrandizement. Elizabeth has the merit of having made her private interest subservient to that of her nation, or at least, of having united the two, whilst her predecessors were guided solely by the former; and this, notwithstanding the *cunning* and deceitfulness sometimes displayed in it, forms the principal feature of her glorious reign.”

In some of these positions the German Professor is carried away by enthusiasm, borrowed from the English writers who have sung the glories of Elizabeth, which sentiment, perhaps, none but a female sovereign could inspire; for it cannot fairly be denied, that England stood as high before the wars of the Roses, under Edward III. and Henry V., as under this celebrated queen. But it is true that those princes had objects of personal aggrandisement, while Elizabeth had no private end, except the gratification of her vanity. Fortunately, her vanity did not seek delight in extensive wars; and her unwillingness to lose either her popularity or her independence, by asking too much of her parliaments, occasioned a parsimony which greatly cramped her foreign politics. It is thus, we believe, in moderating the interference of England in continental affairs, that her interests were identified with those of her people. If England now took a higher rank among nations, it is rather owing to the chivalrous and poetical character of particular heroes, to the bravery and enterprize of her seamen and traders, to internal peace, under a skilful, though arbitrary, domestic administration. These, rather than the arts of diplomacy, were the causes of England's greatness.

Professor Heeren regards, as the most splendid proof of the superior practical ability of Elizabeth, the maintenance of peace, or rather the avoiding of open war for nearly thirty years with Philip II. of Spain, with whom (from her refusal of his hand) she had a personal ground of quarrel, as well as that which was afforded by her support of the protestant interest. Protestantism was, as he truly observes, the foundation of her foreign as well as of her domestic policy, and her protection of this

religion throughout Europe gave, as Mr. Canning said, in 1823,\* a distinctive character to the politics of her reign, which renders them unfit for comparison with our times. The question, therefore, whether the half-avowed and scanty succour which Elizabeth gave to the Hollanders, accompanied always by assurances to Philip of her desire to preserve their allegiance to Spain, was really the part of a magnanimous sovereign, is not immediately relevant to our inquiry. Much of the apparent management, which Heeren, in a well-chosen term, ascribes to the practical ability of Elizabeth, certainly arose out of divisions in her council, where some, evidently not the least discreet of her councillors, gave her this advice;—we wish that they could now repeat it in Downing Street.

“The queen to intermeddle no further in the Netherlandish affairs, but to strengthen and fortify her own kingdom; to engage all her good subjects daily more strictly to her by her bounty and clemency; to restrain the bad; gather money; furnish her navy with all sorts of provision; provide the border towards Scotland with stronger garrisons, and maintain the ancient military discipline in England, (as if the same were of late adulterated and corrupted by the Low-Country war). So would England become impregnable; and she on every side be secure at home, and a terror to her enemies. That this was the best way for those who had two powerful neighbours, to prevent war; for no man would willingly provoke those whom he saw to be provided of money and strength, backed with the love of their subjects, and ready and prepared to take revenge. Great indiscretion therefore it were, to spend money and soldiers, which are, as it were, the vital spirits of war, in a foreign quarrel, in behalf of other princes, or indigent states, (and these subject to another,) who will always be expecting fresh relief, or else out of necessity and ingratitude will at length provide for their own state and security, and neglect their first helpers. Whereof the English had heretofore had experience in France, to their cost, in the quarrel of the Burgundian, and not long since also in the defence of the Protestants there.” †

Heeren's notion that Elizabeth gave scanty supplies to the Dutch, because such were best calculated to develop their resources, is a gratuitous refinement. Her conduct, if not sufficiently accounted for by ministerial differences, by constitutional irresolution, and an inherent love of mystification, is also to be ascribed, in part, to an indisposition (of which we shall presently meet with an avowal) to encourage a *revolt*.

It did not occur, observes Heeren, to Elizabeth, while she fancied that “she was raising up a state which would never be able to act in opposition to British influence,” that the infant republic would become a rival to her own kingdom in commercial great-

\* See our vol. viii. 405.

† Camden, in Kennet, ii. 508, year 1585.

ness. She did not foresee, he might have added, that the fleets of that infant state would in less than seventy years be engaged with those of her own country; and be more than once, in after times, combined with those of Spain as well as France, in hostility to England. It does not necessarily follow that, if Elizabeth could have looked into futurity, her conduct ought to have been different; but the facts furnish one among many proofs of the hopelessness of all attempts to establish, any where, a permanent, uniform, and beneficial interest.

After a long course of hesitation, Elizabeth took a decided part, and war with Spain followed. Unquestionably the defeat of the Armada, though brought about by adverse elements as much as by the skill and bravery of our English seamen, was a great event, the consequence of which did not soon pass away. The spirit which Elizabeth displayed upon the threat of invasion was calculated to excite and encourage her people, and to raise the English character in Europe.

But this glorious result is not to be ascribed to the previous policy of Elizabeth; it would have been produced at any period of her reign by an attack from Spain; and, perhaps, if her previous conduct had been more clear and straightforward, the aggression might have been more entirely without justification.

Professor Heeren traces to this war with Spain the rise of our commercial greatness. "We sought and encountered," he says, "our enemies on distant seas, and thus were sown the seeds of many new branches of commerce, since England now sought to appropriate to herself her own carrying trade." We are not aware of any measure taken with this particular view; but unquestionably our mercantile and our military marine were in those days more closely connected, and voyages made for booty or conquest may have ultimately opened channels of peaceful traffic. Nevertheless, much as we have been accustomed to honour the memory of Sir Francis Drake, we cannot approve of the predatory, if not piratical, warfare, which he carried on against the Spaniards, long before the war broke out, and for which he was rewarded with knighthood by Elizabeth, to whose policy this half-avowed warfare was too exactly conformable.

The political game which Elizabeth played in France surpassed in subtlety, as Heeren tells us, even that which she carried on in the Netherlands. It was a case of coquetry, personal and political, which has never been equalled; and we really know of no one advantage, in profit or honour, which these mystifications produced. However, this is not a case of alliance or guaranty; the interest created by this matrimonial diplomacy was in its nature transient, and has entirely passed away. Of the policy of

assisting the Hugonots, as Elizabeth assisted them against Henry III. without breaking with France, we have much doubt. Elizabeth too, "being a prince herself, was *doubtful to give comfort to subjects*."\* But she possessed, at least at one time, the legitimate notion of keeping the *neighbouring* parts of France out of the hands of the Guises, enemies to her and to the protestant religion.† The case is not likely to occur again; no respectable sovereign of France would now permit England to give succour to his revolted subjects, whether religion or any other cause occasioned the revolt. The agreements for combined opposition to Spain, which Elizabeth concluded with Henry IV. after this prince became entitled to the French throne, were attended by the usual consequences. Each party complained of insufficient co-operation; and it is true that the co-operation was neither cordial nor effective. The defensive and offensive alliance concluded in 1596 was followed, so soon as 1598, by the separate peace of Vervins, against which Elizabeth in vain protested.

We have taken no notice of Elizabeth's doings in Scotland, because, happily, that is no longer a foreign country. And this is an important fact, in the consideration of the reign of Elizabeth and of all that preceded it. Until the union of the two crowns, the English government did not administer the affairs of an *island*. There was at all times a dangerous relation between Scottish politics and those of our continental neighbours; and in the time of Elizabeth this connexion had acquired a peculiar interest, affecting not only her religion, but her throne. All remarks, therefore, on *insular* policy, are inapplicable to a period prior to the accession of James I., the first of our monarchs who governed the entire island.

### ‡ III. *The Stuarts*, 1603—1689.

Professor Heeren, like other writers, contrasts James with his predecessor. The re-action which took place, as he says, on the accession of this prince, he ascribes to the hatred which the king bore to the Puritans, and his almost avowed partiality for Catholicism. To this partiality he traces, with more of protestant zeal than of accuracy,§ the peace with Spain, and the transactions with

\* Cabala, p. 143.

† Turner, iv. 141.

‡ Page 231.

§ Heeren says (p. 232), that James in "his very first speech to parliament declared in such plain words that Catholicism, (excepting the doctrine of the papal supremacy, which was detestable to him from its limiting the regal power,) was the religion of his heart, that it could not but destroy once and for ever the confidence of the nation in their king." We have no space for domestic matters; but we must just observe, that we differ widely from Heeren in his estimate of this speech. With the exception of certain passages in which he dwells perhaps a little too much upon his natural and inherent supremacy, the speech is a good speech. What the king says of the Catholics

the Netherlands. "No single advantage was gained by the peace of 1604." Hume takes a more favourable view of this treaty: between Spain and England, he observes very justly, there was really nothing to settle.

But, "the Netherlands were left to their fate." Now, in considering the treaty of 1603 as involving a departure from the policy of Elizabeth, historians forget that the last treaty which Elizabeth made with the States (1598), not only tended to reduce within narrower limits and less favourable terms her succour to the Dutch, but provided for the case of a separate peace with Spain. It is possible, and not improbable, that she would not, five years afterwards, have taken so long a step towards the utter abandonment of the cause of the Dutch, as her successor took when he promised to give no further assistance. But there is really no difference which amounts to a contrast. The plan of James's ministers, avowed to their own agents, was to continue to give assistance, in evasion of the treaty; and it is even said that there was a secret understanding with Spain to this effect; \* there is surely nothing here to offend an admirer of the mystifying policy of the queen.

Judged by the events which followed, James's policy was good; in three years a peace was concluded with Spain and the United Provinces. It may be true that, as we are told by Heeren, in the mediation of this truce Henry IV. of France had a greater share than James; and it even *may* be true—at least it is easily said—that "Elizabeth would have taken to herself the credit of the negotiation." We grant freely that the well-founded opinion prevalent in Europe of James's aversion to war made his negotiations inefficient. Our question is, To what good purpose would negotiation have been effectual, under the more vigorous administration of Elizabeth?

Heeren *passés* over, with one well-merited remark on the weakness of James, and so shall we, because it can have no bearing upon any question of principle, the affair of the Spanish match. But he accuses James of "betraying the continental interests of England," in withholding aid from his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. Now, in so far as James was influenced, upon the question of interfering in Bohemia, by the fear of offending Spain and losing the Infanta, or by his own notions of royalty,

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is no more than has been paraphrased in some of the most effective speeches upon the Catholic question. Indeed, if this communication to parliament be compared with those of Elizabeth, who on one occasion commanded the Commons "that no bills touching matters of state, or reformation of causes ecclesiastical, be exhibited," (Parl. Hist. i. 889,) it will not justify a charge of special arrogance against James.

\* See as to this, Parl. Deb. 1819, xl. 1096.

and sacrificed his public duty to his personal feelings, he was weak and even culpable; but it does not follow that his policy was hurtful. It is not shown how the interests of England were concerned in the establishment of the Elector Palatine on the throne of Bohemia. The truth is, Heeren is affected with much of the feeling which actuated James's parliament, and would approve of a war for the general advancement of the protestant interest.

It should be added, that King James did, at one time, send out a force to the support of the protestant princes of Germany. Is the contrast with Elizabeth found in the scantiness of this auxiliary force? It is true that the power of England, as wielded by James, "sank into so much insignificance as almost to become the ridicule of Europe." But Heeren has not shown, that this power, under his predecessor, had turned the scales in the political balance of Europe. This is really a style too loose for a grave professor, instructing persons less learned than himself. Whose fates, we ask, were balanced? To what side was the balance inclining? What weight, and with what effect, did Elizabeth throw in?

We dispute Heeren's conclusion, that the History of England under James shows "that a neglect of her continental interests is with her the signal of decline." Decline of *what*? Commerce flourished; the navy (as Heeren admits) was not neglected. And when did Englishmen exhibit more of a hardy vigour than in the period which immediately succeeded James? No—James made *himself* ridiculous; but he left England great and bold. The real contrast is, not between the measures of the two monarchs, but between their personal qualities.

The reign of Charles I. affords to Heeren little matter for observation. The king found himself involved in a war with Spain, which, though it "arose from the failure of the scheme of marriage," was the immediate result of advice given to his father by parliament, and accompanied by a promise of ample supplies.\*

The treaties of 1624 and 1625 with the United Provinces may be traced to the same origin; and the whole transaction illustrates the danger of founding political engagements upon a vote of parliament. But this and the inducements of the new parliament to withhold supplies from Charles I. are domestic considerations to which we shall no further advert.

The war with France began for no sufficient or intelligent reason, though the support of the Protestants was made a pretext. Even Heeren disapproves of this new instance of con-

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\* 1621, Parl. Hist. I. 1398.



nexions with the continent. Nor does he even mention the permission given by Charles to the Marquis of Hamilton to join Gustavus Adolphus with 6000 men.

Cromwell's war with the Dutch arose out of commercial and colonial rivalry, and the pretensions of England, which Cromwell knew well how to assert, to maritime pre-eminence. The war with Spain had a similar origin, and perhaps not a perfect justification: both these wars are in great part to be ascribed (we here agree with the professor) to Cromwell's personal ambition and policy, and the energy of his warlike character. Under him the British navy, which had not been neglected under the Stuart kings, acquired fresh laurels. On the whole, however, M. Heeren says much less than is usual in celebration of the energetic foreign policy of the Protector; he ascribes to him great and unaccomplished projects, not only for the extension of commerce and acquisition of colonies, but for the renewal of "conquests on the continent." Without going further into details, we may observe that Cromwell unquestionably restored the English character in Europe; and this because it was well known that he could and would fight, and fight hard, for the honour or interests of England; and that no Englishman would, under his government, sustain an unredressed injury from a foreign state.

We look in vain, it is truly said, for fixed principles under the remaining Stuarts; whose foreign policy was made subservient to their personal interest and plans of domestic ambition. The case of English kings bribed by France is one which we no longer consider of possible occurrence; on this account we do not examine the transactions of Charles II. with France and with the States General, although they furnish pregnant instances of unstable diplomacy and broken faith.

To one treaty, unnoticed by Heeren, we advert for an illustration of the great change of relations which even twenty years produce. England made, in 1669, during a lucid interval of the French mania, a treaty of alliance and general guaranty with *Spain*, for the particular purpose of securing Holland from attack.

#### IV.\* *William III. and Anne, 1689—1714.*

"The merit of having laid the foundations of those continental interests, which have lasted to our time, belongs undoubtedly to William." Rivalry with France, a principle which, according to our professor, was then established for ever, now succeeded Protestantism as "the soul of British policy." This

rivalry has occasioned and prolonged wars in all parts of the world, yet "it is undoubtedly a false estimate which would assert that the evils thence resulting, undeniable as they are, outweigh the advantages which have sprung from the same source." This position the professor supports by examples from ancient and modern history, in the tone which he probably uses in addressing the young men on the advantages of emulation. This line of argument is pursued at some length and greatly overcharged. Military strength, no doubt, is augmented by use; mercantile enterprize, and even social improvement, excited by competition: but surely, what we are now to quote is fanciful:—

"It was this which drew out the noblest qualities of both nations,—it was this which preserved that love of freedom and independence which is founded on patriotism,—it was this which kept alive the most lofty feelings of the human race,—it was this which not only brought to perfection the civilization of these nations, but also planted the seeds of European refinement in the most distant parts of the globe; and thus, what in the eyes of short-sighted mortals was frequently considered the source of misery and calamity became in the hands of Providence the means of producing and diffusing the perfection of our race."

The love of freedom in England did not arise from her rivalry with France, nor did it flourish most abundantly while we were engaged in war. No one of the lofty feelings which characterize either nation has been kept alive by their rivalry, unless it be the passion for military glory. Rivalry among nations always will exist, as amongst individuals; it is useless, therefore, to controvert an opinion which Heeren appears to entertain, that a nation ought to seek a rival for the sake of the benefit to be derived from the rivalry. This opinion, especially if applied to rivalry in war, we condemn upon the clearest principles of right and wrong.

At the accession of William, the rivalry between France and England was at a height sufficient for the theory of Professor Heeren. Even during the reign of Charles II., while the government was in the French interest, and indeed for that very reason, the people were opposed to France. To the ancient causes of jealousy had been added the connection between the French alliance and the Stuart projects for establishing the Roman Catholic religion and an arbitrary government. William's feelings, as a Protestant, a Dutchman, and a Prince of the German empire, interested in resisting the encroachments of Louis XIV., especially on the side of Flanders, were, in regard to France, quite in unison with those of the English who opposed the Stuarts before the Revolution, and now of nearly the whole

English nation; for few, even among the Jacobites, had any kindly disposition towards France.

Heeren observes in this place, that the colonial system of this country was now much extended, and hence resulted that unfortunate confusion of the colonies (that is, in geographical position), from which differences and wars have arisen. The remark is just, but misplaced; no such cause operated at this time to produce rivalry between France and England. The declaration of war set forth some commercial grievances, but none arising from the contiguity of colonies. On the contrary, colonial matters were rather more likely to occasion jealousies between the two countries now momentarily united under William.

It is however, on the whole, justly observed by Heeren, that "the interests of religion, of independence, and of commerce, were now involved in an extraordinary manner with the interests of the sovereigns themselves." Independence, religion, and William's own interests together, constituted the cause of England at this period. But it is remarkable that Heeren does not mention the maintenance of the Revolution, and the new settlement of the crown of England, among the causes and objects of the war of 1689. The support which Louis gave to the deposed James was quite sufficient to cause and justify war, independently of the reasons arising from the encroachments of the French king on the continent. William would unquestionably have been glad enough to bring England into the league of Augsburg, and perhaps Louis's warning against Holland would have been a sufficient inducement to the English parliament to concur with him; but the more immediate, unquestionable, and English cause of that war was, the assistance given by the King of France to the late King James.

In this view it was strictly a defensive war; but the accession of England to the first Grand Alliance, while it included a league with Austria, Spain, and Holland, for the maintenance of Westphalia and the Pyrenees, and an engagement *to use all their forces to obtain the Spanish monarchy for the Emperor*, characterize a war for the maintenance of the balance of power. The Grand Alliance, as Heeren says, "gave to the politics of Western Europe the character by which they were afterwards peculiarly distinguished. From this time, too, the maintenance of the Belgian provinces was one of the leading maxims of the continental policy of England." "In her subsequent policy, England merely continued to build upon the foundations which were here laid."

The extensive engagements into which England now entered gave her unquestionably a great advantage in her own battle with

France ; a battle which her internal divisions respecting the crown and government rendered her certainly less capable of fighting single-handed. It is not impossible that, if England had refused to enter into this anti-gallican league, and to become a party to the arrangements for the security of the German empire and the maintenance of the house of Austria, she would have derived no assistance from the allies in those points which more peculiarly affected her. Holland, a state which she was bound to defend, and which was now the country of her sovereign, might have been sacrificed, and her own powers of resisting invasion, at this time peculiarly dangerous, much diminished.

Moreover, it might have been difficult to qualify the co-operation. If England had said, "We are with you upon the question of the Netherlands, and we will oppose the aggrandizement of France upon the Rhine or in Germany; but we are not prepared to fight for the whole Spanish monarchy;" not only would the Emperor, a most important person in the alliance, have been discontented and affronted, but all Europe would have believed that William had some continental scheme of his own, or his English ministers some project of colonial aggrandizement.

These were forcible reasons for the accession of England to this great confederacy. What we are anxious to mark is, that they were *peculiar* reasons. It is therefore that we do not examine them more critically; they have no reference to a period in which the whole strength of England could be united against a foreign invader.

Yet of these extensive objects for which England engaged herself in 1689, the peace of Ryswick accomplished few. It made no provision for the Spanish succession, nor did it secure (with a single exception) any one of the more English objects. It provided no additional security for Holland or the Netherlands, and settled not one of the commercial questions which were enumerated among its original causes. It provided assuredly for the acknowledgment of King William's title to the throne of England, an acknowledgment forgotten almost as soon as made.

Soon after the incomplete arrangement of Ryswick, King William began to supply so much of the deficiency as regarded the Spanish inheritance. Of these negotiations M. Heeren says truly, that

"England became deeply involved in continental politics, and even if Louis XIV. had not forced her to war by recognizing the Pretender, contrary to the provisions of the treaty of Ryswick, she would scarcely have been able to preserve her neutrality. A contest was pending, upon the result of which, according to the principles of the policy of

that time, *whether just or not*, depended the maintenance of the political balance of Europe."

From these expressions we collect that Heeren himself is not quite satisfied of the wisdom of these partition treaties, the substance of which (omitting subordinate provisions) may be thus shortly stated\*:—By the first, concluded between England, France, and Holland, the two Sicilies, with the ports of Tuscany, and the province of Guipuscoa, were allotted to the Dauphin; Milan to the Archduke Charles; and the rest of the Spanish monarchy to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria. This favoured prince died, and the same parties again took upon themselves the disposal of the vast inheritance of Charles II., and now added the duchy of Lorraine to the allotment of the Dauphin, compensating the duke by the cession of Milan. Spain, with all the rest, was now given to the Archduke Charles. These arrangements were made without the consent or knowledge of the King of Spain, or of the Emperor, to whom the Grand Alliance had assured the whole Spanish monarchy. It appears to have been doubted, whether that stipulation was or was not still in force.† We do not remember to have seen it mentioned,—probably, indeed, it was not known at the time to the Tory opposition, who might fairly have used it,—that in the negotiation for the Partition Treaties there was a suggestion that England should have Mahon or some other ports in the Mediterranean. William appears not to have insisted upon this; his great point was the Netherlands, and he preferred a French prince at Madrid to a French garrison in Luxemburg.‡

Modern writers generally condemn these treaties, whereby a whole monarchy was parcelled out, without the justification or provocation of war, by strangers having no legal claim to any part of it.§ Whether, upon the principles of the balancing

\* 11th Oct. 1698. Koch, ii. 10.

† King William to Pensionary Heinsius, 16th April, 1698. Hardwicke Papers, ii. 343. The breach of the engagement with the Emperor constituted one of the articles of impeachment against Lord Somers for the Partition Treaty. See the first four articles, and the answers of Lord Somers, in which he takes no notice of this particular. Parl. Hist. v. 1266.

‡ Hardwicke Papers, ii. 346, 350.

§ Mr. Macaulay has lately defended the Partition Treaties in his review of Lord Mahon's History of the Succession War, against the charge of making the partition "without the slightest reference to the states so readily parcelled and allotted." He justifies William by mentioning various treaties from the Pyrenees to Vienna, in which nations have disposed of territory for the supposed general good. Upon this we observe, 1, that one wrong will not justify another; but 2, that most of these treaties were made at the end of a war, in reference to countries conquered by one or other party. But it is further argued, that the object of the treaties was the same with that of the subsequent war, and that the danger which was sufficient to justify the war was sufficient to justify the treaty: and certainly, if England and the other powers

system, they are utterly indefensible; it is rather for the advocates of that theory to determine. It is enough for us that these stipulations were utterly useless. Well, indeed, might the plain-dealing William be surprised at the liberality displayed by the French in this negotiation. It was easy for these unscrupulous diplomatists to consent to an unequal division of the spoil, prepared as they were to defeat the whole scheme by their intrigues; a result which we may always expect when we go beyond that which we have a right to require and are able to maintain. In the present instance the king did not even attempt to stand by his bargain. Unwillingly, no doubt, but from dire necessity, and because England would not go readily to war against speculative dangers, William acknowledged the King of France's grandson as King of Spain, again putting by the house of Austria.

Lord Mahon \* has celebrated the wise policy of King William in acknowledging Philip V. and "biding his time" for a successful opposition.

It is probable that he would have declared war without loss of time, if he had found his Parliament willing to support him;† but he made a wise use of the experience which the failure of the first Grand Alliance and of the Partition Treaties had furnished, in moderating the views of his continental allies, or in limiting, at least, his own participation in them. In the new treaty which William and the States General made with the Emperor, there was no longer mention of the whole Spanish monarchy; they stipulated only to unite their efforts for procuring for the Emperor a full satisfaction for his rights, and with this view to attempt the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands, Milan, the Sicilies, and the Tuscan ports. The security of Great Britain and of Holland was the other main object of the alliance,‡ and it was agreed that

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were justified in fighting to prevent the addition of the Spanish monarchy to the possessions of the house of Bourbon, they were justified in negotiating with the same view. But this remark does not justify the conclusion of the treaty, otherwise than upon a full communication with all parties concerned, still less does it justify the desertion of our ally. In fact, moreover, England did not go to war for the balance of power; she had a sufficient cause of war in her own wrongs. Mr. Macaulay condemns the provisions of the Partition Treaties, because there was no chance of their being executed.—*Edin. Rev.* lvi. 499.

\* War of Succession, p. 41.

† The king made no direct application to Parliament which was refused; both houses gave general promises of support, and the Commons addressed the king specifically to negotiate with the States General and other potentates for the mutual safety of their kingdom, and of the States General, and the general security of Europe; and they partially requested him to preserve the treaty of the 3rd of March, 1677-8, which was a defensive alliance with the States. But they condemned the Partition Treaties, and impeached their supposed authors, and they did not vote the means of a war.

‡ Koch, ii. 28.

neither party should make peace without common consent, after having secured satisfaction for the Emperor and the safety of the Dutch, and provided that the crowns of France and Spain should not be united.

These terms did not go beyond the necessity of the case, if we admit two things (which at least we shall not dispute here), namely; first, that we were bound by interest, or by treaty, or by both, to take care of the safety of the United Provinces; and, secondly, that their safety could not be ensured while the Spanish Netherlands were in the hands of France. The satisfaction of the Emperor was a necessary stipulation, and moreover little burthensome, inasmuch as to assign to him the Low Countries was precisely the arrangement best suited to the purposes of the alliance.

We do not know how king William contrived, after having in September, 1701, concluded this treaty with the Emperor, who was at war with France, to keep it in abeyance until he should find an opportunity of rousing the spirit of his people.

Though not immediately put into execution, this treaty is not liable to the objections which we make to speculative or prospective engagements. The circumstances to which it was applicable existed, the necessity of applying it was felt by all the parties, and an early application of it was desired and intended.

The haughtiness and treachery of Louis XIV. soon furnished the opportunity desired, in various petty injuries, and in the great wrong of acknowledging the Pretender. King William appealed to his people in a speech, the last which he delivered, which was printed with decorations in English, Dutch, and French; and hung up in almost every house in England and Holland, as his majesty's last legacy to his own and all Protestant people. This appeal was followed by the most glorious and successful of our wars.

If this second Grand Alliance be tried by the result, it will be fully justified. In the fifth year of the war (1706) the allies had in their hands a treaty, whereby all the objects of the alliance were accomplished. Spain and the Indies, the Netherlands and the Milanese, would have been ceded by the house of Bourbon. The allies then, and again at a later period, refused to make peace upon these terms, and they finally obtained none so good. The conduct of the English ministers in rejecting the terms of the Hague and Gertruydenberg, and of their successors in making the peace of Utrecht,\* is not precisely within the scope

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\* Mr. Macaulay, in the article already referred to, gives an opinion in favour of the peace of Utrecht.

of our present investigation, nor can it be discussed without a consideration of domestic politics, for which we have no place here.\*

The success of the allied armies in the earlier years of the war, unquestionably induced the English people, as well as the ministers, to take a higher ground than that which the prudence of William had selected. In 1707, both houses of Parliament laid before the Queen their unanimous opinion, "*That no peace can be beneficial for your majesty or your allies, if Spain, the West Indies, or any part of the Spanish monarchy, be suffered to remain under the power of the house of Bourbon.*"† It is difficult, even for a strenuous upholder of the balancing theory, to refuse assent to Bolingbroke's opinion, "That the war was wise and just before the change," effected by this vote and the corresponding conduct of ministers, "because necessary to maintain that equality among the powers of Europe on which the public peace and common prosperity depend; and that it was unwise and unjust after this change, because unnecessary to this end, and directed to other and contrary ends."‡

The modifications occasioned by the Succession war in the British continental policy, "encreased," according to Heeren, "its strength and its sphere of action. 1st. The old connections, especially that with *Austria*, were greatly strengthened. . . . It is true that the alliance fell to pieces towards the end of the war, but still it is an example without parallel that it should have lasted so long; and even that the dissolution was but temporary, and the tie was renewed as soon as circumstances demanded it."

Surely, the history of our relations with Austria illustrates the instability more than the continuousness of the connexion. The tie was renewed! and how soon was it again broken? In the course of the next half century we shall find alliances innumerable, some with and some against Austria, a fierce war to support, and another to restrain her!

2nd. Our connection with Portugal was cemented by the Methuen treaty. This is true, and it has undoubtedly been the most continuous of our foreign relations. Whether the Methuen

\* The principal stipulations of Utrecht were these:—The recognition of the Hanover succession; the recantation by Philip V. of his eventual claim to the throne of France, and the eternal separation of the two crowns; the fortifications of Dunkirk to be demolished; Hudson's Bay, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, ceded by France to England. The Spanish Netherlands given to Austria, *with a barrier for the Dutch*. England to retain Gibraltar, and to have Minorca from Spain, and the *Assiento* or contract for negroes for thirty years. The Duke of Savoy to have the kingdom of Sicily. The Emperor to have Naples and Milan.

† Parliamentary History, vi. p. 609.

‡ Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iv. p. 87.



treaty (now dissolved) was as advantageous as Heeren deems it, we greatly doubt. Nor are we of opinion that much good has resulted from the political connexion. From the position of Portugal it is desirable that she should not be our enemy. Her shores may make an inconvenient addition to the line of possibly hostile coast which France, Holland, and Spain may present to us. True; but these questions nevertheless arise:—Whether her connexion with England does not attract the enmity of our enemies? Whether the necessity of defending Portugal has been at any time burthensome to us? Whether she has been our friend in any war with Spain or France, in which she would not have been so equally without the ancient alliance?

3rd. Subsidies were first granted by England. Of these hereafter.

4th. “The Spanish Netherlands now became the property of Austria, which thus became the *natural ally* of England; and when the Italian possessions of Spain were given up, partly to Austria, partly to Sardinia, new points of connexion arose between these states and England, who had already, by the possession of Gibraltar and Minorca, gained a firm footing in the Mediterranean.” Austria became our natural ally, as interposed between France and Holland, and interested in preventing the encroachments of France on the north-eastern frontier. We shall see her the ally of France! Our affairs in the Mediterranean have been little affected by the transfer of territory in Italy. Some of our eminent statesmen have thought Gibraltar of little value; we cannot so consider a defensible naval station in any part of the world.

It is truly added that the Assiento treaty and the acquisition of Nova Scotia, scattered the seeds of future wars.

The professor invites us to conclude from the foregoing history, that when the house of Hanover ascended the throne “the continental interests of England were in their leading features already fixed. . . . The rivalry with France was the foundation on which those relations were built.” Unquestionably the wars and treaties which produced these new relations grew out of our jealousy of the French power; but neither was that jealousy (a term more appropriate than rivalry), specially apparent in the new arrangements, nor was the new state of Europe particularly calculated to excite it.

It is true that the friendly connexion with France, which immediately followed the peace of Utrecht, was only the consequence of a family dispute of the Bourbons, and with the dispute itself it ceased. What occurred during the temporary suspension of this jealousy may, perhaps, enable us to judge,

whether our foreign affairs might not have been managed, at other periods also, without that continued reference to this rivalry with France, which others, besides Heeren, regard not so much as an historical fact as a political principle.

To say that our continental relations were now fixed, is indeed a bold flight of theory above the regions of fact !

V.\* *George I. II. III. to the French Revolution, 1714—1789.*

Notwithstanding the remark with which he concludes the preceding section, on the *fixedness* of our foreign relations, Heeren tells us very truly, that “the continental interests of England became closer and more complicated under the House of Hanover.” The Peace of Utrecht had left us without intimate connexions, though our alliance with the United Provinces and with Portugal were still in force. But England now commenced an extensive course of alliances, upon the origin and tendency of which we cannot entirely agree with our author.

Professor Heeren is a subject of the King of Hanover, and a knight of the Guelphic Order. We believe that this order, according to its statutes, is to be conferred upon those persons only who have rendered signal services to the kingdom of Hanover. Heeren earns his star and riband by a confident rejection of the opinion entertained by English politicians,—that, during the reigns of George I. and George II., the interests of Hanover constituted the main foundation of the policy of England. It is, perhaps, from being hampered by this partial feeling, that Heeren is less clear than usual in his history of the transactions of 1714—1720.

He ascribes “the long chain of political connexion” which that period introduced, altogether to the existence of a Pretender. Great vigilance, certainly, and the cultivation of powerful friendships, were required by a circumstance which gave the only possible chance of success to a hostile invasion of England; and thus may some of the alliances of this period be justified. But we must look elsewhere to account for the creation of new points of contact and the provocation of new enmities, which characterized the policy of our first German king.

It was obviously probable that an enemy of England would make common cause with the Pretender; but it will soon appear, that powers which had no thought of quarrelling with England espoused the cause of the Pretender to the English throne, because they had a quarrel with the Elector of Hanover, who

happened to be also King of England. This truth, indeed, Heeren appears in the sequel\* to suspect.

We ascribe, in some measure, to electoral politics, even the first alliance† which George I. made; it might have been from a desire to have powerful allies in case of an attack from France and the Pretender, that he entered into a defensive league with the Emperor;‡ but the imperial confirmation of the purchase of Bremen and Verden, and with that view, the conciliation of the court of Vienna, were probably motives equally powerful with the Elector-King. At all events, no good resulted from this commencement of the voluminous diplomacy of George I., for, within one year, he made another treaty of alliance, which gave great umbrage to his imperial friend.

This was the *Triple Alliance* between England, the States, and France.§ France was now, in the revolution of affairs, allied with England, for the purpose of enforcing against Spain the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht, brought about by our contest with France and Spain jointly!

It is easy to account for this unwonted connexion, by the particular circumstances in which the two branches of the House of Bourbon were placed; and to regard these circumstances as fortuitous accidents which happened to counteract the dangerous tendency of the Peace of Utrecht. The grand projects of Alberoni,—the more immediate occasion of the union with France,—his schemes for displacing the Regent, and securing to Philip V. the preferable succession to the crown of France; for dethroning George I.; and for recovering the lost possessions of Spain,—had assuredly not been foreseen. But the opposing interests of the houses of Anjou and Orleans were not entirely unforeseen;||

\* P. 289.

† The treaty of 6 Feb. 1716, with the Dutch, was a renewal of the former alliance. To this treaty of renewal an article was added (Koch and Schoell, ii. 177), stipulating that the *casus fœderis* should be deemed to exist, not only when one of the two allies should be attacked, à main armée, but when a neighbour should make preparations for war against either of them, or should threaten them, either by extraordinary levies, or in any other manner, so that the ally should be obliged, by just apprehensions, also to arm. To this article, says Koch, England appealed in 1779. (Ann. Reg. p. 422, 429.)

‡ 25 May, 1716.

§ Horace Walpole says, that France proposed this alliance; and offered to stipulate for the neutrality of the Low Countries, in the event of a war with the Emperor; whereupon Townshend said, "None but France, who is used to contrive such amusing schemes, could pretend to propose to stipulate with a third power a neutrality for dominions belonging to another, who may not consent to it. For what could such a convention between the French and the Dutch signify, if the Emperor, who is master of the country, should not think it for his interests to second it!"—*Coxe's Sir R. Walpole*, i. 89.

|| Although we cannot immediately find it in the un-indexed correspondence of Bolingbroke, we are confident that he laid stress upon this expected rivalry.

and it was in the nature of things that the new King of Spain should become more and more of a Spaniard, and that all the ordinary causes of jealousy should operate, under the Bourbon, as under the Austrian, dynasty. Granted, however, that the community of interests with the government of France was an event upon which we could not reckon,—the more improbable such an occurrence was, the more strongly does it illustrate the uncertainty of political speculations, and the consequent impolicy of contracting engagements adapted to only one state of affairs.

Assuredly, the Triple Alliance arose out of English interests. Heeren takes great pains to prove that certain transactions with the northern powers, which shortly preceded it, were equally English in their origin. Carrying us back to the latter years of the seventeenth century, he tells us, that England had usually sided with Denmark in her wars with Sweden, which did not prevent the Danes from joining with Holland against her—(how many more such instances will satisfy us?)—in the war which was terminated at Breda. In 1700, England had mediated and *guaranteed* a peace between the two northern powers, at Travendahl.\* During the wars of Queen Anne, England attended little to the North, only watching lest Sweden should join her enemies. When she resumed her attention to northern affairs, after the Peace of Utrecht, a new power had acquired importance, namely, *Russia*. And a question, as Heeren says, arose, or as, perhaps, would be said more correctly, might have arisen, in what point of view was England to regard the growth of Russia, in reference to her own interests? We know not how or when this question was discussed in an English cabinet; but this country was soon involved in the affairs of the North, by a transaction which Heeren labours hard to connect rather with English than with German politics. In a war between Sweden and Denmark, in which, notwithstanding our treaties, we had taken no part, the Danes had obtained possession of Bremen and Verden, part of the German possessions of Sweden. These duchies Sweden sold to Hanover in 1715, by a treaty which also stipulated that George, as Elector of Hanover, should declare war against Sweden. And to support this war, George, now also King of England, sent a British squadron to join the Danes in the Baltic. England, it is true, had, or made, some complaints against Sweden for unexplained impediments put in the way of her Baltic trade; but the expedition had no reference to these. The quarrel with Sweden

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\* There was also a defensive alliance between England and Sweden, not only for mutual defence, but for the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe.—(Koch, *xiii*. p. 172.)

was German, and German only. The Czar now attacked Mecklenburg and threatened Denmark, and we thus became embroiled with Russia also. Charles XII. imitated Alberoni in uniting with the Jacobites; the war against him thus became defensive of English interests, but it was not the less German in its origin. The Elector of Hanover made the enemy, and the King of England fought him. The projects of the king of Sweden were soon defeated by the seizure of his treacherous minister, Gyllenberg; and the death of Charles himself followed.\* The new government of Sweden made peace with George, confirmed the sale of Bremen and Verden, and made an alliance with him as King of England, especially directed against Russia.† After an attempt to show that Bremen and Verden, from their favourable position in respect of the English intercourse with Germany, were valuable acquisitions to England,—(which position, to be true, must suppose the politics of England and Hanover to be always identified,)—Heeren admits that, in this alliance against Russia, England undertook what she was not able to perform. Nor, indeed, does he conceive that the repression of Russia was desirable, inasmuch as her growing prosperity afforded a fresh market for the manufactures of England, while she furnished the English navy with ship-building materials in abundance.—England, he adds, became passive in the north, until Russia began to take part in the west and south of Europe.

The Triple Alliance was justified by the peculiar circumstances of the time. So far, indeed, as it provided for the execution of the late treaties of peace, it would have been right at any time. England ought not only to preserve her own faith inviolate, but to see that no stipulation, to which she is a party, is broken or evaded. This scrupulous estimate of the inviolability of compacts affords a powerful reason against making them. It might be added, that the stipulations which were now in danger were just of that sort which England, as a maritime power, could most easily enforce.

Nothing but the disputed title to the throne justifies, as we conceive, the other stipulation of the treaty,—the engagement for reciprocal support in case of attack; and this justification rests, not so much upon the value of the expectation of succour from France, as upon the importance of securing the friendship, or rather, averting the enmity, of the Regent.

The arms and the diplomacy of England were, on this occasion, equally successful. In pursuance of his project, for counteracting the stipulations of Utrecht, Alberoni sent a Spanish force to

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\* Dec. 11, 1718.

† Koch, vol. xiii. p. 288.

seize Sardinia, and in the next year Sicily, the respective allotments of the Houses of Austria and Savoy. England, France, the Emperor, and (after some unwillingness) Holland, united in a *quadruple* alliance, for enforcing terms of peace. Sicily was now assigned to Austria, and Sardinia to Savoy; Spain and Savoy were to have three months to accede, and on failure, to be forced into compliance.

A particular stipulation in these terms of peace, exhibits the minuteness of the interference into which England was led by her interposition in the affairs of Spain. A settlement in Italy, namely, Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia, in reversion, were assigned to Don Carlos, the son of the second wife of Philip V., and from this time, as it has been truly observed, it would appear that Europe had no more important interest than that of procuring a sovereignty for the son of an ambitious and intriguing queen.\*

As Spain would not agree to these terms, a war ensued, short and decisive. Our naval victories in the Mediterranean† had the greatest share in obliging the King of Spain to accede to the terms; and, on the whole, although forced transfers of territory are never commendable, the transaction set forth in a favourable light the power of England and her navy. It has been said, that the instructions to Admiral Byng were exchanged against the investiture of Bremen and Verden; but they certainly might have emanated from a council in which King William or Lord Godolphin presided.‡

But now came the rage for alliances, which distinguishes the period. France and Spain, Spain and England, these two powers and France, all bound themselves in 1720 and 1721 by mutual guarantees, from which, as usual, England derived no advantage. Even to Heeren, the policy of England during the latter year of George I. exhibits "no fixed plan of proceeding;" and he notices the ignorance of the real designs of foreign courts, which has often been ascribed to English governments. But he admits that, while the policy of the continental states was complicated, and dictated by personal motives, the guiding principle of British policy was the maintenance of peace.

Although the treaties between France, Spain, and England

\* Koch, vol. ii. p. 171.

† Especially that off Cape Passaro, Aug. 11, 1718.

‡ Although we have been led perhaps further into the question of Hanoverian influence than our plan required, we have abstained from the consideration of ministerial and party politics as affected by that influence. For the most authentic and pleasing, as well as the most recent narrative of occurrences in the time of George I., we would refer to the first volume of Lord Mahon's History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to that of Aix-la-Chapelle.

had accomplished the principal objects of the Quadruple Alliance, many points still remained to be adjusted, especially between Spain and the Emperor; and for this purpose a congress was appointed to meet at Cambray. The history of this meeting furnishes an instructive lesson to diplomatists. Two years elapsed before preliminaries were so far adjusted as to allow the congress to assemble; Charles and Philip, the late rivals for the Spanish throne, seemed as widely opposed as ever, and neither could be brought to renounce the titular sovereignty of the countries which he had agreed to abandon. Then the maritime powers had a quarrel with the Emperor about his Ostend Company; and fresh difficulties arose, even on the part of the Pope, in the way of the provision for Don Carlos, by which peace had been purchased. These were so far removed as to allow the congress to meet in 1724, but not without a fresh *guaranty* on the part of France and England.\* Then more disputes about titles, and a contest between the two successors of Charles V. for the sovereignty of the ancient order of the Golden Fleece.

These were formidable difficulties, but the allies must interfere still further, and recommend a wife to the young king, Louis XV. A Spanish infanta was selected, and actually sent to Paris, whence she was sent back by the French minister, who chose rather to marry his master to the daughter of King Stanislaus of Poland. And then it appeared how a small and personal matter might overturn the speculations of wise politicians. The Queen of Spain became indignant, and commenced a clandestine negotiation with her enemy the Emperor, broke off the congress, and became the close ally of the house of Austria. The queen and her upstart minister, Ripperda, discovered that Charles VI. had an object to which he was not less devoted than was Elizabeth Farnese herself to the aggrandizement of her son. The King of Spain became the first power in Europe who guaranteed the *pragmatic sanction*, whereby the Austrian dominions were to pass to the Emperor's daughter, and thus, each gratified in its favourite object, the courts of Vienna and Madrid became intimate friends, and turned upon the allies, who had vainly attempted to reconcile them before. The Emperor agreed to support Spain, at least by good offices, in her endeavours to recover Gibraltar from England; and Spain gave to Austria commercial privileges, at which English and Dutch were equally offended.

Such were the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna;† it was suspected at the time that there were others, hostile to the in-

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\* Jan. 24, 1724.

† April 30, 1725.

terests of England and of the house of Hanover. It was suspected that a match was in contemplation between Don Carlos and Maria Theresa; that the Emperor was to assist Spain in recovering Gibraltar by force, and that the Pretender was to be aided in his attempts upon the British throne. Heeren, differing from Archdeacon Coxe,\* deems these suspicions erroneous. But England and France were alarmed, and induced Prussia to join in a treaty at Hanover,† for counteracting the alliance of Vienna. That alliance was strengthened by the accession of Russia, while the Hanover allies obtained Denmark. Prussia seceded,‡ having a separate intrigue with the Emperor, for some personal object in the empire, and Sweden joined first the one and then the other alliance. Thus Europe was divided into two great confederacies; England, now entirely separated from Austria, belonged to that in which France also was found.§

There were indications of war, but none actually ensued. England sent squadrons to the West Indies, the Mediterranean. and the Baltic, but without orders to commence hostilities: and; although Spain laid siege to Gibraltar, the pacific dispositions of Walpole and Fleury averted war altogether. Charles VI. suspended his Ostend Company, and an armistice was concluded for seven years.|| Other matters were to be settled at Soissons, where another congress met, to afford fresh proofs of the instability of political affairs. France and England contrived to estrange Spain from Austria, and the union now was England, France, and Spain! These powers made at Seville ¶ a treaty of defensive alliance and guaranty. The all-important provision for Don Carlos was not forgotten. It was stipulated that Spanish troops should occupy his intended duchies.

Now, the Emperor was enraged, and perhaps not without

\* Austria, ch. 87.

† Sept. 3, 1725. There was a guaranty of all possessions, a defensive alliance for fifteen years, a guaranty of the treaties of Westphalia and Oliva. Heeren calls it the treaty of *Herrenhausen*.

‡ August, 1726, she joined the Vienna allies, and guaranteed the pragmatic sanction.

§ When these treaties were laid before Parliament, it was objected by the Tories, that they bound England to go to war for the king's German dominions, contrary to the Act of Settlement; whereupon it was resolved, on the motion of Henry Pelham, to assure the king that the house would "support his majesty against all insults and attacks that any prince or power, in resentment of the just measures which his majesty had so wisely taken, shall make against any of his majesty's territories or dominions, though not belonging to the crown of Great Britain." This would have been very right, if the king's "just measures" had reference only to the interests of Great Britain. Feb. 16, 1726.—*Parl. Hist.* viii. 506. The Lords voted a similar address.

|| Prelim. of Paris, 31 May, 1727.

¶ Nov. 9, 1729; Holland acceded on 21st. George I. had been succeeded by George II. on 22d June, 1727.



reason, at the defection of his new ally; and, on the death of the Duke of Parma, whose succession had been guaranteed to the Spanish prince, he seized that duchy. France now attached herself more closely to Spain; Elizabeth Farnese, instead of relying upon the allies of Seville, declared that she was no longer bound by that treaty. The friendship between England and France grew cool; the ministers of the courts of London and the Hague negotiated in the Austrian capital for the concerns of Spain, without the participation of the court of Versailles. From this negotiation arose the second treaty of Vienna,\* by which Austria and England were once more united. The Emperor, the Queen of Spain, and the maritime powers, severally obtained their pet objects. Charles procured the reversion of his hereditary dominions for his daughter; Elizabeth Farnese, the Italian duchies for her son; England and Holland, the abolition of the Ostend Company.

“The interference of England,” says Heeren in reviewing the reign of George I.,† “was manifestly attended with beneficial results to the whole political system of Europe. The preservation of peace was its object, and peace was either maintained or restored,”‡ 1, by the Quadruple Alliance, and the defeat of the schemes of Alberoni; 2, by terminating, through the intervention of England, the war in the North, and especially by maintaining Sweden as an independent state. We have already expressed our qualified concurrence in Heeren’s approbation of the interference of England in the Mediterranean. As to the North, it is remarkable that Heeren does not mention, in his narrative, the occurrence to which he apparently refers in this summary, namely, the resistance offered in 1719 by the British fleet in the Baltic to the Czar Peter, when, in alliance with Denmark, he was ravaging the coasts of Sweden. Sir John Norris§ joined the Swedes, and the Russians retired without meeting the combined fleet. Denmark was persuaded to make peace, but the treaty of Nystadt between Russia and Sweden, which was not accomplished until after an interval of two years, deprived Sweden of several of her provinces. It is not easy to reconcile Heeren’s own remark || on the attempts which England now made to resist Russia,—her unwarranted reliance upon her navy,—and the advantage which she derived from the progress of Russia,—with his present view of her effectual interference on behalf of Sweden.

The beneficial effects of George’s policy Heeren sums up thus:—1. The security of the Hanover succession: 2. High consideration in the political system of Europe: 3. Peace. Yet

\* 16 March, 1731.

† He probably means to include the earlier years of George II.

‡ P. 288.

§ Mahon, vol. i. p. 529.

|| See *ante*, p. 156.

Under each head he has some misgivings. He sees it possible that the interference of George I. on the continent may be said to have produced the attacks upon his throne. And he admits that "particularly in the last six years of his reign, his interference assumed the character of over-activity, without, at the same time, maintaining that stability which is the indispensable condition of all alliances; and moreover that measures were adopted, which nothing but a concurrence of fortunate circumstances prevented from causing disastrous consequences. He ascribes too to this period the *illusion*, that England could accomplish more than was really possible by her fleets and by her subsidies. In short, he almost gives up this diplomatic reign as an illustration of his theory. For, although he does not qualify his boast of the "high consideration" which England maintained, we may safely pronounce our own judgment, that *that* policy could not raise the character of England to any beneficial purpose, which provoked the hostilities which it resisted; formed alliances which were in their nature unstable; set an exaggerated value upon its means; and only by accident preserved peace and averted disaster.

Among the precipitate measures which in Heeren's opinion would have led to great evils, if it had not been followed by a train of fortunate circumstances, the principal is the Hanover treaty, which separated England from Austria, "the only continental power in the south of Europe with which it could be connected by any permanent interests."\* The consequence was the union of Prussia with Austria, for various private objects; and war was prevented only by the appointment of the pacific Fleury to the administration in France, while Walpole was still minister of England.

It appears to us that the probability of war arose from the treaty of Vienna and not from that of Hanover. Nor does the justification of the Hanover treaty rest altogether upon the existence of the secret articles. There was enough in what was immediately published, to show that Spain and Austria had united their interest with no friendly feeling towards England. And we are surprised that our professor, an advocate of the balancing theory, should find fault with England for drawing closer the ties of her alliance with France, and also forming one with Prussia—those being the two powers most likely and most competent to assist her in a war with Spain and Austria. True it is that Prussia soon deserted this new alliance, although other powers joined it. Upon the principles which we are endeavour-

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\* P. 286, 292.

ing to establish, the Hanover treaty may be condemned, but it was surely quite *en règle*; and, though we admit that it did no good, we cannot perceive that it did any harm; or that it added to the probability of war. If England is chargeable with deserting Austria, the desertion is to be dated from the last four years of Queen Anne. From that time, although they had acted together in the Quadruple Alliance, there had been no cordiality between the two powers. Austria was now induced, as it is supposed, by corruption, to make other friends. She quitted England, not England her.

The Austrian alliance is chiefly valuable to England when she is at war with France. At this time, England had no quarrel with her ancient rival; and it is the opinion, strongly expressed, of Heeren himself, that "it was peculiarly our good understanding with that power which was of infinite service to the Hanover succession in this emergency."—p. 290.

The following remarks are too striking to be omitted.

"England was now in friendship with all the world, without possessing a single true friend in the political sense of the term. . . . She had engaged herself in a tissue of treaties, out of which it seemed scarcely possible she should extricate herself. Had she been prepared to fulfil all her engagements, scarcely a war could have arisen in any quarter of Europe in which she would not have been implicated; nay, in which she would not have been obliged to furnish auxiliaries in several quarters at once."—p. 296.

The elective crown of Poland now produced a war from which England with difficulty kept herself clear. The emperor, united with Russia and Prussia, espoused the cause of the Elector of Saxony, because he wished to obtain his guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction. France, Spain, and Savoy took the part of the abdicated King Stanislaus Leczinski. All writers condemn Charles VI. for thus provoking the hostility of the house of Bourbon. His Italian dominions were soon overrun: and now England began to feel the inconvenience of her alliances and guarantees. Heeren says truly, that our treaty with the emperor was defensive only; but the line between defence and offence is not precisely drawn; the belligerent and the neutral put different constructions upon the treaty; and so it happened now. Charles VI. invoked the treaty of Vienna, but Walpole temporized. It does not appear that he distinctly admitted or denied the occurrence of the *casus fœderis*; but he offered mediation instead of co-operation. The United Provinces were also parties to the alliance; he was, perhaps, justified in refusing to act without them, for this is another practice incident to alliances, comprehending more than two parties. Is one party bound to assist another, whilst the third party to the treaty refuses? If

guarantees were to be respected, there was another which required our interposition. England had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva, which forbade foreign interference in the election of a king of Poland; the spirit of this guaranty, perhaps, condemned equally both parties; but not so thought the emperor, who called upon England to make good this engagement also. Although George II. refused, he procured one stipulation peculiar to this war, whereby he accomplished an object always deemed of importance to England and to her ancient ally, though he by no means satisfied the emperor. He obtained the consent of France to the neutrality of the Netherlands, and thus averted the evils and dangers of war from Holland.

The events of the Polish war were unfavourable to the emperor; who concluded, under the mediation of the maritime powers, a treaty of peace, whereby he at length obtained from France the guaranty of the Pragmatic Sanction. Stanislaus was persuaded to renounce the crown of Poland, retaining the empty title of king, with the duchies of Bar and Lorraine for his life, with reversion to France. To make way for this arrangement, the reversion of Tuscany, after the death of the then Grand Duke, was given to the house of Lorraine; and Don Carlos, so important a personage in all these arrangements, was promoted to the throne of the Two Sicilies, resigning Parma and Placentia to the emperor. The interests of England were little affected by these arrangements. If her refusal to take part in the war, and especially to give succour to Austria, did tend to lower her character in the political system; it cannot be said that she suffered anywhere through her forbearance. Prince Eugene, on the part of the emperor, made a forcible appeal to the English minister; setting forth the dangers of England from the expected aggrandizement of the house of Bourbon, and her inability to resist an invasion in favour of the Pretender, if her fleets should meet with a disaster. We are clearly of opinion that England would not have been justified in siding with the emperor, whereby she would have provoked the immediate hostility of France, for the sake of preventing the contingent aggrandizement of that power, and increased danger from future hostilities. But she would have taken this resolution of neutrality with more of credit, if not of effect, if she had not been hampered by previous and complicated engagements, which certainly exposed her to the charge of broken faith, and desertion of her friends.

England was at last engaged in a war, which, though, in one sense, it did arise out of a treaty, was not the result of continental connexions or engagements. It is rather to be set down to the account of commerce. The treaty of Utrecht

had allowed to the English a limited trade to the Spanish ports in America; our merchants were in the habit of evading the limitation, and the Spaniards claimed a right of searching them at sea, to ascertain whether their trade was lawful or not. It appears now to be a fair case of doubt, but was hotly taken up in England; and, though Walpole at first put an end to the hostile discussions which occurred, by a condition which left the main question open, to be considered by commissioners, he was urged by the House of Commons to declare war, under circumstances which put his country in the wrong. This war with Spain soon merged in another, which extended over all Europe, and at last drew England out of the pacific system which she had so long pursued.

In 1740, Oct. 10, Charles VI. died, and it was to be seen whether the guaranty of the Pragmatic Sanction which he had with so much trouble obtained from almost all the powers of Europe, was now to be respected. Is it too much to say that, with the exception of England, *not one* power in Europe was influenced by the guaranty?

The King of Prussia began the attack upon the young Queen of Hungary, and, in utter disregard of their engagements with her father, France,\* Spain, and Sardinia, as well as Bavaria, joined in the confederacy!

The honour and interest of England, according to Heeren, rendered it imperative upon her to make a vigorous effort to save Austria. Her honour was unquestionably pledged, and her ministers did therefore right in assisting the Queen. Whether our interest required this exertion, is a more doubtful question.

It would seem that, in those days, the people of England took an interest in foreign affairs. All writers tell us, that the nation called loudly for support to Maria Theresa. Is this interest to be ascribed to a jealous regard for public faith, to compassion or admiration excited by the young queen, or to an opinion in favour of Austrian connexion, and the balance of power? We have observed elsewhere,† upon the promptitude with which our government, stimulated perhaps by the opinion of the people, announced the intention of adhering to its engagements. There appears to have been at no time an intention of departing from those engagements, but we were very unwilling to embark largely in the war, as the single ally of Austria; and the King of Prus-

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\* Heeren appears scarcely aware that France, as well as England, hesitated about entering into this war. Fleury would willingly have avoided it, but was at last driven, not only to attack Austria, but to justify the breach of the guaranty upon the most flimsy pretexts.

† Vol. xiii. p. 9.

shu was the potentate to whom Walpole looked for co-operation: that monarch—although for his own purposes, he had made the first attack upon Maria Theresa—was ready to join her against other enemies, provided that his own object was secured by the cession of Silesia; but the high-spirited Princess would not listen to these terms. Frederic, during this war, acted for himself alone. He made peace at Breslau in 1742; broke out again in 1744, upon a well-grounded apprehension of intended injuries; was again reconciled to Austria at Dresden, in 1745, while the war still raged in Europe. England at first joined in the war on the side of Austria, as an auxiliary only; and France standing in the same relation towards Bavaria, the battle of Dettingen, to which, until more recent and extensive glories drove it out of memory, Englishmen referred as one of their great battles with France, was fought while England and France were at peace together! This state of things did not last beyond 1744, when France declared war.

It were in vain to attempt here to describe the various alliances and counter-alliances which this war occasioned; England subsidized Denmark, Sardinia,\* and Hanover; and, after Prussia had for the second time retired from the contest,† the war, as Heeren says, “was continued three years longer by the other leading powers, with what view it is difficult to say, unless we take into account the passions which are excited by events which occurred in the interval.” The balance of power in Europe was but little altered, when the war was at last concluded by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. That treaty renounced all the principal treaties of a century preceding, commencing with that of Westphalia in 1648. England restored Cape Breton to France, and it was stipulated that all things should remain in America on the same footing as before the war. The assiento was continued for four years; an arrangement certainly not calculated to prevent hostilities. Two years afterwards an end was put to this disgraceful compact, and a commercial treaty, upon fair terms, was substituted. France restored the Netherlands to Austria, and her conquests to the United Provinces and the King of Sardinia. Elizabeth Farnese got an establishment for another son! The infant Don Philip obtained Parma and Placentia from the Emperor!

It is quite right in an historian to imagine for himself, from time to time, an existence at each period of which he tells the story, and to suppress his knowledge of subsequent events.

\* Sardinia was detached from the confederacy against Austria, by the treaty of Worms, 1743.

† Treaty of Dresden, December 14, 1745.

Still it is almost amusing to read the observations of Heeren, repeated from time to time, to the effect that, "*now*, at last, the continental relations of England were **FIXED**," or, as the phrase in the present instance is, "*determinately settled*." "*Her newly-revived rivalry with France had given rise to the connexion with Austria, and the duration of the latter seemed likely to be commensurate with the former.*"

Really, the political system had even, in 1748, existed long enough to shake the confidence of a statesman in the durability of his connexions; and, without foreseeing events exactly as they occurred, he might have guessed that something would happen to alter this now determinately fixed arrangement. Indeed, the guaranty given to Prussia of the province reluctantly ceded to her by Austria was of itself enough to put the peace in jeopardy.

Notwithstanding this guaranty, which appeared to connect England with Prussia, and though it was the opinion of some of our adepts in foreign policy that Prussia was our natural ally, the English government warmly espoused the cause of Austria in the empire; and actually subsidized many of the German princes, in order to secure to the son of Maria Theresa the reversion of the imperial dignity. With the Bavarian, the Palatine, the Saxon, and the Cologne Electors, either treaties were actually concluded, or subsidies promised, for the purpose of gaining their votes. "Whether England had any reason at all for embroiling herself so deeply in the affairs of Germany, is a question which," Heeren says, "we need not here determine;" but which *we* decide, without hesitation, in the negative. These things would not have been thought of under an English king. The subsidies, as might have been expected, failed in their object, and had only the effect of aggravating the discontents of the Prussian monarch, with whom England, or rather the King of England, had already some differences.

But there were also differences with Austria, especially concerning the execution of the Barrier Treaty;\* and all the subsidies which we had paid in support of her family interests failed to retain the friendship of the haughty, and perhaps wayward, Maria Theresa.

Colonial disputes placed England in a state of war with France. This war began, like the last, in America; but it was now a territorial, not a commercial question. The breach arising out of the disputed limits of Nova Scotia, and other questions

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\* Austria was never reconciled to the provisions which placed Dutch garrisons in some of her towns.

raised in the western hemisphere, fully supports Heeren's remarks on the inconvenience attending the propinquity of continental territories. George II., apprehending that France would attack his paternal dominions, sought the alliance of Elizabeth of Russia, with whom he concluded a subsidiary treaty; and called upon the Empress Queen for succours stipulated in the treaty of alliance and guaranty. As is usual in such cases, Maria Theresa declined, and was moreover much offended at the demand, made at a time when she herself, as she pretended, was threatened by Prussia. In fact, France had by this time made great progress in her endeavours to separate Austria from England, which were aided by the present approximation towards a union between England and Prussia. The King of Prussia now undertook to defend Hanover, receiving from George II. a reciprocal promise of support, if Germany should be attacked. Then, and as some think, *therefore*, was published the famous alliance between Austria and France; with both which powers, consequently, England was soon at war. The approaches of France to Austria, and of England to Prussia, were mutual cause and effect; at least, we cannot here determine the question of precedence between them. It is enough for us, that all the speculations of English ministers, on the result of their German arrangements, were scattered to the winds. "The union of the two powers," says Heeren, "mocked all calculation:" and yet what could be more natural—what indeed was more certain to happen, than that the union of any two of four great powers should bring the other two nearer together?

Austria did not at once join France in her war with England, but her neutrality did not last long. Prussia anticipated the expected attack from Austria, and England brought native as well as subsidized forces to the support of her ally.

In this war, as in that which preceded it, the separate and naval war of England (now with France, then with Spain), was merged in the continental war; and the energetic minister, who raised the spirit of England, and conducted the war while its operations were glorious, avowed it as his plan to compel France to acquiesce in the separate demands of England, by pressing her on the continent,—"*America shall be conquered in Germany.*"

Our author does not miss the opportunity which this German war gives him, of boasting of the identity of interests between Hanover and England. But for Hanover, we should not have obtained the co-operation of the king of Prussia. Yet Pitt, in a speech quoted by Heeren, declared that he would not have entered into the German war, if the faith of England had not been pledged by treaty to support the King of Prussia.



It thus appears doubtful whether, in the opinion of this great war minister, our English objects in the war were furthered by our connexion with the continent; but Prussia, no doubt, would have been ready and willing to accept our co-operation, if we chose to offer it, and even if the Elector of Hanover had not joined that alliance, (which he probably would,) it is at least a question, whether we should not have gained more by the absence of concern for Hanover, than we should have lost by the want of Hanoverian troops. If his master had been only King of England, the Duke of Cumberland might have been a more efficient auxiliary to Frederick II. in the days of his distress, and would not have been driven to the convention of Closter-Seven.

At all events, be it remembered, that the Prussian alliance was not the result of systematic diplomacy: it was rather a departure from the political system which had been supposed to be determinate and lasting!

Heeren's remarks upon Pitt, and the conduct of the seven-years' war, would lead us too far into domestic history. But a remark upon subsidies deserves notice. "He afforded them to those who, under the existing relations, were the most natural allies of Great Britain, and with whom she had in general a community of interests, not to every one who asked for them." Heeren is right. In our time, we have heard ministers censured for "*paying our allies for fighting their own battles.*" Now, if the battle is not his own, an ally will not fight it well. Subsidies ought to be given to those only, who, of all the motives and means of war, want none but money.

The alliance between France and Austria, in delivering the Low Countries from the fear of French invasion, had an important influence upon the condition of England's old ally, the United Provinces. They kept out of the war and of danger. To our other western ally, Portugal, we had an opportunity of rendering useful assistance. When threatened by the combined force of France and Spain, now united by the family compact, the King of Portugal replied, that "he would rather see the last tile of his palace fall,"\* than depart from his neutrality. England rewarded his fidelity with effectual support.

After Pitt resigned, on not being permitted to anticipate the hostility of Spain, the ministry discontinued the Prussian subsidy, and took less interest in the continental war. Before the subsidy was withdrawn, the peace with Russia and Sweden had rendered it less necessary to Frederick, and there were charges of unfriendly reserve and clandestine negotiation, which palliated, if

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\* Ann. Reg. 1762, p. 212.

they did not justify, the desertion of our ally. The occurrence affords a striking instance of the inconvenience produced by these alliances, even though made, as this with Prussia was, at the time when it was wanted, and not in contemplation of future dangers. Though it is true that England and Prussia had a common enemy, their respective objects in the war were totally different. And the insular power was in a condition to obtain reasonable and even advantageous terms of peace, at a time when it was the interest, or at least the desire, of continental Prussia to carry on the war. The two kings were bound to each other, to make war upon France, in order to compel her to take such terms of peace as they might dictate; to do nothing without mutual consultation; and not to make any private and separate accommodation with France.\* But was each power bound by this stipulation to continue at war for an indefinite period, putting the question of peace or war altogether into the hands of his ally? Had one party the unqualified right of obliging the other to continue at war? These engagements, construed with entire strictness, would lead to manifest impossibilities. One question in the present case is, in what degree the advantages obtained by England were owing to the co-operation of Prussia?—a question more easily stated than resolved. There is on such occasions a real difficulty in reconciling good faith and policy; and even if your own conscience is clear, you will seldom satisfy your ally. Frederick II. never forgave England what he deemed a base desertion.

The seven-years' war was on the part of England glorious and successful; but, like the glorious war of Queen Anne, it was terminated by a treaty which disappointed the hopes of those whose counsels had contributed most to its success. Yet the terms, by which Minorca was recovered, and Canada and Grenada acquired, were really quite sufficient for the honour and interest of England.

This war left England without powerful allies, and Heeren observes that, after what he calls, in language somewhat exaggerated, the prostration of France, she had no immediate cause for seeking new connexions. In truth, the decline of the Hanoverian influence upon British counsels was the principal cause of the cessation of that propensity to treaty-making, which had distinguished the reigns of George I. and II. The United Provinces and Portugal remained the only allies of England; they were rather to be deemed (especially Portugal) protected states.

The American war is a topic foreign to our inquiry. The

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\* Koch, vol. iii. p. 32.

participation of France and Spain in it was an instance of wanton aggression for the gratification of rivalry and revenge.

It is to be observed of this American war, that we had at the time no continental ally, nor was there any war in Europe. Will it be said that any different state of our continental relations would have turned the fate of the war between England and her colonies? Certainly he must be a more sanguine admirer of alliances than we are, who imagines that the most stringent treaty that we could have previously made, would have induced any one power in Europe to come to our assistance, either in suppressing the revolt, or in attacking France when she took part with the rebels. It is even very doubtful, whether, if we could by diplomatic management have excited a war in Europe by way of diversion, so as to prevent France from sending troops to America (in which it might have failed), we should have been altogether better off. We might possibly have prolonged the struggle, but we must ultimately have given way, and should have come out of the war with finances even in a worse condition.

Heeren himself takes no notice of the American war, as connected with continental politics, but we may observe, that we did not on this occasion owe much to that rivalry with France which he deems necessary for the greatness of England. In the American war, the United Provinces, instead of coming to our assistance in virtue of former treaties,\* when a most unquestionable *casus fœderis* occurred in the French aggression, gave such assistance to our enemies as led to a rupture and to their junction with France and the American States against us. This conduct, on the part of Holland, may perhaps serve as a justification of Great Britain against the remark of Heeren's upon our retention of Negapatnam at the peace of 1783, when England, he says, instead of attaching the Republic to her by forbearance, "showed a disposition to colonial aggrandizement at the expense of her ancient ally, and lost his confidence for ever." Certainly, the policy which compensates one great belligerent for cessions made to another, or for the want of acquisition from another, by territory exacted from one of the weaker parties to the war, is not magnanimous or creditable. But it may be questioned, whether the want of generosity is not rather in the powerful ally, who suffers the indemnification to be thus made. England might fairly treat those who were allied against her as one party; and leave them to settle their cessions among themselves. Probably, if France had not required Tobago from England, England would not have

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\* See p. 154, ante.

demanded Negapatnam from the Dutch. But it is not probable that Negapatnam would have altered the state of parties in Holland, nor could any state of parties make Holland an efficient ally. Whatever treaties may exist, it is really in vain to expect that a small commercial state, like Holland, will provoke, for the sake of England, the hostility of such a neighbour as France.

It is strange that Heeren, who dwells so much upon the rivalry between England and France, takes no notice of a step which the younger Pitt now took towards placing the two countries upon a more friendly footing. This was the commercial treaty of 1786, intended to produce an interchange of commodities upon fair and equal terms. On this occasion Pitt adverted\* to "the too frequently advanced doctrine, that France was, and must be, the unalterable enemy of Great Britain; his mind revolted from this position, as monstrous and impossible." And he set forth, by just and statesmanlike arguments, the tendency of the treaty to preserve peace, without rendering us less prepared for war. Fox, on the other hand, argued† that "France was the *natural political enemy* of Great Britain." This enmity he traced to "her invariable and ardent desire to hold the sway of Europe," and contended, that "she wished by entering into a commercial treaty with us to tie our hands, and prevent us from engaging in alliances with other powers." We can scarcely imagine a Foxite now so bigoted, as to deny to Mr. Pitt the superiority in this debate; which we earnestly recommend to perusal. No term is more mistaken than that of *natural enemy*, and the mistake as to the origin of the expression produces an erroneous deduction from the fact which it expresses. France, from her locality, perhaps also from her disposition, is among the continental powers the *most likely* to become the enemy of England. It is not that she *ought* to be our enemy, or that it is *desirable* that she should be so, but that she *probably will* be so. There are clashing interests and habitual jealousies, from which hostilities *naturally*, that is, according to the ordinary course of events, will arise. Now these are undeniable reasons for not augmenting, by any measure of our own, the power of France to annoy us; but they are none for encouraging the tendency to a quarrel. Quite the contrary. They should induce us to seek all means of counteracting it, and if possible to convert France into a friend. Reason and experience concur in proving, that no political friendship tends more to the peace of England, and of Europe generally, than the friendship between England and France.

\* Parl. Hist. vol. xxvi. p. 392.

† Ib. p. 397.

Mr. Fox's apprehension, that our commercial treaty would stand in the way of our political alliances was speedily dissipated. Circumstances soon occurred (to which Heeren only adverts as the well-known events of 1787) which revived the connexion of England with the House of Orange and the Dutch Republic. This is the first case which we have had to notice of interference in the internal affairs of another state. The object was to exclude the influence of France, by throwing our weight, together with that of Russia, into the scale of that party which was opposed to France. On the part of the King of Prussia, whose sister, the Princess of Orange, had been arrested by the Republicans of Holland, there was the actual intervention of an armed force: England interposed only by mediation and advice; except that when France declared her intention of taking part in the internal dissensions, and made some addition to her forces by sea and land, England also armed, and declared that she would not be an indifferent spectator of the interference of France. After the Stadtholder was restored to power, by the aid of Prussia, France and England disarmed by mutual agreement.

Heeren thinks that England took the wrong side; she ought to have supported the republican party, representing, as he conceives, "the nation." He is aware of her motive, the counteraction of French influence, but says that the peace would have been a more favourable period for this attempt. Surely, it would have been difficult to establish any English interest in Holland, under the exasperation of the recent war. But the neglect of a former opportunity does not alter the wisdom of the present interference; and, if we interfered at all, with the view of counteracting France, we must doubtless have sided with the party which she did not favour. England did not interfere, until France had prepared, or threatened, a direct and apparently armed intervention. The conduct of England, independently of the connexion with the Orange family, may rest upon the principle more than once avowed by Queen Elizabeth, of not permitting the forces of a third power to occupy, without opposition, the territory of a neighbour. Apparently, the English government of 1787, and certainly its opponent, Fox, carried much further the right of interference. Pitt maintained that we were justified in restoring the government of the Prince of Orange, with the view of securing a valuable ally, instead of seeing Holland irrevocably attached to a rival; and Fox justified our interference, as consonant to the principles of "the balance of power" which he professed, although he doubted whether France had in fact threatened to interfere *by force*.

Out of this joint interference with Prussia in Holland arose that triple alliance between those states and England, which was

the basis of Mr. Pitt's continental policy prior to the French Revolution. Nootka Sound was an isolated case of injury redressed.

Heeren condemns, upon grounds ill explained, the alliance with Prussia. We are really at a loss to understand why he, the advocate of continental alliances, and of eternal opposition to the French power, objects to this alliance with one of the great military powers of Germany, at a time when the other was closely connected with France. "Chatham," he says, "with his principles, would never have concluded the alliance which his son concluded, still less would he have approved the consequences which followed it." It is really not possible to deduce from the speeches or counsels of Lord Chatham, in regard to foreign politics; any principle upon which this proposition of M. Heeren's can be maintained or controverted.

The objection appears to consist in the narrowness of the base upon which the alliance rested. "It was not founded on so extended a community of interests as under Frederic II. The maintenance of the stadtholdership in the Netherlands could not possibly become of sufficient importance to both these powers, to form a permanent bond of union between them."

In our opinion, a union for a specific and attainable purpose is the only union likely to last. But it was clearly Mr. Pitt's intention to take advantage of the accidental coincidence of views between England and Prussia, for forming and preserving an alliance with one of the great military powers, at a time when two others, Austria (with whom France was still closely allied), and Russia, now growing into great importance, had combined with views threatening the balance of power and the maritime interests of England. The ambition of the empress Catherine extended not only to Sweden and Poland, but to Turkey and the Mediterranean.\* Maria Theresa, and still more Joseph II. entered more and more warmly into these views. The friendship between Russia and Prussia was rapidly declining. This surely was a fit opportunity for an alliance with Prussia, if such alliances can be at any time defended. The influence of France, it may moreover be added, in the United Provinces, though counteracted, was not destroyed; in the opposition which we offered to it, Prussia was now our "natural ally."

The first fruits of the alliance, the congress of Reichenbach; where the allies mediated the terms of peace between Austria and the Porte, were confessedly beneficial to Europe. The allies also

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\* See, in ch. 3 of the Annual Register for 1788, some account of the projects of Russia in the Mediterranean, and her attempts, defeated by the English government, to obtain the assistance of English pilots and seamen.

prevented Denmark from assisting Russia against Sweden; but failed, according to Heeren, when they attempted to dictate to Catherine the terms of peace with the Porte. This is true, but it is true also that the threatened opposition of the British parliament made it impossible for Mr. Pitt to proceed. It is well known that the question of peace between Russia and Turkey turned at last upon the apparently trifling point of Oczakow; and that England and Prussia were prepared to go to war with Russia upon that single point. By this mode of statement, almost every dispute may be made to appear trifling. We insisted upon the restoration of things to the state in which they were before the war; Russia says, "I must have a slice of Turkish territory." The allies say, No;—and the question is really one of principle. If the interposition of other powers for the protection of the weaker states is justifiable at all, these powers may reasonably say, The aggression shall be *in no degree* successful.

In winding up his remarks upon this eventful period, which he terminates at the French Revolution, Heeren says very truly, that England never claimed to be a dominant power in the federative system of Europe,—that she had to determine her conduct by the internal relations of this system, which she did not govern, and that, therefore, her continental policy seldom proceeded upon solid principles. He makes it a question, which, however, he does not discuss, whether this want of solidity is a matter of reproach. "To settle permanently the reciprocal relations of the continental powers is throughout beyond the capacity of England. It would have been a foolish and vain presumption to attempt it. For this very reason then, she could discern no durable and solid basis for her federative system, in respect of the choice of her allies." All this is true, and our deduction from it is, that England ought not to attempt to regulate the continental system, or in any way to mix herself up in it.

Heeren concludes this section with a specific censure of England for the non-performance of engagements. In the three great continental wars in which England took part, the Spanish,\* the Austrian war of succession,† and the seven years' war,‡ she concluded every time a peace for herself, or only in connexion with Holland, and deserted her principal confederates. We cannot altogether deny the truth of this charge. It is strikingly true of the Peace of Utrecht. But we do not plead guilty to it, in respect of

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\* Meaning what we call the war of the Spanish succession, see p. 150, *ante*.

† The Silesian war, or war of the pragmatic sanction, see p. 165.

‡ See p. 168.

Aix-la-Chapelle; and have already urged something in defence of the treaty of Paris.

## VI. French Revolution, 1788—1815.

Although this period is the most eventful, and the most interesting of all, to modern readers, it furnishes less of matter for the peculiar doctrines which we now inculcate. There is, however, one great exception, suggested by the very first remark of Heeren's.

"Never," he says, "has the truth of the observation with which we commenced this inquiry—that it is a highly advantageous circumstance for the maintenance of the liberty and independence of a states-system, that one of its principal members should be an insular state, and in possession of a naval force,—been more strikingly demonstrated than in this period. If a bridge had been thrown across the Channel, how different might have been the fate of England and of Europe! We certainly do not entertain the slightest doubt that England, even, in this case, would have remained unconquered, or that the invasion of a French army would have eventually ended in its destruction; and simply because the warlike energies of the nation would in that case have been more generally roused and concentrated, and more resolutely displayed."

He adds, that there might have been a momentary conquest, and that assuredly a very great inconvenience would have resulted even from the occupation of the metropolis. This is beyond a doubt; but there is, happily, no necessity for considering what would happen if there were a bridge from Calais to Dover. Our great consolation is, that the events of this period have demonstrated, we will not say the impossibility, but the extreme improbability, of a successful or even attempted invasion of England; even while France has a leader of the highest military genius, an army almost innumerable and eminently successful, powerful allies, and no avowed enemy on the continent.

An insular power, says Heeren, is a useful member of a states-system; useful, no doubt, to those continental powers to whom it lends its fleets or its money: but *æ* say, an insular power may be *independent* of the states-system.

But we now proceed with the Revolutionary war. Heeren's narrative is introduced by a character of Mr. Pitt.

"Several of his contemporaries, his opponents and rivals, might possess more brilliant talents, but none could vie with him in clearness of intellect, in decision of purpose, and in devotion to his country. . . . The account of his foreign policy must be prefaced by one general observation: *His conduct throughout was uniformly in accordance with his own conviction, and this is expressed in every one of his speeches, in a manner not to be mistaken.*"



Comparisons are odious, and we will not say that none could vie with Pitt in clearness of intellect; but we are certain that no man can read attentively Mr. Pitt's speeches, or state-papers, whether in reference to the war, or any other public matters, without being struck with the *remarkable precision of his ideas, the plainness and singleness of his purpose.*

This precision is a much rarer quality than might be supposed. Certainly, the apparent defect is sometimes the result of artifice; but a hostile critic will find it difficult to detect in any speech of Mr. Pitt's a deficiency of clearness, either natural or assumed. Errors he might commit;—blunders never.

Heeren takes a correct view of the origin of the Revolutionary war, which he shows to have been not only first declared by France, but to have arisen out of her perpetrated and threatened aggressions. We should be led too far away, if we were to examine the professor's doctrine of interference: he upholds that right, in respect of a neighbouring government, which avows even *principles* manifestly dangerous to established constitutions. As England did *not* interfere with the government of France, she seeks no justification in this doctrine.\*

The war of 1793 gave rise to many treaties of alliance and subsidy, but these were all for the purpose of co-operation in the war, and their stipulations were not intended to be permanent. Some of them were improvident in guaranteeing to the subsidized powers, Sardinia for instance, the integrity of their territory at the termination of the war; an anticipation of success upon which no power is justified in acting.

It is remarkable that, when we entered into the war, we had, in union with Holland, a defensive alliance with Prussia; and yet, though Holland was attacked, we did not (so far as is known†) call upon Prussia for aid in virtue of this treaty. Whatever might be the reason of this omission,‡ it seems to set forth the inefficacy of such alliances. Nor is it less worthy of remark, that Prussia, our particular friend, whom we had taken so much pains to cultivate, was the first of the powers coalesced against France that withdrew from the coalition.

It is observed by Heeren, that England had not the supreme direction of this war, and that the great want was, a statesman and general combined, as William III. or Marlborough. Unquestionably, a commander like one of these would have very

\* For some remarks on Mr. Pitt's view of the war, and a reference to the opinions of Lord Brougham, see our vol. viii. p. 34—36. 42. 55.

† See Fox's taunts on this in Parliamentary History, 1793.

‡ Possibly the reason was, that Prussia was already at war with France. And we did not hamper her with a specific obligation, while there was a common cause.

materially affected the operations of the confederacy, and would perhaps have enabled it to withstand the effects of the new system of internal government, and the unsparing and reckless system of warfare which the French revolution introduced. Success, no doubt, might have tended to keep the confederacy together; but it must be recollected, that it broke to pieces because the other members of it had not, like England, the one plain purpose of resisting France; they had jealousies of each other, and the most powerful of them had objects of aggrandizement in other parts of Europe. We shall not discuss the wisdom of the attempts which, with signal perseverance, Pitt made to excite and maintain the league against France. It is enough to note the magnitude of the exertion.

The native troops of England had a less important share in this war than in others of the century. Not only the revolutionary principle by which the immense armies of France were raised, but the numbers of the armies, and the rapidity of their movements, have rendered almost inoperative the comparatively small force which England can employ upon the continent. There are circumstances under which this force can effect great things; when, either from the intervention of the sea, the difficulty of provisioning an army, or of transporting the *materiel* of war, an overwhelming force cannot be brought to bear upon one point, and the co-operation of the navy can be made effectual. In the war of 1793, Egypt only, in the Eastern hemisphere, afforded this occasion.

The glories of our naval and colonial campaigns were more memorable in this than in any former war; and yet, perhaps, they had less of effect upon the fortune of the war. The battle of the Nile, Heeren truly says, did produce a great moral effect; but the result, upon the continent, was a new but unsuccessful coalition. France made up her mind to disregard her colonies; and not to purchase them back by the sacrifice of her European objects; the capture of the enemies' colonies had therefore no good effect, except—(but in the sequel this became an exception of immense importance)—as it tended to the supremacy of our navy. So far as the independence of Europe was an object of the war, we were unsuccessful. At the peace of Amiens, we were virtually excluded from the continent.

It would be difficult, without deviating into recent and party politics, to observe upon Heeren's opinion, that we ought to have made "some definitive arrangements in the treaty, respecting the relations of the continent;" and especially to have insisted upon the evacuation of the Batavian republic by the French. Surely, this is equivalent to a declaration, that we ought

to have continued the war until its fortune should be entirely changed. Adroitness or firmness in negotiation might possibly have made a difference of an island more or less, but when the powers of the continent could not, or would not, exert themselves, it was not in our power to protect their interests or govern their relations.

Heeren is decidedly wrong in supposing that the peace of Amiens was not, on our part, intended to last; there is no doubt of the sincerity of the administration by which the peace was made. There is, perhaps, somewhat more of justice in the professor's remarks on the renewal of the war. A great fault had been committed in signing the definitive treaty before the arrangement respecting Malta had been completed; and the dispute to which the error gave rise is one of those in which neither party was absolutely in the right, or completely in the wrong; but probably the difficulty might have been surmounted, if the hostile language of Bonaparte had not convinced the English ministers that there could be no cordiality between the two states. For our parts, we own that we considered the peace of Amiens as an acknowledgment that we must give up, for a time, all concern in the continent; it was left, by our own avowal, in a most unsatisfactory state, and an instance of aggrandizement more or less, here and there, ought not to have induced us to renew the war. But these are by-gone matters.

"England commenced this new contest in 1803, without an ally." True, and she concluded it by the most extensive combination of powers that Europe has witnessed! A striking proof that, not the words of treaties, but the force of circumstances, unites states in a common cause, and produces a successful issue. In this war, our colonial as well as maritime successes had an important effect upon the issue. If they tempted Napoleon to "his continental system," they also made it intolerable. They largely contributed, with the disasters of the Russian campaign, and the glories of the Peninsula, to the final triumph of England and her allies.

"Napoleon's continental system," says Heeren, "which was to exclude the English from every port, had eventually the effect of re-opening them all to her. As in the physical," continues Heeren, expressing a sentiment on which we lay great stress, "so in the political world, no unnatural condition can last for ever; and if Napoleon had not hastened the catastrophe by new deeds of violence, it must, in some way or other, however tardily, have come to pass at last. . . . England prides herself, with justice, on being the only power that never bowed her neck during the whole course of that tempestuous period. But *England should not forget that she is mainly indebted for this to her insular position.*

During that political storm which periodically, as it were, desolated the countries of the continent, she alone could insure to herself the internal tranquillity, without which those peaceful arts, from which alone she derives resources for her great exertions, could not have been continued with such unexampled vigour and prosperity."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, the influence of England on the continent revived, and she "became ranked as one of the five leading powers, who determined the relation of the European states-system." Not only because our author stops here, but because we are desirous of avoiding party politics, we shall not refer (more than may be necessary in our summing up) to the way in which England has performed the new part thus assigned to her. A considerable portion, indeed, of this period we have elsewhere reviewed.\*

Having now traced the history of our principal † alliances with continental princes, we come to the conclusion that such engagements have, in very few instances, we might perhaps say in no instance, been productive of advantage to England. The guaranties which we have obtained, have not availed us in the time of need; those which we have given have produced embarrassment; neither have procured for us a true friend. A connexion with one power, while it has obtained for us no useful assistance from him, has generally indisposed to us some other formidable prince. When at war, we have found those on our side whose interest has at the moment induced them to join us, with little or no reference to previous treaties, or even to the friendly relations which previously subsisted.

We lay it down as a rule, to which we can scarcely imagine an exception, that no alliance, even defensive, ought to be made, still less any guaranty given, in time of peace, with the view of securing the friendship, or even averting the hostility, of the ally, in any unforeseen contingency.

Should it be objected that, if we connect ourselves with no one power, all will combine against us, we answer, that such combination is under any circumstances highly improbable; that it is more likely to be provoked by the interposition in the affairs of others which the supposed alliance would in all probability occasion; that no such combination would hold together for a long time, and, if it were really to occur, we should have better oppor-

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\* Vol. viii.

† We use this word because we have passed over various engagements of this nature, especially with the northern and some of the smaller German princes, which did not materially affect our history.

tunities of detaching its members by engagements made on the occasion ; and lastly, that our *friend* is not the less likely to join such a confederacy, because he has previously allowed us to address him by that name.

Between the system of speculative alliances, which we condemn, and that of an entire unconcern in the affairs of other states, there is a wide interval ; to fill this, many questions must be decided :—1st. Whether we are to interfere by good offices, mediation, and, in the last resort, by force, to prevent a disturbance of *the balance of power*, by the excessive augmentation of the power of any one state ? 2d. Whether we ought to interfere in defence of a weaker power against a stronger ? 3d. Whether we may not, nevertheless, take special charge of those states whose locality, from their coasts being opposite to ours, or any other cause, renders their occupation by an enemy peculiarly dangerous or injurious to us ? 4th. Whether we should interfere, by negotiation or force, to prevent the occurrence of war between two or more countries ? 5th. Whether we should interfere in like manner to preserve or restore internal tranquillity in any foreign country ;—to assist an oppressed people against tyranny, or a prince against rebels ?

In discussing these questions, we premise, though it can scarcely be necessary, that we admit the right and the necessity, not only of resisting aggression and avenging insult, but of preventing an enemy who is preparing to attack us, or who places himself in a threatening posture. All this we now take for granted ; nor shall we discuss the questions on the point of right. We confine ourselves to policy, and to the policy of Insular Britain.

1. It is not easy to apply a summary rule to this case. But the experience of the uncalculated and strange changes and chances of the last two centuries may reasonably create a doubt, whether policy requires us to interfere by force to prevent any union of kingdoms, which may be brought about by the law of succession, or in any peaceful mode. Extension of empire, by the acquisition of new countries, in which the language, and manners, and laws, are different, does not always produce an increase of power. And there are many chances of internal disunion, of new jealousies and collisions amongst the continental states, which diminish our danger. For that danger consists, not in the existence of the enemy's power, but in the probability of its injuring us. And be it remembered, that scarcely any combination of power that can be imagined has not already occurred. Take, for instance, France and Spain ; it is doubtful whether a " united kingdom of France and Spain " would be stronger than

France and Spain united by the Bourbon compact. Would the unity of the government operate more largely in one way, than the division of the people in the other?

2. The case is somewhat different when the acquisition is made by *conquest*, especially if it be the result of a wanton aggression; because then the love of right intervenes, and the maintenance of a character for justice. But in order to maintain this character, we must interfere in *all* cases of oppression; when we interfere only when we have a near interest in the oppressed state, we may boast of our wisdom, but not of our goodness. Are we prepared to make no difference between Holland and Wallachia? And can we proclaim an intention to succour the oppressed, without regard to the power of the aggressor? Certainly not. And what comes of our chivalry, if we permit the strongest powers to bully as much as they please? Recent cases are not wanting, in which we forbore to interfere, because either we felt unequal to the struggle, or deemed it more onerous than profitable. We judged rightly; but it is best to avow at once that it is by a calculation of our interests, and of our ability to defend them, that each question of interference will be decided.

We have treated this question, and the first also, as a question of interposition *by force*; because nothing tends more to lower a state in public estimation, than a demand which it is not prepared to enforce by arms. We would not exclude mediation and good offices; but mediation should not be attempted, unless at the request of both parties. Good offices and friendly suggestions may be usefully employed by a judicious and conciliating diplomatist, but the character of such communications should be avowed at once; the intention to use force ought not to be insinuated, unless it be really entertained.

3. Do we then carry our maxim of trusting to the chapter of accidents so far, as that (to go at once to obvious instances) we would not guarantee the integrity or independence of Holland or Portugal? would we not stipulate for the independence or neutrality of the countries through which they might respectively be overrun, (as Holland through the Netherlands)? would we suffer those countries to be occupied by one of the greater powers? As one of the objections to guaranties is that they are *useless*, we make no exception in favour of Holland; and on the same ground we would reject any stipulation professing to secure the neutrality of the Netherlands in any future war. A stipulation of this sort may be useful when a war actually happens, and it may sometimes be wise to make it (as in 1733\*) the condition of our

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\* See p. 163, ante.

own neutrality. The expediency of resisting by force an attack upon Holland by a power with whom we are at peace, must depend upon the circumstances of the time. Assuming that we have a perfect right, for our own security, to oppose the occupation of that neighbouring country by a third power, and that our right against that third power is quite independent of any previous treaty with Holland, the policy of the interference must be decided by the imminence of the danger, and the probability of a successful resistance, by our own strength and that of the enemy, by the disposition and strength of Holland, and of other powers engaged in the war. If we confine our protection to a very few points, and on those evince a determination to make it as effectual as possible, we may very likely avert the attack. But if this be our view, we must confine ourselves to those objects of real importance, and be rigidly neutral in every other part of the globe. It will also be questionable, whether our own security will not be as well provided for by abstaining from interference altogether; and whether there is not too much probability that we shall involve ourselves in a general war, without accomplishing our particular object. Yet, seeing that, with all our care, we can hardly hope to avoid war for ever, admitting that an overweening love of peace may provoke insults and injuries, we are inclined to the opinion, that there are some points, (Holland probably would be one, but we now use it only as an example,) to which it may be politic to apply our protection, though required neither by sovereignty nor alliance.

A second branch of this question is involved in the term, *interests*. There are those who would resist by force the extension of the territory, or even of the influence, of another power, in a quarter at which it may possibly endanger or diminish our *trade*. From such we differ altogether. Nothing but actual, we may call it *bodily*, danger justifies even that sort of interference which we contemplate. Nor can we quit this matter of a neighbour's aggrandizement, without asking those who are for a manful resistance to every measure of power in another, whether they are prepared to admit the right of France or Russia to make objections to our naval force, to our colonial territory, to our Indian empire? We know that sudden armaments, unaccounted for by any obvious danger, have often been the subject of remonstrance. We know of no case in which they have been simply the cause of war: but we are sure that it is not our interest to provoke or to justify by our example such remonstrances. And, although we make a distinction between Asia and Europe, we cannot well expect others to observe it.

4. Ought we to interfere to prevent war between strangers?

The affirmative may be maintained, and not without reason, on the ground of humanity; or on the probability that a war, wherever begun, may finally involve us in hostilities. Assuredly, mediation or good offices may in such a case be employed, under the limitations which we have prescribed. We doubt whether in any case compulsion ought to be used; assuredly not in any case in which we are not certain of success. We can imagine a case in which a great power, or two combined, may be able to prevent hostilities between two smaller states, as the big boys sometimes forbid a fight between two little ones at school. But, if the result of this compulsory mediation is likely to be, as it often will be, the transfer of the quarrel from the lesser to the greater powers, we shall not even have humanity to boast of.

5. The same remarks will apply to the case of internal divisions, with this important addition, that in that case the probability of an extension of hostilities is generally very much less. We say generally, because we have witnessed an exception of enormous importance. In such a case, interference is in self-defence, and perfectly justifiable and politic. In none other can we reconcile it either with right or policy.\*

We are aware that, in recommending this rigid system of non-interference, we depart from the principles and practice of statesmen, ancient and modern, and from the practice, though not from the principles, avowed in the present day. But not the authority of Pitt or Fox can destroy the conclusions to which a perusal of history brings us. The great duty of the government in respect of foreign affairs is to secure the country against hostile aggression; this, we say, is not effected by treaties. They neither deter one power from attacking us, nor induce another to assist us. An insular position delivers us from the danger of a sudden attack upon the mother country. We are more vulnerable in our distant possessions, and in our military and commercial marine. A sudden attack upon these would be equally treacherous, whether we have a mere treaty of peace, or the closest alliance with the attacking state. The danger is in any case remote, but in our minds it is nearer in proportion to the multiplicity and complication of our connexions with other powers, whereby points and chances of collision are augmented. The chance of an attack, either in the

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\* As some of the observations which we have made in considering these five questions, may be said to bear upon questions now pending, as the Belgian, Turkish, and Spanish questions, we desire to remark that, as those questions are affected by *treaties*, some of them of old date, and as the Turkish question especially is one of many bearings, requiring a lengthened consideration, we do not now state the operation which our principles have upon those questions; still less, upon our relations with Russia.



shape of mere aggression, or (which is much more probable) on a sudden rupture of peace in Europe, is *always* such as to require us to keep our colonies in a state of defence; and, for their protection, as well as that of our ships, we are bound to keep at sea a navy, proportioned to those of all other nations. No alliance makes it safe for us to do less than this.

“England,” says Heeren in conclusion, “is now marked as one of the five leading powers who determine the relation of the European state-system. She has connected herself with them without any surrender on her own part, and has, therefore, reserved to herself the power of stepping forward as a mediator whenever it may be necessary. . . . Are we not justified in hoping, that she will become still more, in future, the mediating power?” She has lately mediated between two great powers, with an excellent result; let her reserve her mediatorial capacity for such occasions; let her avoid guaranties and alliances; let her maintain a respectable army and a powerful fleet; let her leave her neighbours alone, and resist promptly the slightest aggression; let her leave trade free: and, though friends may lament her loss of influence on the continent, and enemies boast of her exclusion, her character will stand higher in the world, her voice will be more respectfully heard, and her flag more honoured, than when she exchanged guarantees with every state, had a scheme for the succession to every throne, and intrigued in every court in Europe.

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ART. IX.—*Sanchuniathon's Urgeschichte der Phönizier in einem Auszuge aus der wieder aufgefundenen Handschrift von Philo's vollständiger Uebersetzung. Nebst Bemerkungen von Fr. Wagenfeld. Mit einem Vorworte vom Dr. G. F. Grotefend, Director des Lyceums zu Hannover. Mit einem Facsimile.* (Sanchoniatho's early History of the Phœnicians, condensed from the lately found manuscript of Philo's complete translation of that work. With Annotations by Fr. Wagenfeld, and a Preface by Dr. G. F. Grotefend, with a Facsimile.) Hanover, 1836.

FROM the mode of inquiry into the earliest existing histories of the human race to which this Journal has lately endeavoured to direct attention, we were naturally anxious to avail ourselves of every opportunity for enlarging the actual bounds of our knowledge in that sphere; and the allusion in a previous number to the promised publication of the work before us renders us the

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\* There is an appendix on the neutral questions, for which we have no space now, but we shall probably have some opportunity of noticing it.

more careful to lay it before our readers. So much indeed has been written and conjectured respecting Phœnician history, and the more material points of it seem so deeply veiled in oblivion that, few and simple as, in our private judgment, those points must necessarily be, far fewer and more simple indeed than is generally believed or even imagined; we were eagerly desirous of anything approaching to certainty or plausibility on this head.

We are bound to say that the publication in question has not in any shape answered our expectation, and that it contains nothing—so far as we can see—of sufficient importance to throw a light on the existence of contemporary nations. On the contrary, while supporting some, it agrees so little with other and more weighty of our impressions from the ancient writers, that it follows, if the work now put forth is genuine, the historians on whom the learned world has been hitherto accustomed to rely must have been more inexact than we could have a right to suppose.

With these feelings we should be disposed to scrutinize severely the history itself, and the mode of its publication—and on this branch of the subject there is certainly some matter for suspicion. The work, as the reader will perceive, is not the Phœnician History itself of Philo-Byblius, but professes to be a summary of it only—a morsel to stay the eager appetite of learning till the full repast can be set before her. It is singular that sixteen months at least have elapsed since the alleged discovery of the manuscript; and that manuscript, judging from the fac-simile presented, clear and legible, and yet that, not a translation, which would scarcely require one half of the period, but a mere summary, should be all that the public obtains now; that no details should accompany this, to explain the mode of discovery, or give the smallest insight into that tissue of circumstances which attends every real transaction, and is absent only from imaginary ones; that, through a preface of thirty pages, and an introduction of eighteen more, not a single syllable should escape enabling the public to decide for themselves on the authenticity of a volume brought forward under circumstances, and asserting claims, that must of necessity be scrupulously weighed, and slowly, if ever, admitted. All these are questionable shapes of the disingenuous historian; but it must be confessed, on the other hand, that the name of the learned Editor is a guarantee against scepticism; and from the whole tone and tenor of his preface, it is clear that he gives full credence to the volume. He must, therefore, we presume, have satisfied himself of its authenticity before lending his name and labours to sanction its appearance; and, since the proofs do not appear, it is to the judgment of Professor Grotefend that we must yield our confidence.

To determine on internal evidence alone is always dangerous. So much takes its colouring from the previous impressions of the reader, that belief in general is much more a matter of taste than of conviction. Some will reject, others accept, from mere prepossession; while, as strictly internal evidence has little or no obvious connexion with externals, the facts that might sustain or contradict any part being disconnected from it, every portion of the evidence is capable of a double and arbitrary solution. The work before us, where consonant with received accounts, may thus be held either to be supported by these, or borrowed from them. We have no access to the original, and therefore cannot determine by the style of narration, or compare it with the fragments from Eusebius; but the Hanoverian Professor undoubtedly *must* have had this opportunity, and, since his character as a critic and man of learning is committed on the question, we shall throw out a few remarks to justify our sceptical reception of his literary *protégé*, and then proceed with the contents, as a matter of curiosity.

The learned Professor remarks, in his preface, that the discovery of the manuscript must be a source of satisfaction, as supplying a contemporaneous light or narrative with that of the Jews, and affording material information of a period, the very source of history. We question both points. The source of history is to be found much higher, and flows in a tolerably free, though unnoticed, channel; and this Phœnician tale, if really contemporaneous, supplies no light whatever on general history, except what it might itself receive by mere reflection; in other words, borrowed. For it is clear to the most careless observer that, whilst giving details of unknown and unimportant matters and tribes, where no collation or comparison can be resorted to, wherever the subject brings the narrative into contact with known history, and consequently renders it tangible, it shrinks like the *mimosa* from our grasp. For instance, of Egypt and Judæa, with which the Phœnicians were in constant contact, we learn nothing—but much of the Caspian tribes, which were much less known, mentioned by Strabo, &c. Further, under the head of section 5—“*Many Egyptian tribes leave their native land, and settle in Arabia and Phœnicia.*”—c. 15—17—not a syllable is said but what we knew before; and yet a real Sanchoniatho could scarcely have been ignorant of some further particulars respecting this portion of their Exodus. Some light, however slight and accidental, must, we should say, have been thrown on these Shepherds, from their own traditions, by an inquiring mind compiling history on the spot, and so near the time, of their advent—to so highly cultivated a land as is there pretended. Nor is this delicacy atoned for by any incidental

light, any information, that in all accreditable narratives breaks somewhere or other upon the inquirer. On the contrary, all that we have of novelty on this head is, that the known names and usages of some one nation are altered, and attributed to another, and the antiquity increased; we should *hope*, not gratuitously. Thus Sanchoniatho (for the first time a native of *Byblos*) compiled, it seems, his work from royal archives, like the Persian of Ctesias, and from poetical inspirations, like those of the Jewish prophets, and the songs of Tatory and China. Now the prophetic poems were preserved in writing by a theocratical people, from their sacred character and theological impress on the proper history of the Hebrews; but the Byblian muse had no such influence nor character; as is clear from the specimens. The songs of Tatory and Arabia approach nearer the parallel, but they existed only orally, and were, in all probability, poetically framed expressly to attract and impress the memory in the confessed absence, whether through ignorance or desuetude, of writing; and accordingly we find in both these countries that when, at a very late period, it was attempted to reduce them to writing, the greater part of these historical records have been lost. If we further examine those asserted poems, we shall find them in the same predicament as the usages referred to, i. e. bearing the marks of a different nation and later date. To pass over the scanty additions that profess to complete the extant fragments of the first book of Sanchoniatho, we would fain inquire, whether the Greek translators were ever careful to retain the original names and in the original characters, as a guard on their own renderings; whether the Phœnicians and Sidonians used the Hebrew character—in which these are given;—and whether this character, comparatively modern as it is supposed to be—was invented before the asserted period of Sanchoniatho?

As to the place of discovery, we are informed by natives of Lisbon and Oporto that the name of *Merinhao* is not Portuguese at all, and that they know of no convent so called. It *may* be a similar name, and an obscure place; and this obscurity *may* have concealed the manuscript. We are aware that ancient Portuguese history has never been properly examined, even by the natives, and that many points of similitude or difference connect them with, or sever them from, the various tribes of the Peninsula of Spain. Some such cause might operate for the possession of the manuscript in question; but in any case the production of this manuscript will triumphantly answer all doubts, and vindicate the critical acumen of the learned Professor.

With this intimation of our opinion, we shall give some extracts from the volume itself; and begin with the *Song of Sidon*, which

Professer Grotefend challenges for comparison with the lament of Ezekiel over Tyre : to make the parallel closer, we adopt the Scripture phraseology in our English version, and place, like the author, the two passages in juxta-position :—

*“ The Song of Sidon, by Sanchoniatho.*

“ 1. Hath the sea rolled thee as a pearl to the shore ? or hast thou descended from Heaven as a shooting star ?

“ 2. The earth shines in thy lustre, and thy beauty is reflected from the waves of the sea. When thou, O Queen of the waters ! lookest round upon thy ships, thou rejoicest as a fortunate mother at the sight of her children.

“ 3. But lift up thine eyes afar ! Tears shall roll down thy cheeks to water the land ; and the sea shall resound with the voice of thy wailing.

“ 4. For thy ships are broken to pieces in Tartessus, and the best of thy sons are laid on a foreign shore, a prey to the vulture and the fishes !”

The passages quoted from Ezekiel (chap. xxvii.) by Dr. Grotefend, are as follows :—

“ 3, 4. O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

“ 9, 10. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers : all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut, were in thine army, thy men of war : they hanged the shield and helmet in thee ; they set forth thy comeliness.

“ 26. Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters : the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

“ 27. Thy riches, and thy fairs ; thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin.”

We can understand the Prophet of Israel denouncing the fall of Tyre, but we strongly doubt the expediency or the judgment of a *Royal Scribe* of Zidon predicting the ruin of his own country in the ear of her King, unless he meant also to include his own. The passage, however, is obviously that kind of imitation which follows, but shuns contact with, an admired original ; and endeavours to supply the stern simplicity of detail so natural in the mouth of an exulting enemy, and the deep-collected force of taunt, triumph, and denunciation, that mark the utterance of prophetic retribution, by a studied antithesis, a collection of lighter and more delicate imagery from the same sources, varied with Persian and other prettyisms of

thought and language, some absolutely erroneous and impossible ; as that of the *pearl*, not the *oyster*, rolled to the shore.

Again, we have the following passage :—

“ Sanchoniatho quotes (c. 10.) a passage from the Book of Songs, where he (Balmachanes) expresses his feelings during his banishment :— ‘ Ammisus drove me forth ; my servants mocked me. But my servants would I scourge, and slay even Ammisus. Once I sat on Tyrian purple, and my garment was of the silk of Babylon ; now is the rock my house, and my garment is the desert. But think ye that I shudder when darkness sinks afar, and the storm rushes through the trees (*περιέρχεται τὰ δένδρα*) as a roaring beast ? or that I shrink from the light of moonshine on the mountains, or from the yellow gleams (*ὑπο τῶν πελειδων προσώπων*) that dart forth from every clod ? Is the lion heartless in the darkness of his lair, or have ye seen the boar in dismay ? The wild-boar wanders fearless through the mountain-cliffs, and the roaring of the lion makes every foe to quake.’ ”—(page 48.)

These two short flights, during which at least a stronger spirit might have kept the wing, are evidently failures ; and, we think, as evidently imitations. There is but another, which will appear in its place, as we proceed to give the legend of the Tyrian Hercules—“ taken from the Sacred Songs which Sanchoniatho had heard in his youth.”

Melikertes (more probably, we should say, מלכ-הרץ, the orientalism, King of the World) and Isroas, the sons of Demaroon, differed about a maiden whom the latter had taken prisoner, and who, being allowed the liberty of choice, preferred the beautiful person of the former to his hideous rival. The rejected suitor made war upon his brother ; and he, who to his other accomplishments added that of poetry also, vainly endeavoured to soften his antagonist with the following song :—

“ Hawk may slay hawk, and the falling cedar of the mountains smite her sister to the ground. Wherefore art thou desirous of strife ? wherefore encampst thou against thy brother ? Thou knowest me as a warrior, yet will I not engage against thee in battle. Are we not two streams, oh brother, poured out from the same source ? Wherefore then, seekest thou, oh Isroas ! war and battle against me ?”

This remonstrance, however, did not soften the rejected : finding his efforts fruitless to capture the place, Isroas destroyed the fair cause of quarrel with an arrow from a distance (!). Her husband mourned three days for the dead, after which, quitting with his followers the country of the Kabiri, he assisted the natives of Kittium in war, and then left them, in order to avoid the gratitude which would have made him their king ; sailing to the opposite coast, where reigned his uncle Jurus. “ *The assem-*

*bly of the blind sages is most strikingly described:*" (in the songs alluded to, we suppose).

Jurus dying, left his kingdom to the hero, with a prophecy that he, first of mortals, should behold the ends of the earth, and be received by Kronos and the immortals as their equal. He set forth accordingly, but was shipwrecked on a coast that supplied no wood fit for building a fresh vessel. This shipwreck must have been (we are told) on the western coast of Italy, for Ersiphonia, ערִסְפֹּנְיָה, (so written,) which they next reached by tracking the sea coast, lay at the foot of a mountain called Libanus, לִבְנוֹן, on the Ligurian shores. As Melikertes was aware that this was a holy mountain and the seat of the gods, he made his companions remain below, while he, after the fashion of Moses, ascended the mountain and offered sacrifice. The parallel is increased by his remaining there forty days. At the end of this time, returning to his companions, he found they had in the interval built a new vessel on the banks of a large river, which could be no other than the Rhone, for he had journeyed five days after leaving the mountain before he could rejoin his companions.

Melikertes alone had ascended this formidable height, for serpents of fearful size infested the clefts and hollows at its base, and dreadful forms were seen amongst the trees of the forests. Clouds and darkness veiled the midst of the ascent; the tops were covered with eternal snow: and high above was the seat of the gods. The hero now put to sea, and landed on an island covered with black cattle, of which he stood in great need; but their owner, Obybakros, אֲבִיבָקְרוֹס, refusing to part with any, he was compelled to employ force: and this adventure recalls the oxen of Geryon. The Greeks then (we learn) must have taken the legend from the Phœnicians, as they agree on the locality also, which was the Balearic Islands.

Departing hence, the hero suffered shipwreck once more, and on an island so covered with impenetrable forests, that, he himself falling sick, none of his companions had spirit enough to go to the chase in spite of their hunger,—for the air was filled with noises like the roaring of wild beasts. They lived, therefore, on fish and muscles, which were fortunately plentiful on the coast.

The faint-heartedness of his followers roused the spirit of their leader, and in spite of his illness he sought the danger. He found a sleeping beauty in the forest, who, waking at his approach, invited him nearer. The hero accepted the courtesy, but, oh wonder! her legs were two fearful serpents. She stated herself to be an attendant of the snake-queen, Leiathana, to whose cave the hero followed her, and found this princess sur-

rounded by similar shapes. The queen informed him that she was confined there by the magic songs or spells (*ἰπῶδαις*) of Masisabas ; but, recognizing in Melikertes her deliverer, she directed him to proceed to Tartessus, at the ends of the earth, and, after slaying her oppressor, to seize his treasures. She gave him also at his departure an unerring bow.

Melikertes steered for the appointed land, and finally reached it ; Masisabas came forth to battle ; he was a skilful and formidable warrior, and taller than his adversary by the head,—the latter also broke his bow while aiming an arrow at the tyrant : he succeeded, however, in pinning him to a tree with his lance. The treasure was duly seized, and found to be enormous ; the neighbouring people also came forward and rewarded the victors with honours and gold.

From these people the daring voyagers learned that they were in the vicinity of the wide ocean, beyond the limits of the earth. They lost no time in completing the object of their labours, and were everywhere gratefully received by the ignorant natives, who, freed from the tyranny of Masisabas, and admiring the superior knowledge, skill, and cultivation of the leader and crew, and arts to which themselves were total strangers, erected temples and altars to the hero himself as a god, and deemed his companions deities also, though of inferior class.

Melikertes erected pillars on the mountains on either side of the strait “as the first who had reached the limits of the land. Before all the Sydonians and Tyrians he had touched the shore of the boundless ocean.” In subsequent times, when these pillars, bearing the name of Melikertes, had fallen to decay, the Grecian Hercules set up those columns as land-marks on the heights of Ceuta and Gibraltar, that still record his later achievement.

Melikertes finally applied himself to teaching the arts of his native country to his new subjects, and built them a town and a fort. The grateful inhabitants raised in the former a temple to their benefactor, and placed therein his image, formed of pure silver. He went out, however, once to the chase, and never was heard of again ; nor was his grave ever discovered, any more than that of Moses amongst the Jews.

We ask pardon, like the Vicar of Wakefield, for interrupting so much learning, but we think we have heard all this before,—though we have greatly condensed this long and wearisome tale, made up, it seems to us, of borrowed incidents from every quarter, and puerile imaginings that could mislead no rational mind. The frequent references to Moses, &c. appear designed to prevent or anticipate the reader's detection of atrocious and threadbare



plagiarisms : and the whole contains no incident not to be met with elsewhere. The writer's invention, in truth, seems of the meanest calibre ; and the weakness extreme, that could stoop to believe the tale of two Hercules and two first expeditions to the bounds of the Atlantic. But, setting all these follies aside, what shadow of probability is there that the Sidonians and Tyrians, or Phœnicians, could lay claim to magical spells at the pretended period ? And still more the Spaniards of the western coast ? Certainly none whatever ; and every trace we have historically on the subject most satisfactorily contradicts it, and leads to an opposite inference. Were such errors English, might not Germany scorn us ?

We have room for but one extract more, and this the most tangible as the writer has treated it.

*The Arrival of the Tyrians at the Island of Rachius.*

" Their landing-place was a low shore covered with high trees. After a night of storm and danger, they found a good anchorage. The interior of the country contained many populous villages, whose inhabitants came to visit them, and led them to the chief or governor ; he entertained them sumptuously for seven days, while a messenger was sent to the king to apprise him of their arrival. On the messenger's return, the governor conducted his guests to the king, who lived in the populous city of Rochapatta, in the interior of the island.

" They set out with a large force of spearmen in front, to do them honour and keep off the numerous elephants, that greatly alarmed the travellers. The Tyrians marched next, then the villagers bearing presents ; and the governor brought up the rear, mounted on an elephant and surrounded by his body-guard. On their journey they came to a river where were many crocodiles, that devoured some of the party.

" In three days they saw Rochapatta, surrounded by high mountains. As they approached it, they were met by a multitude of people, some on elephants, some on asses ; many in litters and palankeens (!), but the majority on foot. They were presented in due form to King Rachius and offered their gifts ; horses, purple cloths, and seats (Sitzen) of cedar. The king's presents in return consisted of pearls, gold, two thousand elephants' teeth, and much cinnamon. He entertained them thirty days—ten in the chase.

" This island is surrounded by the sea, but on the north-west faces other land. It is six days' journey in breadth, and twelve in length ; fruitful, and well inhabited. The sea supplies stores of fish ; the woods are full of animals ; the cinnamon-tree plentiful ; the elephants larger than elsewhere. Gold and precious stones are found in the rivers, pearls on the coast. It is governed by four kings, all tributaries however to one—the *Great King*—who receives cinnamon, elephants, pearls, and gold from them in tribute. The southern rules the land of elephants ; the second king rules the west, or cinnamon country, where the Tyrians landed ; the third, the north or pearl district ; the fourth, the east, or jewel tract. They are all brothers of the great king.

"The latter possesses one thousand black elephants, and five of a lighter colour, which are rare here, and found nowhere else. When one of these last is found, he is taken to the king at Rochapatta, and the discoverer is considered fortunate.

"The crocodiles are caught in pits or traps, or slain by arrows; but they are not the only pests of the island, for the winged insects (Fliegen) are so numerous and bloodthirsty that the royal messengers, in their journeys through the woods, are often killed by them.

"These particulars were on their return engraved by Joram on a pillar in the court of the temple of Melikertes. This was overthrown by an earthquake (*εν τῷ πέτρῳ σεισμῷ τῆς γῆς*) but remains, and the inscription is still legible."

It is clear that the island and its king bear but the disguised name of the *Rakshas*. It unfortunately happens that the ancient inhabitants of the interior of Ceylon knew nothing of the sea-coast; a fact proved by their own traditions: that the bears, leopards, and ant-eaters formed as striking a feature as the elephants even then: and that centipedes, scorpions, spiders, and more especially the enormous serpents, must have escaped their notice altogether; for we presume that Mr. Wagenfeld himself, though with so many marvels at command, would not class all these amongst the *flies* (Fliegen). Farther, the natives, having proper names of places in their own tongue, need not have borrowed such from languages wholly unknown to them, or at best but in hostility, at the time. To pass over other trifling matters, such as the traces of Buddha, the sacrificial ceremonies, and the white elephant story, all traceable elsewhere, it is strange the inscribing Tyrians left no inscriptions on the coast or interior; for, if they did, it must have been in a language and character unknown to them and the natives, such as we find the said monuments, which resemble those Mr. Wathen has shown to be of continental India—and are certainly not Phœnician.

It is singular that the voyagers who had beheld so many palm trees, near Eilotha, which was the place selected for building their fleet, and which, rather oddly, afforded no wood fit for that purpose, so that they adopted the simple expedient of transporting thither enough to load eight thousand camels; it is singular, we must observe, that these voyagers did not recognize the cocoa-palm of the Ceylonese sea-coast, or remark its absence from the interior in those days, or slurred over its affinity to those of Phœnicia. Possibly the mountain-heaps of elephants' teeth and jewels concealed the tall trees from their closer view, or blinded them to every other consideration; or else the pearls that *rolled* to the shore prevented them from looking up. The cinnamon fared better; we presume, because their olfactories were not so agreeably occupied otherwise; and the trace of Buddha's foot on the

mountain-top proves that they were not indifferent inquirers, since they brought home a legend 1000 years before its existence. Whatever be the era of that mystic personage, and we ourselves incline to as old a date as even the Germans assign him, and consequently a far older than is allowed by the modern English orientalisists;—that he should have been known to the Phœnicians so long before he was born increases not a little our respect for veracious history. We had fancied the oldest legend referred to Adam, but are content to accept a miracle instead of it, and deem ourselves great gainers by the exchange. The connexion with the interior and the thickly populated villages of Ceylon, while the Arabian coast was desolate, though nearer to the primitive abodes of man, were of course cotemporary with this pre-adventual advent: and other particulars, found in other books, most probably have been taken from this source. The princess Abbassa doubtless borrowed her desolated comparison from hence: and the liberty of choice, and destruction of Melikertes' wife by an arrow from afar; the holy mountain and forty days sojourn there; the chimæra—the serpents in the caves (*im Holen wohnt des Drachens alte Brut*)—the name of Abu Bekr—the fish and muscles; the serpent-legged damsels; the unerring bow; the securing (or *skewering*) an antagonist to a tree with a lance; the disappearance during a chase; the white elephants; the Ethiopian jugglers and snake-bearers; the loads of elephants' teeth; and many more wonders and facts, all form a body of evidence deduced from all parts of the world, known and unknown, then or now, to prove the authenticity of this work. Ava and Siam, Al Rasheed's sister, Moses, the Greek poets, the Arabian Nights, Strabo, der Freischutz, Hanno's Periplus, Walter Scott, Josephus, Sindbad the Sailor, Bahram Giubin, Romulus, the Persian Tales, the Book of Genesis, Göthe, Mahommed's uncle, and Plutarch; all are evidently but faint and partial reflexes of this authentic and interesting volume. But we would suggest that more than one copy must have existed for so many readers; or, if but the one that fell into the hands of Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld, we cannot wonder that a Portuguese cloister and a patron saint into the bargain should have been expressly created to preserve the treasure for this fortunate youth.

Fortunate, we may truly say, since, for him, the present age has become antiquity, and fable has turned into history for his sake. The Phœnician army and navy list are set before us; and the cotemporary kings of Sidon and Byblos, with many that never belonged to Phœnicia, extend from the year 1820, before (or perhaps after) Christ, down to about 1200. Here Sidon presents the remarkable feature of a century of peace (Hundert-

jährige Stille) sufficing for nearly two centuries of time (from 1205 to 1055); a striking moral lesson of the value of peace, we presume. The kings of Byblos adopt an equally novel course; for though the length of each reign and the periods of accession are nicely fixed in the chronological table, backward to the remotest antiquity, and they so regularly preserve their names, as at the distance of seventeen centuries fairly to present us with three for one sovereign; yet, as they come forward towards the time of cotemporary historians, i. e. at 1228 B. C. they become, which is perfectly natural, utterly nameless—*Unberühmte Könige*: unmarked down to Simaron and Adonilbnas, who are without a date altogether. Nothing can be so satisfactory.

The days of chivalry are past, alas! according to Burke, and in spite of the Manchegan knight,—so we can but copy the courtesy of the latter's question to the princess—"Pray why did your highness land at Ossuna, seeing that it is not a sea-port town, but sixteen leagues inland?"—we are as willing as he to credit an impossibility. That a native of Berytus, after writing one book, should alter even his birth-place, in order to include Ceylon in a Phœnician History of Armenian or Syrian names and Persian usages, written in Chaldaic characters, which a Greek translator preserves for a Christian friar to copy and hide in a Portuguese convent, till a German student travels there for his health, we are perfectly ready to believe; but that a learned professor of the nineteenth century should overlook his national learning and his own critical fame, by giving currency to the questionable coin and stamping it with his own superscription by a preface, seems too much for credibility, if not for credulity. The falsehood is almost more probable than the fact. As yet a portion only is public, where is the rest? We would ask—

"Where is the chariot-wheel with Pharaoh's name,  
And marked with Pharaoh's arms, to stamp his fame?  
Where of that stone a slice, and some account,  
Given by the Lord to Moses on the Mount?  
And where a slice of that stone's elder brother  
That, broken, forced the All-Wise to find another?"

Till such are produced, how can we wonder that some other relics of antiquity have escaped this collection?—that the great names of past ages have overlooked Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld?—that Sesostris, marching through Palestine, should not have left the date of his journey, with his card, for Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld?—that Homer did not for his sake answer the doubts of Bryant, on the locality of Troy and the existence of Agamemnon; or those of Wolfe on his own?—that the Samaritans did not settle for him the date of their alphabet?—that the Anakim did not, for him, explain how they got to Judæa?—that the Shep-

herds did not leave him a narrative of their exploits and expulsion?—and that the Arabian historians did not write in German to save him from the blunders which his ignorance of their writings occasions? And this too, when Phœnicia altered her vocalic and liquid terminals to sibilants for his private satisfaction, and Baaut or Buddha came down to the Ceylonese mountains to greet him, in fittest compliment to his merits, with the mark of his foot!

For the Hanoverian doctor and midwife of this marvellous labour, we partly acquit him of the suspicious parentage and this posthumous birth of Sanchoniatho the historian: immersed in oriental studies of the gravest kind, that require and engross all the powers of judgment and learning, we can easily conceive the advantage taken of that absorption of his faculties and of the honest simplicity of his character.

But what is he who could avail himself of this? What is he who, received, though a stranger, into the bosom of unsuspecting confidence, has used that confidence only to abuse it? Who has degraded the faith of friendship and borrowed a high reputation, to stain it with the dirt of deception, or trample it as the stepping-stone of forgery to fame! Who, in the frankness of youth and innocence, with a pulse steeled to honour and a heart indifferent to shame, has sought instruction for years, to turn it into deliberate crime! Without strength to range, or learning to gather, or taste to select, or judgment to weigh:—with neither genius to combine, nor talent to use the facts, open, we had hitherto thought, to the meanest inquirer, he is absolutely ignorant of the very *desideratum* he is attempting, and steals the wretched materials his poverty cannot invent. The equal blindness of his moral sense sees nothing amiss in the parasitic creeping round his patron's name, and twining it with the ivy tendrils of his own proper infamy. For previous literary frauds some extenuation might exist; Chatterton had genius—Ireland, at least ingenuity; and both understood the task they undertook. Even Lauder might plead this, and the intensity of hate that darkens sometimes into the sublime. Had those succeeded, they might have boasted their success; and genius or vengeance been pardoned the first foul oblation: but, the Phœnician forgery once proclaimed, the work must fall into scorn; or did the writer mean finally to brave the presence of his Maker with the consciousness of a lie on his soul?

To poison the sources of knowledge is no trifling crime, though falsehoods spring up every hour besides. The annals of the Stock Exchange within our memories recall how chastisement followed one, because most atrocious, deception: and surely some ignominy equally public and damning should brand the forehead of this laboured and treacherous forgery.

Since the above article was put in type, we have received a pamphlet entitled "Die Sanchoniathonische Streitfrage, nach ungedruckten Briefen gewürdigt vom Dr. C. L. Grotefend," the son, we presume, of the learned Director of the Lyceum, whom we have seen ushering this notable discovery before the public, containing the original correspondence relative to the pretended discovery. We find hence that the impostor first wrote under the name of *Pereiro*—(the final *o* should have been an *a*, as it is meant for Portuguese)—then as *F. Wilde*: then, pretending this last to have been his mother's family name, changing it to *Wagenfeld*; till some other *alias* should offer, we presume. The earliest letters contain the word *Merinhao*, on which we have already remarked; and the name of the river *Douro*, spelt *Duero*, as is observed by the Editor: and we would further point out the extreme ignorance of the impostor, who shows by his mode of latinizing it that he was not aware of the true pronunciation of this Portuguese name. It appears that the letter pretendedly sent by one Christopher Meyer in reality came by the post, and bears the Bremen post-mark; while the first letter, assuming to be Portuguese, has, like all the rest, a German water-mark. The miserable shifts and excuses apparent in every page of the correspondence, and the wretched inconsistencies respecting the fac-simile, which are not worth recording, might, we should have thought, have put the learned editor on his guard at the very commencement of the affair, and saved the world and himself from this silly mystification. Dr. C. L. Grotefend notices, though somewhat late, the change of birth-places in the historian; the Buddha footstep and white elephants of Ceylon; the derivation of Tarsus from Tarsessus, and the consequent confounding תרשש with תרז; various errors in the Greek of the fac-simile, which would disgrace a school-boy; and alterations in the Phœnician names, which, it turns out, are stolen and mutilated from a recent work of Professor Gesenius: but we would observe, in reply to an objection of one or both of the learned writers, that the change of *Υ* into the short *o*, is perfectly correct, in transferring Phœnician into Greek; as it so stands in the earliest alphabets of the latter.

We give these facts as supplementary to our own doubts and exposures of the fraud; and must repeat our regrets that so clumsy and obviously elaborated a fabrication should have imposed a single moment on the erudition of a scholar of whom Germany is otherwise so justly proud. As a memorial of this, our critique must remain; for the literary Caspar Häuser, he should, for obvious reasons, change his own nativity and its aspect as soon as he can.

ART. X.—*Oriental Historical Manuscripts in the Tamil Language, translated with Annotations.* By William Taylor, Missionary. In Two Volumes, 4to. Madras, 1835.

WE hail the appearance of these volumes ; for, meagre and unsatisfactory as some portion of their contents may be found by those who are anxious for complete elucidation on the mystical subject of Indian History, Geography, and Religion ; and vague, as much of what actually appears obviously is, to even the most ardent of believers ; and inconclusive, consequently, as the deductions must be in the hands of the most profound thinkers and most elaborate scholars ; still, so much of *indication* as regards the unknown points is thrown up amongst the mass of matter here presented to us, we regret to add in a most confused and undigested form, that, with all the objections which the most careless or the most sceptical reader may be disposed to raise, there is unquestionably a vast deal of information to be gathered from these volumes. Yet our critical duty obliges us to confess that the faults we have pointed out, and some others also, render the work far less important and interesting than we had a right to expect from the skill of the author in the language he translates, and from his sacred character, with its supposed consequent biblical knowledge.

In truth the utter confusion of ideas, incident probably to the very nature of his subject, and the absence of any index or table of contents in a work so complicated, and so often referring in one portion to another for comparative passages, render the task of the reader difficult, that of the reviewer almost hopeless. In coming forward to supply the intimated omissions of Professor H. H. Wilson's Historical Summary and Descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. collected by the late Colonel Mackenzie, Mr. Taylor seems to consider that his readers must necessarily be acquainted with this work ; and, with unpardonable remissness, he has so treated, or rather maltreated, his subject, as to render the professor's volumes indispensable for even a tolerable apprehension of his own. In the incessantly insinuated blame, therefore, of which he is lavish towards his learned and able predecessor, we discover nothing of the candour that ought to distinguish a gentleman, a disputant, a Christian, and a missionary. Nor does the Sanscrit professor stand alone in this category of Mr. Taylor's wrath ; he is accompanied in that disastrous predicament by other names ; but they are less likely to throw off the dew-drops of our missionary's tender mercies ; not only from their inferior ability, and the absence, in some at least, of that high reputation which

so justly distinguishes the Sanscrit professor, but also because, while he is living and can disdain it, others have descended to that tomb which is generally considered to cover the errors and disarm the malice of mankind. In the name of humanity we lift our voice against this system; in the name of Christian charity we protest against the man who flings the corpse of his brethren as a feast to the dog and the crow, and makes his religion the pretext for raking up the dead, and scattering their ashes as a sacrifice to the breath of heaven.

To the volumes of Professor Wilson then we must turn for something of order and arrangement; and, though the view therein taken of the MSS. themselves is not so complete as we could have wished it, nor the elucidations derivable from them so ample as we could have expected from the mind that has recently illustrated the calumniated *Ctesias*; yet the learned author has certainly assisted his readers to comprehend their historical tendency, and conceive their historical value. He has not, that we can perceive, in any case decried their importance; and though, from other avocations and various causes, the notices he has given are, to a degree, imperfect; still we ourselves can find nothing of that superficial scorn which some professed Oriental scholars exhibit upon matters seen for the first time; and for which, we confess, we were in the present case fully but wrongfully prepared by Mr. Taylor's allusions. The Professor's is an *honest* as well as an *able* summary, such as might be expected from the man.

To an inquiring mind, the subject of India will suggest a series of doubts and incertitudes. The mystery in which all that is known is veiled, and the still greater mystery that shrouds the unknown;—the fact, not merely of a vacuum in her history, but of a positive cloud supplying its place; refracting the scanty rays of light that scattered records afford, through an atmosphere that is fatal to the breath of history, and that enlarges the few forms appearing through its medium into gigantic proportions, evidently false and impossible: the anomaly of a literature without records; and of a language utterly unintelligible to the mass of natives of those countries in every age; all these are sources not merely of doubt but distrust. Suspicion will ever awake at mystery; for what in such cases is mystery but concealment? and what is that concealment but silent falsehood? If no historical records existed, whence came the fables? If they did exist, why came the fables? The Brahmins could not believe what they disbelieved; namely, the falsehoods they themselves avowedly framed for the vulgar. As little could they have disbelieved what they believed and knew, *i.e.* the events of their own times. How is it then that the truths have vanished and the errors remain?—that, while science and



literature were cultivated and preserved, record was neglected and left to perish? the very records, too, the sole support of their claims to antiquity! Did they then contradict the claim? In every other country where the ignorance of new occupants, or the arrogant vanity of despots, destroyed confessedly the ancient monuments, it was in order that the actual dynasty might be deemed the original, or the actual usurpation be held alone worth recording. Are not these the two horns of the Brahmin dilemma?

But, we are told, their language, the Sanscrit, is a proof of their antiquity. It is certainly a proof of its own, so far as it exists, or existed, in antiquity; but no further, that we can see: nor even is this a proof in favour of its professors, unless it can be shown that the present Brahmins are an uninterrupted descent, and their legends a *carmen perpetuum, primumque ab origine mundi ad tempora nostra*—a presumption which they themselves, as we shall find, contradict in the former part at least. Even without any contradiction of theirs, the fact that they hold to, and cannot explain, their own mythoi, is to us a sufficient refutation of their asserted descent in integrity. But even their boasted language confessedly brings no proof of its own existence much beyond 3000 years. How then can it evidence for others what it cannot for itself? Paul may answer for Peter, but who shall answer for Paul?

Some writers, it is true, have noticed in ancient remains a few, a very few words, which they refer to this language of the Brahmins; but, since those words all exist in the Zend, Hebrew, and other confessedly oldest tongues, in a nearer and ruder form, they can be no evidence of a Sanscrit origin, and, consequently, no proof that the Sanscrit was formed at that early period. We may grant the Brahmins their pretended origin at Mount Meru; yet this only shows that they migrated from the West, as Langlès, Klaproth, Rask, Kennedy, &c. &c. conceived: but we cannot grant the pretended date of that origin, for it is monstrous beyond all possibility, and the lowest calculation even has been generally held incredible. Let us observe, too, that the Phrygian and Greek languages were formed long before the Sanscrit was known to exist, so far as we have proofs; till then the Brahmins can establish their westward migration, we have no right, it appears to us, to give their grammatical system the priority over the Greek; but, on the contrary, have every reason to assign or suspect, with Gibbon, the former (in part at least) attributable to the Bactrian successors of Alexander. But we assert distinctly that, while no evidence appears to prove the westward migration of these sages, we have no ground to embrace the conjecture of that unknown and unimaginable migration, and by men who, if settled

and civilized to such a degree, would scarcely have wandered so far as Greece. On the other hand, there are historical proofs of Zend and other migrations to that country and vicinity.

We must add a few words on the other anomaly we have alluded to;—the existence of a dialect unknown to the vulgar. We may be answered with Hieratic and Demotic Egypt, Chaldæan Assyria, Zendic Persia, Bali India, &c. &c. &c. Of the first we know nothing yet; or, if any thing, it supports and proves our argument: of the rest, will any one assert that they have never formed a dialect of a spoken or vulgar tongue? These languages, too, have been motive, the Sanscrit, as is affirmed, stationary; their religious systems have altered, her's is unchanged in the land of her nativity; yet who use the latter tongue? Those only who are interested in maintaining the delusion, which gives them power, riches, influence, sanctity, adoration from man, and beatitude in divine essence.

We are far from undervaluing what we possess of Sanscrit literature. In truth, it is its very variety and perfection that makes us ask for more, and that renders us sceptical as to its confined historical range. A single and indifferent history of a single distant province has alone been brought to light; and it seems to us impossible that the most civilized sages of the East should have been able to carry their intellectual labours to so high a pitch of excellence in other departments, and yet have been so ignorant as to overlook the very basis on which their pretensions must be founded. This, too, must have been any thing but accidental or ignorantly done, since the bordering civilized nations adopted the opposite course: an obvious example and reproach. China and Persia, and even Tatary, had their records, while the Brahmin was satisfied to rest his illumination on ignorance. With ruder nations, war and accident might destroy whatever relics, if any, they possessed of antiquity. We have in a previous Number (XXXV. p. 125 & 127) hinted at some points of resemblance between the Arabic and Sanscrit formations. In the similar, and, we suspect at least equally groundless, claim to remote antiquity, the analogy is sustained; and it is strengthened by the fact, that the oldest Arabic falls even short of the Sanscrit in its proofs, which do not extend to near 3000 years. The vacuum in Arabian history, therefore, is even greater than in the Sanscrit; but the causes we must defer investigating here.

Yet, while the literature of the Brahmins has thus apparently shunned all historical detail, their ancient epic poems have not been equally cautious. Through the extravagance and inflation of these accounts some points are distinctly visible, which obviously refer to actual events, and which correspond in the main

with portions of other national records or traditions. But where, as in the Mahabharata, men are exalted to spirits and gods, or degraded to beasts and monkeys, the most timorous fugitive from truth might rest safe and contented in the darkness; since even the few gleams of light that could penetrate thither are separated by the prism of genius, and distorted and resolved into mere rainbow imaginings. The historian might be discouraged or silenced; the poet could not be controlled. The ignorance and restless fears of the human mind had already woven from the dry and unpromising thread of numbers the wild-floating veil of magical incantations and phantasies; converting calculation itself into a vague, superstitious dream, and finding in the coldest reality the fittest source for unsubstantial forms and phantasmaic terrors. The science of the Nabathæan, early perverted, and sunk to mere dexterity in Egypt, had blended with Persian mysticism, and perhaps also with Western speculation: the poet seized the realm which philosophy was slowly discovering, peopled it at once with his own creations, till nature and magic, forms and spirits, substance or essence, instruments, birds, fish, animals, man, genii, deities, and even the Godhead, moved, at the sound of his voice alone, to bewilder and enchant the bosom of his auditory. With such a power even despotism, that strongest despotism, of religion, could nothing avail. The Metternich of Brahminism, therefore, bowed down before circumstance, and, like his modern and living type, what he could not control he converted to his own purpose.

From the hopelessness of such historical monuments it is a relief to turn, and seek at whatever cost, and with whatever labour and patience, for more detailed and more authentic sources of information in other quarters. The task must be long, and may, perhaps, be fruitless; but we are not of those who deem the broken threads of antiquity irrecoverable, or remain content with despair in preference to examination. We cannot, amidst unexplored libraries and unsought MSS., consent to believe that all traces are lost and perished, because they are not obtruded on the eye; or that the connected succession of events, that stamped the East with their living traces, are now vanished and must be for ever a mystery, whilst so many documents are unknown, and whilst even the historical treasures we possess remain uncomparred, or at best collated imperfectly. When, as in the case before us, fresh materials are offered, to embrace them without examination is neither more nor less unreasonable than to reject them in the same summary mode. If they supply statements merely, such may be considered, and confronted with others from other channels; the collation may elicit agreement or uniformity, thus form-

ing *the probable*: a hint, a reference, a passing remark, will often connect events in one place with dates in another; and thus induce *certainty*: or, on the other hand, discrepancies and contradictions will, in general, condense objections and doubts into certainties also. But, if we proceed on the principle of throwing aside every document that bears exaggeration on its face, or that is defective in the date, or that is wholly devoid of these, we blindly abandon and seal up the very springs of our future path, and increase the chances of failure in the boundless and shifting sands of historical and antiquarian investigation. The very want most complained of, that of *dates*, (as if palm-trees ought to rise at our wish in the deserts,) is the surest evidence we can obtain that the records wanting them are older than the civilization whose commencement we seek in their respective countries.

We have been careful to write thus much at length in order to meet on more than one ground the objections of many able and patient scholars to all the novelties of the past which the present age is bringing to light. Men, too, who have laboriously investigated one particular branch of study, cannot generally be supposed to possess any inclination to undervalue it, or turn to researches tending towards this end; but, since all the learning that has been expended in the research has failed to penetrate into the real sources of antiquity, may we not reasonably entertain a doubt that the process hitherto employed has been somewhere defective?—that the authorities we have taken for our guides, though often, undoubtedly, a light in utter darkness, are also too often a pillar of cloud when we are able to see a wider horizon! The ancients may have told us all they knew, but were the ancients acquainted with antiquity? There is a fallacy in the terms; but we might often, with justice, answer the fact in the negative. If the Greek, or the Brahmin, drew existence from a stone, or creation from a flower, are we to contract our inquiries accordingly? and this, too, when their aboriginal nationality is more than questionable, and the Hebrew scriptures, if no other authenticated record, supply evidence of older races in other and more probable countries?

Professor Wilson adverts to the light which the Mackenzie MSS. reflect upon the languages and literature of the south of India. These appear to be

“ 1. The discovery of the Jain religion and philosophy, and its distinction from that of the Boudh.

“ 2. The ancient different sects of religion in this country and their subdivisions.

“ 3. The nature and use of the Salsanum and inscriptions on stone and copper.

" 4. The design and nature of the monumental stones and trophies found in various parts of the country from Cape Comorin to Delhi, called Veeracul and Maastiecull, which illustrate the ancient customs of the early inhabitants and perhaps of the early Western nations.

" 5. The sepulchral tumuli, mounds, and barrows of the early tribes, similar to those found throughout the continent of Asia and of Europe; illustrated by drawings and various other notices of antiquities and institutions."—*Introduction*, pp. xi. xii.

It is further observed,

" The collection as here detailed consists chiefly of manuscripts in the original languages, constituting what may be regarded as the literature of the south of India. The subject is hitherto almost unknown to the literature of Europe, and from its novelty, if not from its importance, is likely to be thought intitled to special attention."—*Introduction*, p. xx.

And our less learned readers may not disdain to be told that,

" In general they are in very bad order, being more or less imperfect, and being rather engraved than written with an iron style upon palm-leaves; a mode of writing which even when the letters are blackened by a composition of lamp-black and oil is very unfavourable to prompt and easy perusal. A new manuscript of this kind, presented for the first time to the most learned pundit, is deciphered by him slowly and with pain." *Introduction*, p. xxiv.

The leading languages of India have been considered three, if not four; the *Sanscrit*, the *Pracrit*, and the *Maghadée* or *Pairachi*. As the first was the language of the Gods, and the second of Good Spirits, this classification of the third with the fourth, respectively of Men and of Demons, is little complimentary to either of the last. We are tempted, however, to object to the arrangement that includes the Tamul and its derivatives, or cognates, with the *Pracrit* class. The five Gaures, or northern divisions of Hindostan, speak the former, whilst the latter prevails in the five Dravidas, or southern portion of the country, comprising, as Mr. Wilson observes,

" The ancient kingdoms of Chola, Chera, and Pandya, and now comprehending the districts of South Arcot, Salem, Coimbatour, Kumbhakonum, Tanjore, Trichinapali, Madura, Dindigal, Tinnivelli, and great part of Mysur.

" It (Tamul) is not derived from any language at present in existence, and is either itself the parent of the Telugu, Malayalam, and Canarese languages, or what is more probable has its origin in common with these in some ancient tongue which is now lost or only partially preserved in its offspring.

" Neither the Tamul, the Telugu, nor any of their cognate dialects, are derivations from the Sanscrit. The latter, however it may contribute

to their polish, is not necessary to their existence ; and they form a distinct family of languages, with which the Sanscrit has, in later times especially, intermixed, but with which it has no radical connexion."—*Introduction*, pp. xxviii. xxix.

We must observe, by the way, that Professor Wilson is not himself the author of the above remarks, but we can appreciate the value of such quotations by such a scholar. We may add a distinction drawn by the professor himself between two languages commonly confounded in Europe, the *Hindi* and *Hindoostani*—

"The Hindi retaining its own or Sanscrit words, the Hindustani in every possible case substituting for them words of Persian and Arabic origin."—*Introduction*, p. li.

The following short extract illustrates some of our remarks :—

"All the traditions and records of the peninsula recognize in every part of it a period when the natives were not Hindus. What creed they followed does not appear ; but it may be reasonably inferred that, if any, it was very rude, and such as might be expected from a barbarous people : for the same authorities assert that, prior to the introduction of the colonies from the North, the inhabitants of the Peninsula were foresters and mountaineers, or goblins and demons."—*Introduction*, p. liv.

We would adduce the remark of Rask in illustration of the foregoing, namely, that the North or original Hindustan, only reaches to the Nerbudda ; the Deccan southwards to the river Krishna ; and thence the Karnatic extends to the sea ; and that the oldest race of Indians are to be found in but a narrow strip of this latter portion.

We believe the following remarks to be new to the generality of readers, respecting the sculptures at Elephanta :—

"The caverns in general are Saiva and Bauddha. There are a few Jain excavations at Ellora, but none at Elephanta or Keneri. There is no satisfactory clue to the date of any of these excavations ; but there is no reason to think that any of them bear a high antiquity. It may be questionable whether the Saivas or Bauddhas took the lead in these structures ; but there is some reason to suppose the former ; in which case, the Saiva appropriation being consequent on the downfall of the Bauddha faith, Mr. Erskine observes the Elephanta caverns cannot be much more than eight centuries remote. The Bauddhas, according to a tradition previously alluded to, came into the peninsula only in the third century after Christianity ; and their excavations could not, therefore, have been made earlier than the fifth or sixth. The Saivas, who formed similar caverns, were a particular sect or that of the Jogis ; as is proved by the sculptures, the large earrings, the emaciated penitents, and the repetition of the details of Daksha's sacrifice, a favourite story in the Saiva Puranas ; none of which probably are older than the eighth or ninth century. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, therefore, we

may infer the comparatively recent formation of these monuments. There is nothing in their construction, that Hindu architects of the present day would not be as well qualified as ever to accomplish.

"Sculptured rocks are analogous to cavern temples; and the history of the one may throw some light upon that of the other. The most remarkable monuments of this class are the sculptured rocks of Mavelipuran, or Mahabalipur, the city of the great Bali, who has proved so mischievous a jack-a-lantern to European scholars; leading them astray from India into Palestine and Mesopotamia, and filling them with a variety of preposterous fancies. Now local tradition asserts that these rocks were sculptured not more than five or six centuries ago by artists from the North; and the subjects of the carving, the recumbent Vishnu, and particularly the presence of Krishna, and the cowherds of Vrindavan, leave no doubt of the accuracy of the chronology; for the worship of the boy Krishna is a very modern innovation."—*Introduction*, p. lxix.

The brevity of his materials is noticed by Mr. Taylor, to whom it is time to return, as similar to the records of every early nation. From these he infers that the kingdom of Madura, in the south of the Peninsula, was founded 1500 years B.C.; the alleged (oldest) date of the Vedas, according to Sir W. Jones and Mr. Ritter: the three principalities of *Pandya*, *Chola* or *Sora*, and *Chera* or *Sera*, having been early formed; and the first having, it is affirmed, sent ambassadors to Augustus Cæsar. Tradition makes the founder a native of *Oude*.

The mixture of incessant monstrosities with some few facts, offers certainly no small inducement to throw aside Mr. Taylor's volumes as too extravagant altogether. But this is the very hastiness of judgment we have condemned, and we meet with some matters that, in the shape of tales, are frequently amusing, and singularly illustrative, even after all we have heard of the state of supineness and superstition in those unfortunate countries where the Brahmins have so long held sway. These we may compare with the similar cases in European lands; but amidst the darkest of these last some light of reason has found its way, to save ourselves from the long and hopeless degradation that has paralyzed Hindostan.

Amongst narratives which, though extravagant, evidently involve historical facts, we meet with some of the most trifling and ludicrous character. The sources of those fables, which, in the hands of the Greeks, gave rise to fictions so elegant and graceful, and at the same time so accordant with the spirit of the human mind, that they formed, in the first instance, a willing belief, and even now are indulged in as waking dreams, are here, in what we are taught to receive as their original state, matter for mirth, if not for pain, for those who could credit, and of scorn and disgust for the inventors of such distorted phantasies. They had often

probably no end whatever; not even the mystic sense of an unimportant rite : but appear to have sprung from the wantonness of an imagination secure from detection in the hearers, though in the utterance of the most palpable falsehoods. The exhaustless purse and transmutation of metals are familiar to infancy in every cultivated tongue; but only a Hindoo could listen to tales of a god dancing on one leg for years, teaching wisdom to a little bird, giving milk to pigs, and making them ministers of a kingdom !

We can therefore well believe that this policy of ignorance was the work of an intrusive race. The Brahmins,—whose foreign origin is more than suspicious, though we cannot consent, with Rask, to imagine them a conquering race,—did in all likelihood supplant the native castes, and raise their supremacy upon the ruin or depression of the *Shatrya* tribe. If so, their policy is not altogether dissimilar to that of their successors and patrons, the English, in India, and of the Tatar dynasties of China to this day. Mr. Taylor takes some pains to show that they were originally Chaldeans; but we can see no ground for this assumption, nor any similarities beyond merely casual ones. In fact, we cordially embrace the Arabian account of their descent, from every consideration connected with their doctrines; and the derivation of their mode of measuring lands, with all its errors, till corrected from the Arabians, corroborates the supposition. Nor need we bind ourselves to the confusion, naturally arising, we conceive, from the fact of substitution; that confusion of persons and things that identifies the Brahmin of Hindostan with the original Deev, or sage, of Scythia or Tatar. The derivation of the name is decidedly inimical to this identity, no less than the other grounds of dissent or denial,—viz. the difference of faith or ritual, so far as any information remains on this head. It will suffice to notice, in illustration, that the suicide so universally established in Hindostan is directly opposite to the principle of the Brahmins described by *Megasthenes*; and that *Benares*, the ancient seat of the learned and pious priesthood, little resembles at the present day, as our readers have seen, those groves of meditation, and has wholly departed from the *royal solitudes* of the old *Vana-rasi*. The castes are different also; and where are the former *Feasts of the Dead*? In truth, even while admitting the Zend to be partially the source of the Sanscrit, there is not the slightest necessity for identifying the ministers of the two systems, but rather the contrary; for the formation of an improved language was not merely calculated to throw an elder into disuse, but may not unreasonably be imagined to have partly sprung from this



object; and the more so, since those who spoke it (the Zend) were now deemed idolatrous and false, if not absolutely persecuted for their creed.

The concealment then of their own knowledge by the later or real Brahmins—we know not how the former could claim the appellation—appears not very dissimilar to the mysteries of the old western nations; the closing terms of that of Eleusis bearing absolutely the Sanscrit form of words contracted from the Zend: and since no historical proof whatever appears to carry the Sanscrit to the banks of the Nile, or the shores of Italy and Greece,—for the three pretended pyramids of Sanscrit construction is a tale proving, if any thing, the very reverse of what its narrators pretend:—then the only alternative left for belief is the statement referred to, of the more modern intrusion of the Brahmins. How ruthlessly, tempted by avarice and impunity, they have abused their position in Indian society, we need not pause to remark; but were evidence wanting, it is found in the two extracts we make from Mr. Taylor's work.

“ When *Parasu-Rama* had obtained his domain, as before mentioned, he parcelled it out into seven *Konkans*, or divisions, named respectively, *Kirata*, *Virata*, *Maratha*, *Konkana*, *Hayga*, *Tuluwa*, and *Kerala*. Some of these names, as *Kirata* and *Virata*, are taken from those of northern and more ancient countries. These seven provinces, it seems, had a population of fishermen; from which circumstance we may gather the general inference, that the retiring of the sea was gradual, though fable has incorrectly made it miraculous and instantaneous. If it did take place on the principles indicated, it must have been gradual. *Parasu-Rama*, it may be supposed, on coming to this newly recovered tract of country, easily gained an ascendancy over its piscatory inhabitants. The better to secure it, and to retaliate on the northern Bramins who had expelled him, he made these fishermen become Bramins. Either at this time, or, as more probable, subsequently, the aforesaid seven provinces were subdivided into sixty-four districts; and the Bramins of these states formed a deliberative council of government for the whole. They reserved to themselves the property of the soil; let out the lands to inferior castes; intrusted war and defence to ten and a half divisions out of the sixty-four subdivisions; and placed the executive government in the hands of one individual, assisted by a council of four other Bramins, elected every three years. It is not certain whether this very singular arrangement, considering its being in India, took place among the fishermen Bramins, or at a later period. The reader may judge; for the legend says, that *Parasu-Rama*, on quitting the country, told his Bramins that, should they at any time have urgent occasion for his assistance, their wishing for his presence would be sufficient to bring him among them: a device quite common to the heroical period of Hindu history. The fishermen, unworthy of their elevation, felt doubtful of his veracity; and, in order to put it to the proof, summoned him without

cause : indignant at which, he reduced them to the rank of *Sudras*, in which light the Bramins of the *Konkan* are said to be still regarded."—*Taylor*, vol. ii. pp. 56, 57.

It needs little attention to discover that this Brahmin tale is the Lion's account of the fact. The poor fishermen are not charged by their adversaries with serious misconduct, and the re-appearance of *Parasu-Rama* therefore is only the *Deus dignus vindice nodus* to revenge the real offence, that of attempting to supersede Brahmins. In what a condition must be the moral sense of a country that can thus visit their ancestors' fault on the present Brahmins of Konkan!

The second extract on this subject needs no comment of ours.

"A pilgrimage to Benares, with the view of obtaining offspring, has been, and probably still is, a frequent custom. It is a pilgrimage from which many never return : and if wealthy persons setting out thither were not infatuated by superstition, they might reflect on the possibility of collusion between collateral relatives and Bramins, and between Bramins of one temple with those of a distant one, by means of the sacred language, unknown to the vulgar : so that Pausanian letters, sealing the pilgrim's fate, might be carried by himself. The writer of these remarks was told by Dr. Young, who accompanied Bishop Turner to Madras, that from personal observations he had no manner of doubt of Benares being a great slaughter-house, or that numerous lives of pilgrims were every year sacrificed by the Bramins in order to get at their property. A slow reception may possibly be given to such an opinion, but how fatal pilgrimages often are to pilgrims needs not at this time of day any fuller exposure than has been given. At all events, reverting to our theme, it is not astonishing that the real Tanapathi \* never returned.—*Taylor*, vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

We have noticed in a former number (xxxv, p. 140) the various forms under which the creative power appears in the East. It is well worth considering, if only for condensing the view to the first departure of the Eastern world from the Hebrew text. When O'Brien, in his work on the Round Towers : a volume containing a singular combination of ingenuity and research ; where, with the natural fault of youth, assertion is too often substituted for argument, and reading for learning, but where, to do but justice to the volume, a vast variety of facts, previously considered only in detail, but there for the first time put together in a manner that compels the most serious attention from scholars, always to their combination, if not always to the conclusions, renders the work indispensable for all future inquirers :—when he favoured the world with the Irish reading of the opening passage in St.

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\* A merchant who went to Benares to obtain offspring by prayer. This legend indicates the notoriety of the fact referred to above.

John, regarding the *Αερος*, he totally overlooked the necessity of accounting for either of the two interpretations of the Hebrew Genesis, whether the *spirit* or the *word*; a *breath* of Deity, or a mighty *wind*, that moved upon the surface of the waters. Mr. Taylor is for this last reading; but we must regret to observe that we can place little reliance on his biblical learning; of which, however, he is willing to make parade. He appears even to have overlooked or confused the arguments adduced by the late Colonel Wilford, for fixing the site of Paradise in the Himmalayah, with the argument on the resting of the ark. This, from his careless style, he would seem to fancy was "*poetically transformed into a divinity*" in the second verse of Genesis! but he in reality refers to the Indian Hymn, and not to the Bible.

Of the garden of Iran or Eden, we cheerfully accept O'Brien's opinion, as it has always been our own: though he, after Malcolm, was ignorant of the derivation from *אֵן*, or *אֵל*, Ur, Fire, as the pure or holy: *an* being the Median adjectival affix, and not originally a substantive. Into the Irish question we shall not enter; as O'Brien's volume, especially with the assistance to be derived from the labours of Pelloutier, Betham, Prichard, and Moore, shows more ground for considering the question than had been previously imagined; but it is clear that the *א* in Hebrew might be easily confounded with *א*, in speech as in writing, even in the Samaritan character; while the spoken *r*, gives the sound of *t* or *d*, in more than one derivative language of the ancient East, and certainly the old Persian.

The most material defects in O'Brien's volume are, his taking for granted that his readers are as well acquainted as himself with the Celtic; and the omission of any comparison or proof of this being identical with the Persian, a language evidently strange to him; and a degree of confusion is consequently apparent in some parts. Will no friendly hand supply this deficiency?

We cannot pass the subject of the ark without noticing a slight but singular coincidence between the Sanscrit tale of the deluge, and an equally futile English superstition. That *Vishnou*, the preserver, by miracle or *maya* formed the ark, is only the debasement of the scriptural narrative. The confusion of opinions on this subject seems to have arisen from overlooking the fact that the old Indian writers intended by the word *maya* the *action* of existence upon consciousness (in the Divinity): the *act* of representing, not the representation itself. The simple *operation* is therefore the Real and Unreal of the ancient doctrine: not merely, we conceive, "*reat*, because it is the cause of every thing,"

nor “*unreal*, because there is nothing but BRAHM;” but also Real and Unreal in the sense of *action*; which is Actual, for it takes place; yet only Consequent, for it depends upon, or is the relation between, other existences: and in this sense only, we submit, can we take the declaration of the Veda, “that God as *Maia* creates the world.” It is in fact not the Hindu philosophers alone who have puzzled themselves and their readers with this very attempt to define the connexion of matter and spirit where they approach the nearest. But if perception, or rather pictorial impression on the sense, an apparent image and not a mere illusion, be intended by the Sanscrit authority, it tallies strangely with the meteorological phenomenon, known, though rare, by the name of the ark, which is supposed to prognosticate the change from long-continued rain to fair weather. This we once heard described by a respectable eye-witness, still living, as pointed out to him in the north of England under that name by his brother, a clergyman, and presenting the perfect image in the skies of an ark surrounded by rainy vapours. Other accounts tend to corroborate our informant’s statement. While relating stories of illusion, we may give one from Mr. Wilson of probably equal authority.

“On the mountain of Kailas, when Siva was sitting in his Court, Chandeswara stood up in his presence, and saluted him with a single hand. Pârvati Devi, observing it, said to Siva, ‘Oh Parameswara, every one salutes us with both hands—what is the reason that this person salutes with but one?’ Parameswara then became twofold, or half Siva and half Pârvati. Chandeswara beholding it, remarked: Although foul or fragrant odours may be wafted by the wind, or the shadow of the sun reflected from a jar of water, yet are they not one existence? So saying, he turned to the right half, and saluted it alone. Pârvati then, being highly enraged, spoke thus: Chandeswara, I am the material mask of the spirit; how can you refuse to acknowledge me? You are under my command as long as you are enveloped with a body? Chandeswara then became Bhiringiswara with three legs, at which the Ganas were surprised, and called him Ganeswar, (the exempted from matter). Pârvati, beholding Siva, said, that she had conferred half of her body on him, and Bramha and Vishnu and the rest were concentrated in her; which then was greater, Bhiringiswara, or Siva himself? Siva replied to her, that she might send a part of her essence to the mortal world, and he would send Bhiringisi there, and she might then examine its spiritual truth. Pârvati accordingly sent a spark of her essence to be borne as *Mâyâ* on *Mohinideva*, the queen of the king of *Banavasi*, named *Mamakara raya*. This *Mâyâ* became a harlot, and associated with the musician of the temple of *Madhukeswar* at *Banavasi*. The spirit of Bhiringiswar or Nermaya Ganeswar was born by Nirahankâra on Sujnânadevi at Karure, and his parents gave him the name of Allama Prabhu, and nourished him. When he was grown up, he said to his parents that he

was born to them for their faith to Siva; and wished to teach the prayers of Siva to the disciples in the different regions, and he showed them the mode of attaining liberation. He went to Bānavasi, and subdued the musicians and Máya there, and obtained the title of Niranjani; and wandered throughout different parts of the world, and wrought many miracles for the disciples of Siva."—*Wilson*, vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

To return to Mr. Taylor. It is singular to find how strongly he is given to the adoption of novel opinions; novel, we mean, in comparison with those they contradict; and how eagerly he travels out of his proper path to introduce the question of the ark in a description of Tamil MSS. But though we acquit him of any suspicion that the two questions are more nearly connected, as they unquestionably are, we instance it as one proof of that desire for investigation which turns up so generally, wherever it appears, long hidden or disregarded treasures. Whether such be the case now before us, we cannot pretend to judge; but we strongly protest against his building an argument upon Portius Cato, without examining how far he is worthy of support, and in a passage where his testimony is obviously an error: the *Sagæ Scythians* he speaks of being evidently but the descendants of the *Saca*, or *Sacuseni*, in eastward migration; the original Scythia being thus, according to both *Strabo* and *Herodotus*, near the Araxes, or Kur, i. e. West of the Caspian sea.

We give to the "Chaldæan traditions and Assyrian vestiges," that Mr. Taylor speaks of to support his opinion of the ark's resting elsewhere than in Armenia, the weight required by testimony that does not affect the point in dispute. The Armenian traditions against him are clear; the grape soil of that neighbourhood, too, attests the traditions; and the story of the King Giamshid, who discovered it for Persia, and who, as a dynasty, claims all the improvements of the Noachidæ, confirms it. When China can show that her civilization and existence did not originate from the West, it will be ample time to imagine the patriarch Noah travelling to *Shensi* for his amusement. Of the Brahmin claim for the *Saca-dwipa*, as the ark's resting-place, till its locality is settled we cannot, and need not, say much, in addition to what we have remarked on their history; but we doubt the wisdom of taking for 4000 years the asseveration of a race that cannot account for 3000. The word ארץ, as the East, or original land, we have discussed before, and may refer to hereafter.

Mr. Taylor attempts to assail the arguments of Faber on this locality, but the latter has nothing to fear from his antagonist. He can also gain nothing from our support, though we still hold the opinion which our missionary conceives himself to have demo-

lished so effectually. We must examine this as an historical question.

In the first place it is not necessary to blend *Ararat* and *Minni* together to form the name of Armenia, unless we take also the third or final syllable of this letter from the first of *Ash Kenaz*; a novel mode certainly, and more anagrammatic than probable. But it is clear by the 27th verse of 51 Jeremiah, quoted, read in connexion with the 28th, not quoted by Mr. Taylor, that the three kingdoms, viz. Ararat, Minni, and Ashkenaz, in question, were those of the Median kings; for they are mentioned; and there is no allusion to any other in the whole chapter as assailants. Now though Chamick, a modern Armenian writer, believes Armenia to have been so named from *Arah*, an ancient king, the derivation of it from *Ar* is correct also; not certainly as the *mountainous*; which, according to our author, is the sense given by Mr. Faber: we have not the latter's volume at hand: but because the word is both Hebrew and Zend; being simply the contracted title, not name, of *Ahoeroehe* in the Median tongue; and the *אור*, *Ur*, of the Hebrew.

*Ar-arat*, then, is simply *אור*, and *ארת*, or *הארץ*, the land of fire.

*Minni* is probably the *מנח*, referring to number, of the Hebrew, as evinced in the tremendous brevity of the denunciation to Belshazzar: the root of the Greek *Mene*, the moon, so called, according to some, from her being the source of calculation for the *monaths* or months; the *Al-manach* of the Arabic, so familiarized to us; or else the moon might be so called as ruling over the planets and powers of the Zoroastrian system: and it is clear from the old and modern names, Teutonic and other, *mangha*, *mane*, or *mone*, and *mond*, that, while she is connected on the one hand with the months, she derives, on the other, the claim of influencing the mind, or animal spirit, of the Greeks.

We are disposed (in corroboration of this last) to consider the Zend word *maini*, mind or spirit, the root of the Median name, as of the derivatives in Sanscrit, *mana*; Indian *manyu*; Tamil *manya*; Ceylonese *manaya*; Greek *μενος*; Latin, Portuguese, &c. *manes*. The corresponding Egyptian term is *munai*, spirits or demons; and it is remarkable that, like its correspondent, it is limited to five characters, as is the Hebrew *אלהים*, *Elohim*; the five Buddhas or authors of creation; the Indian charm, or *mantra*; and the five elements, (including ether); while also the Chinese number five expresses the *principle of nature*: possibly the five senses furnish the key of this number. The *t*, prefixed in Egyptian, as the definite article, furnishes the Greek *δαίμονας*, and Cingalese *Damanaya*.

*Ash-kenaz* is but the **שן**, fire, and **כנז**, to collect; that is, the people gathered near, or cherishing fire: it finds a place, though corrupted, by the Greek **Ἀξῖνοι** (Euxine), inhospitable; and probably too "the distant Ascania," **Τελ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης**, of the *Iliad*. They were in all likelihood so termed by Homer from their relative geographical position, which agrees, as well as the name, with that of the Sacaseni we have noticed, from which it differs only by a slight and common transposition, and a usual prefix. Bochart, it is true, considers the *Ararat* and *Minni* to designate the greater and less Armenia, and *Ask Kenaz*, Phrygia; but we find these last gradually moved northwards, to the land between the Euxine and Caspian; and the epithet of Homer already describes them as remote from the other tribes of his enumeration. We have strong grounds of suspicion, in spite of the "*nugantur*" of *Cluverius*, that these last Sacaseni were the original Saxons, branching eastward and west.

We, to a certain extent, cordially agree with our author respecting the wars of the *Surs* and *Assurs* in Indian epics. They are indeed, as he observes, represented as good and evil genii; but this is simply Hindu invention. If Hindoostan was peopled from the west, whether early or not, for this makes no difference, after the hostile incursions, the descendants of the *Surs* (*Surya*, *Hoor*, the sun) would hand them down through tradition, till they were embodied, as we have seen, in poetical composition. The *Surs* then, as narrators, are virtuous, peaceable, and aided by Divine Power; while the *Assurs* are malignant and hostile, magicians and fire-worshippers. Indeed, throughout the whole of the great epic poem of the Mahabharata, it is clear that facts are disguised by exaggeration and partiality, and that the worshippers of Fire drove before them the Sabæan adorers of the Sun and the Moon: the Vedas bear evidence of this as the earliest adoration. We find the *Surs* as Cappadocians of Halys; and their Greek appellation of Syrians, (noticed by Newton,) is simply the common Median affix *an* or *een*, as exemplified in the proper names *Surana*, &c. &c. Though of course in a popular journal we can only refer slightly to the subject, in hopes that light may be elicited from deeper research, we feel confident that the day will come when the East shall give forth its treasures of antiquity to repay the culture and the curiosity of Europe.

It may not be here amiss to remark, that the confessed embarrassment of Mr. Taylor in the question of three or four stems for the Southern Peninsular Kingdom had been already anticipated by Professor Wilson. But, in truth, the division into three seems a favourite system in Indian history, and we have little doubt that the oriental Trinity derives its existence, like their Divine

Triad, from the three traditional sons of Noah. If the *Sora* kings are of the solar line, and the *Pandians*, or *Pandayans*, lunar, these dispose of the posterity of Shem and Ham: the sons of Japhet are clearly referred to as the *agni-vamasi*, or fire-race; the classification of a fourth would not have been in accordance with that triform principle which pervades the Indian system, and to which, correctly or not, all that belongs to *origination* is referred.

It is surely not necessary to suppose, with Faber, that the coincidence of three sons in the cases of Adam and Noah was necessary for this triformity; nor need we adopt the more refined speculation of Cory, that it arose from the attributes of light, spirit, and heat. Yet the opinion of two such able scholars is deserving attention on any point, and is probably founded to a certain degree on truth, as that of men not easily deceived. We shall therefore give the reason that led ourselves to the above conclusion many years since, in utter ignorance that any thing beyond a metaphysical solution existed for it. We have formerly referred to the Duad principle as the most ancient after unity; viz. that of light, or a *good*, and that of darkness, or an *evil*, power, in the Deev or Tatar system of Zerdusht. Through that system, however, may be noticed the presence of a third principle, subordinate, as if subsequent, to the two former: these last evidently represented the main and perceptible changes of day and night, summer and winter; while the third seems to have participated in the powers of both the others; being generally the adjunct, auxiliary, or even substitute, of the sun, which represented the first; and of the destroying power at other times, *when not darkness*. Now this third is referable, we conceive, to the introduction of FIRE, discussed at some length in our former Number (XXXV. already quoted), and which answers to both the categories of *light* and *destructiveness*. We know that in the West the race of *Shem* represented the Sun, and *Ham* the Moon; there we find little trace of the third; possibly because these retained the use of fire: but in the East as the Scythians, banished, it is pretended, from the original land, required and received, as we have formerly shown, the introduction of fire, we can distinctly understand the first imperfect and timid indications of raising this to the third place of Deity;—marking its recency pictorially by the New-born Child, in making it the representative of the Japetic race: and the glory that surrounds the head, being merely rays of light and heat, assimilate it, as *Horus*, to the Sun. Hence, too, the oriental and god-making Homer describes his Asiatic Chryses addressing the Greeks as—

Ἀζόμενοι ΔΙΟΣ ΥΙΟΝ, ἐκβάλλον Ἀπολλωνα.



The material and historical, or *human*, triad of races, was thus combined with the etherial and visible, but *divine*, triad of worship; both equally physical. It will hence appear that no reference was necessary to Adam, of whom the accounts were far more confused than of Noah, and scarcely tangible: while, on the other hand, the metaphysical speculations, to whose source we pointed in our previous article on the subject as prevailing in original Tatar, might well, though long subsequently, develop into that beautiful theory, which Mr. Cory embraces, of Pythagoras and Plato.

We find our opinions strengthened by the three Brahmin sects — of *Brama*, *Siva*, and *Vishnu*. Not the one godhead or essence, of Buddha: nor the two principles, of Zerdusht: but the *creative*, *destroying*, and *preserving* powers of *light*, *darkness*, *fire*; and as this last acted beneficially or otherwise, we see the three Indian gods at times confused, or rather, positively exchanging their attributes. Thus too in the separation of sects the *Siva* was the widest spread, as the agency of fire is the most obviously effective; and prevailing where the Japetic, or Ionian, descendants established themselves; in the northern, the centre, and the western coast of Hindoostan. *Vishnu* is love or warmth, at times generating, at other times destroying, by fire: and *Siva* is the consumer, whose wrath reduced to ashes. In this division the power of darkness from the older magian creed is nearly lost, like the descendants of Ham, to India. The triad form was still preserved, for it had been the original, and was historical and material: and the triple character *a u m*. as it does not include the proper names of the Hindu Trinity, though it corresponds to their number, was therefore evidently derived from a foreign source, and is but the rapid pronunciation of *anhouma*, or essence, from Persia, and of the *alohim*, or powers, of Chaldea.

In illustration of our remarks on the *Siva* interposition, we give the following story from Mr. Wilson's work.

"*Siriala Jangama*, who resided at *Kanchi*, distributed food daily to one thousand *Jangamas*. *Siva*, in order to try his faith, went to his house disguised as an ascetic; as soon as *Siriala* saw him he fell at his feet and invited him to take some repast. *Siva* replied to him that he must have human flesh, from some one of *Siriala's* family, to which the latter agreed, and carried him into his house. Having communicated the wish of the *Jangam* to his wife *Ganguli*, they determined to sacrifice their son. In the mean time *Siva* proceeded to the son of *Siriala*, named *Chillata*, who was at school, and told him that he would be killed by his parents for the food of a goblin, and therefore he had better run away: but the lad replied to him, 'You are an ascetic, why do you seek to alarm me? my life is not dear to me, and I shall lose the benefits of this and the next world by disobeying the commands of

my parents. Do not you know, that it is better, that my flesh should be digested in the belly of a devotee, than that I should be separated from *Siva* by worldly cares? Do not dissuade me in this manner, but return to your abode.' The ascetic accordingly returned.

"The mother of the lad then brought him home and bathed and adorned him, and prepared to kill him, and told him that through their virtues, the ascetic had asked them to offer their child, and that they had agreed to it. The lad replied that he was fortunate, and should thus obtain salvation. His mother counselled him then not to be afraid, but to repeat the prayer *Nama Sivaya*. The parents then cut off his head, and dressed his flesh as nine sorts of curry, reserving only the head. On presenting the dishes to the ascetic, he flew into a passion, because the head was not given, and being afraid of his curses, they produced it, when the ascetic desired them to dress that also. This being effected, he commanded them to partake of the meal along with him—*Siriala* hesitated to eat of his child, but the wife enforced his compliance, and they sat down on either hand of the *Jangam*. The pretended devotee then commanded them to send for their son to dinner, and being afraid to avow that they had killed him, they stated that he would presently come from school. The ascetic refused to eat without him, and desired them to call the boy; with which they were forced to comply. On doing so, the boy, to their great astonishment, came out from an adjoining room with three golden cars. Then *Siva* appeared in his own shape, and carried the parents and son and the ancestors of *Siriala* to *Kailas*."—*Wilson*, vol. ii. p. 6.

We must now offer a few suggestions on the disputed point of the *Buddha* heresy, if such it be. We should rather incline to consider it an original creed, closely allied to, and possibly modified by, the Zoroastrian. It is remarkable that the word bears in its derivation and analogies everywhere the sense of *existence*. Thus the *Bodh* is the principle as well as the instrument of life, the deity, the sage, the teacher, old age, &c. &c., and in the latitude of Eastern languages could scarcely fail to express the *primitive* or *original*, whether of doctrine or personification. It thus bears a striking coincidence to the double epithet of *Somonna Codom*, the former synonymous with wisdom; the latter appearing through a wide range of languages to preserve the very signification for which we have contended, of *Kodom*, ancient, original, primitive,—precisely the Latin *quondam*, a root derived with others, as shown in a former number (xxxv, p. 139), from the old Persian source. The affinity of the Bali with the Chaldaic needs no illustration, and, slight as it is, this coincidence adds weight to the supposition of identity in *Buddha* and *Kodom*, or *Gautemah*, as *Somonna* is frequently called. This identity conceded, much of difficulty that now embarrasses our judgment disappears; for the adepts of this faith, scattered in different countries, would easily by the vulgar, and in the course of time, be taken for the

actual incarnations of the system they taught, even if they refused the temptation of claiming adoration for their own persons. The actual Baudh of Ceylon might thus very well differ from his brother of Hindoostan, and the disclaimer of the latter personally by the priests of the former be perfectly correct. It is hard to follow a contrary course and insist that these two last were one and the same, in defiance of the natives of the country, in spite, too, of their traditional knowledge, and merely because we, as strangers, know nothing of both or either.

It does not, however, by any means follow that the objected difference of orthography, in this or any other instance, or even a different process in derivation, constitutes a radical difference in words. We know not why they should in these cases be so continually rejected, as some, and really sound, philologists are wont to do. While it is certain that many words of nearly similar sound have in the fluctuations of early and imperfectly cultivated languages come to be considered as one, it is on the other hand beyond question that two distinct or separated races will draw different derivations from the same root. Irregularities too may interpose from causes with which we are imperfectly acquainted: yet it would surely be too much to reject all, any more than to admit all, upon this sole ground. We are the more earnest on this point, because we conceive that analogies are sometimes rejected where affinities might be discovered; and an approximation to truth is consequently lost, because the passage is *a priori* supposed to be blocked up. Yet we have often observed that the most fastidious are apt to sin against their own rule; so strong is the inducement, and so consonant to natural feelings; which seldom, after all, wander widely from reason.

We have given in the Number so often referred to, a variety of instances of the changes of letters. Philology may then only hope to obtain a certain and effective guide, when, the variations being all ascertained, the words of one language shall be recognized, inspite of their transformation, in another. The ridicule that has so idly and ignorantly followed philological derivations may still continue its career, without deterring, as it has too often, the best qualified judges from proceeding in the course of discovery thus opened to them. When it is acknowledged that, not only among distant and distinct nations, but even amongst neighbouring and kindred races, the same word presents itself under two entirely different forms, that which appears a bar must prove an assistance if the principle of the changes is only attended to; and the progress of nations may thus be traced as satisfactorily by their language hereafter, as hitherto by their history.

If then this multiple process of derivation be admitted, and it

is surely not unreasonable to require it, the labours of philology will in reality be materially assisted and diminished, though at first sight the contrary may appear more probable. Were this last the case, however, the increase of difficulty could be no argument against the adoption of the principle, though it might raise one serious objection to our embracing it. The philologist himself must guard with even more strictness than at present against the host of errors to which the first admission would lead, inasmuch as the soundest truths are always the most liable to misapplication; and the principle of all legislation is, not the recognition of truth as a basis of its code,—for this belongs to religion,—but to lower the standard down to practical right, in order to defend it against practicable wrong. So it must be in philology: and the only course that to us seems feasible is, to avoid conjectural processes of our own in the shape of derivation in ancient tongues; but, where points of contact and resemblances are found to exist, to admit the possible identity of their origin, and examine, to the best of our power, whether the differences do not arise from the different *media* through which they have passed in different deductions from one origin.

An instance of this kind lies before us in the writings of one of the soundest critics and philologists of the age: and it may serve as an illustration. Various derivations are given of a word (of affinity), each formed by a different people or tribe: in all, the derivative corresponds both in sound and signification. But, had the word been found only in the language of two, and had the signification in one of these two been partially perverted,—for the derivation of ideas often differs from that of the words that originate them,—had a letter or syllable been added or taken away, as suited the enunciation of the speakers,—and our former number gives ample evidence of this fact (xxxv, p. 141): would it be right to conclude that the words were *ab initio* essentially different? The learned writer we allude to, would certainly not commit this error, but there are many who might, and would, and have done it constantly. Our vigilance should be equally active against *assonant* primitives and for *dissonant* derivatives.

We take the word *Bodh* as *existence* in its simplest state, such as the Hermetic and Magian loved to consider it of old, and such as their most distant disciples in Hither and Farther India to this day devote themselves to become, by perfect abstraction: the doctrine is little changed. Here then we have the connecting link between *Bodh*, *Buddh*, *Bhuva*, and יהוה, or *Jehovah*, as Deity, existing, aged or permanent; *Bodhi*, wisdom, is his attribute: and *darkness*, *void* and *waste*, the *Baav*, or *Baav* of Phœnicia and Greece, is the Hebrew יהוה, *Bohu* or original state. The San-

scrit *Bada*, or death, the abstraction of life, the return of the soul to its original deified existence as a part of the one divinity or power,—is hereby rendered an intelligible derivative; and now we understand why obscurity and nonentity become to living thought disagreeable, *bad*. Hence this last word, the reputed anomaly of the Persian and Saxon language, and opprobrium of philologists, bears the legitimate stamp of its derivation; and may probably also, in the former tongue, be connected with *bad*, the *wind*, derived equally, but differently, from *breath* or *existence*. It is thus that, in every language, we find contrarieties in excess unite. The *budding*, or coming into acknowledged existence, is but another process of the same root through the mind.

Of the tribes who are described as settled on the banks of the Indus, and whose influence was felt through the peninsula, there can be no question that some were, as Deguignes supplies the fact, Tatars. Indeed the languages of this lower portion of India all partake strongly of the Scythian or Perso-Scythian, which appears the principal basis of the Tamul and its offspring, though with a large admixture of Scytho-Tatar words, that so strongly imbue the Bali, and are also found in the Sanscrit. The legends of the Tamul, and of India in general, all point to the west and north-west. The traces of customs, superstitions, and creeds, seem all attributable to that source. We notice, casually, as instances, the same elision or substitution of letters; the same name *Maghadya*, the Magician tongue of Oude: the Sindbad story of the *Deval Payan*, the Men with leathern feet, the buskined Scythian tribe, the ancient *Drangæ* or *Zarangæ*: *Sar-Yanghi*, the chiefs of the White Race, or the *Old Men of the Sea*, (*Yanga*, lake, or large body of water): the Zend word agrees with the Hebrew יָם, *yam*, the *m* being nasal, as in Arabic and Sanscrit: take also the *Lammer-Geyer*, or *Garuda*, Welsh *arwr*; &c. &c.

In the same vein we would remark the *Kalystrii* of Ctesias, the dogheaded, κυνοκεφαλοι, that have called for Professor Wilson's illustration as the *Darada*, or tearers—*destructives*, we suppose. They inhabited the mountains to the Indus, were fairer than the natives, and wore black garments, (for such is the signification that learned writer accepts for *Kalystrii*,) *kāla-vastri*. The Scythians of Herodotus are mentioned in one tribe as *Melanchlani*, a fact that appears to have escaped Mr. Wilson's observation: and, if the assertion of their human food is an interpolation or misplacement, (as Larcher reasonably considered it, from the tribes in his notice; the fair complexion is incompatible with the *Anthrophophagi*,) at least their vicinity to that nation or tribe, renders their present barbarity a point of resemblance to their former

state. The dogs' heads, teeth, and claws, recall the people represented by the Egyptian sphinxes; for which reason we should, with due deference to the learned Professor, prefer to the Sanscrit *darada*, to tear, the Zend *daryaiti*, supporter or defender. It will be recollected that the *Calasiri*, or black-vested military tribe of Egypt, the closest possible affinity to the name in Ctesias, to the *Melanchlani* of Herodotus, and to the *Siah Posh* of these Indians, were led by Sesostris to Colchis as a colony, and probably migrated east. It is probable that Heeren confounds two tribes in his notice; for the fair complexion is incompatible with the black race and woolly hair (*schwarzes Volk mit Wollhaar*).

On this subject we must hope Professor Wilson will also pardon us for another suggestion to his valuable notes on Ctesias. We refer to the people with tails, which the learned Professor illustrates from the dress of the Nicobar islanders. Singularly enough, Egyptian relics furnish us also with specimens of these, worn in imitation of animals—and the like may be seen also on an antique Etruscan vase amongst Signor Campanari's Etrurian curiosities and tombs, now exhibiting in Pall Mall.

We can further turn to the *Shatrya* tribe, in whose name we think the *Shah* of the west, and the *tirea* of India (women) meet. It is not easy to refuse our assent to the existence of a race of Amazons, attested by ancient and modern history also; but a laudable scepticism might doubt whether antiquity did not merely exaggerate or misrepresent as a nation of female warriors, a nation that had women for kings. Such, we find, was the rule in many a Scythian country, from Tomyris to the Queen of Sheba and Thalestris: and the Salic law possibly derived its origin from an opposite custom, and a hostile feeling to the Scythians. If we examine too the vicinity of the Thermodoon and Euxine, we shall find tribes remarkable for their personal appearance: and hence, as in Circassia, and from the love of ornament evinced by so many of the Scythian cultivated natives, a feminine appearance led to the natural conclusion: and this the rather, as in her reputed visit to Alexander, the Queen of the Amazons would naturally be attended by women round her immediate person in preference to men, though from their necessarily active habits the dress of the two sexes might almost correspond. On the subject of female heroism, we give Mr. Wilson's tale of an Amazon.

“ When the broken remains of the army returned to Delhi, the sultan was highly incensed at the cowardice of the commanders, and raising a larger force, placed it under the orders of Mátangi, a female warrior of a low tribe. On learning this new danger, Kampila retired with his family and treasure to Hosakota, leaving to Rama the defence of Gumati. As soon as the enemy appeared at this place, Rama marched to their en-

counter, and drove them back four *kos*. But subsequently Mátangi seduced the Telugu soldiers in Rama's army, and they treacherously introduced the enemy into the fort during the night. When Rama was apprised of what had occurred, he sprang from bed, and hastened to the battle, desiring his wives to prepare for their fate in case they should hear of his death. Proceeding to the scene of conflict, he speedily plunged into the thickest of the affray, where, encountering Mátangi, he seized her nose-ring, and shaking it, told her, he disdained to take the life of a woman. His bravest soldiers, surprised and overpowered by numbers, fell fast around him, and he was left alone. After maintaining the conflict for a long time, and killing vast numbers of his assailants, he was at last slain, and Mátangi cut off his head, and carried it to Delhí. The sultan placed the head on the palace gate, where, in the night, it made so hideous an outcry, that he was glad to get rid of it, and it was thrown into a ditch four *kos* remote. There the cry was repeated, so that numbers died of the fright it occasioned. The sultan ordered it to be carried to a still greater distance, but every attempt made by men and elephants to move it from the spot proved ineffectual. In this dilemma it was suggested that the bards of Rama should be employed to recite his praises; and messengers were sent to Kampila to solicit their assistance. Devaya, their chief, was accordingly sent; but his panegyrics at first were in vain. At last, being so instructed in a vision, he saluted Rama as the subduer of the sultan of Delhí, the supreme sovereign of the world: on which he was able to lift the head with ease. Being permitted to take it away, he carried it to Kampila, who, after weeping over it, sent it to Kási, to be plunged into the holy waters of Ganges." — *Wilson*, vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

We must notice that the name *Magudhya*, the first syllable of which is the Persian *mage*, the Hebrew מַגֵּן, the Chaldee מַגָּן, the Greek μάγος, and the Indian *maya*, magic or delusion, is the Arabic epithet *magh* for the west and for magicians also: and the double sense is explained by the fact of geographical position. *Maghrab* is simply the contraction of *Western Arabians* or *Arabian Sages*, the enchanters of the dread African Dom-Daniel, as we recall the name of *Maugrabi*, the *magician*, in the Arabian tales. Various other points of resemblance, such as *Ilur*, the son of *Vaivaswata*, with the *Alorus* of Assyria, make us pause with anxiety for further details of the Madura kingdom and history, which is evidently of singular antiquity, and as a point of connection may throw strong light hereafter upon the establishments of Balkh, Benares, and the sea coast.

Intimately connected too with its history is the language, of which Mr. Taylor gives even less account than Professor Wilson, though he notices its absence of the aspirate; changing *h* into *k* in its adoption from the Sanscrit, and in some places *sh* into *l*. Professor Wilson remarks its narrow alphabet, of sixteen letters; a proof that it could not have been formed from a late and more enlarged

system. We think it not Pelasgic, but correlative with these; and its use of the Dorian digammic forms, and the pronoun apparent in the third person of the verb, a coincidence which most languages have lost, argue strongly its retentive antiquity; the sound of *r* is often changed to *l* and *t*, while its syllables are marked by the grammarians as *soul* and *body* united; *i.e.* the vowel and the consonant; and the last by itself is considered *dead*. Its resemblance to the Bali too, we would observe, is greater than that of its cognates, which we consider a proof of its superior antiquity to them. Any slight exceptions in this, as in other cases, would prove, when examined, to be based upon this rule, or rather principle; in the operation of an unnoticed cause obstructing the uniformity. Such we presume to be the meaning of the phrase that exceptions prove the rule, which otherwise is but a questionable assertion.

We must now refer to passages of the works before us in support of our general remarks. It seems that the Brahmins are sometimes met by common weapons:—

“The mother of a Rayer who ruled in former years, at the time of her death, expressed a strong wish for a mango-fruit; but before the Rayer could cause it to be brought and given to her she died. After waiting a few days, he ordered the Bramins to be summoned, and inquired of them what was to be done in the case of any one who died while longing for a mango-fruit. They replied, that if he caused a thousand mangos of gold, each one weighing a hundred *palams* (a *palam* is one ounce and a half) to be made, and if he gave these to a thousand Bramins, then that longing appetite would be removed from the departed soul. The Rayer caused the same to be done, and bathed on the day of her death. Thereupon the Rayer's jester, named Rama-Kistna, said to all the Bramins, ‘I am waiting to do you some small service, you must condescend to me;’ and with this request he called them to his house. When some among them went, he carefully closed the door, and immediately on causing them to be seated in order, he took a branding-iron, that had been heating in the fire on the hearth, and bringing it, said, ‘My respected mother, before she died, said, that if she were branded with a hot iron she would live; but before this could be done she attained the heavenly world. In consequence, in order to give her satisfaction, you must be pleased, with a cool mind, to receive it in her stead;’ and saying so he cauterized some of them. Being greatly frightened, they all made their escape, and carried their complaint to the Rayer. He called for Rama-Kistna, and said to him angrily, ‘Knave! what hast thou done?’ He replied, ‘When my lord's mother died, what she wished for was given to them—in like manner, what my mother desired, in order to satisfy her, I gave to them.’ The Rayer, ashamed, remained silent.”—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. p. 125.

The advantages of despotism, and its consequences, are thus shown:—



"In those days the Padshah (customarily) sent to all the countries, this *Pandiya-desam* only forming an exception, one of his slippers, as a *Farmana* (or imperial mandate), which was placed in a howdah (on an elephant), and was sent in charge of two nabobs; at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, and from forty to fifty thousand infantry: the slipper was moreover fanned by two *chouries* (fans of Thibet cows' tails), and attended by *alavattankal* (kind of banners), by umbrellas, kettle-drums, and flutes, with other insignia. In this manner (the nabobs) placing this *Farmana* on the howdah, conducted it to the respective boundaries of the various kingdoms; and, there halting, thence sent word to the king of each country. These kings came forth at the head of large bodies of troops; paid homage to the imperial mandate; and, calling for it to their public councils, had their own ensigns abased before it: they also carried it, together with the accompanying sirdars and troops, to their capital towns, where the mandate-slipper was placed on their thrones; where also, with polite speeches, costly presents were made to the sirdars, with promises to attend to the imperial orders delivered, and at the same time presenting tribute-money, tied up in bags."—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. p. 205.

"The nabobs thence sent an *Inayitthu-nameh* (or authoritative message), by peons with silver sticks and silver breast-plates, to Trichinopoly, to inform *Raja-Ranga-Kistna-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker* that the imperial mandate was arrived. Accordingly the silver breast-plated *Chob-dars* delivered the said message in the presence of the king, with the connected intelligence. As the king was young, he inquired of the sirdars about him what this meant. They replied, 'It is the *Padshah's Farmana*; that is, a slipper placed in a howdah, attended with various banners and troops, which is sent to the rulers of kingdoms; and these kings go forth to meet it; treat it with respect; take it, with those that accompany it, to their capital; give presents to these, and paying to them tribute-money, send them away. As this is the established rule, and the mandate is now sent to this capital, we also must treat it in the same respectful manner.' On hearing this statement and advice the king was angry; but took the *Inayitthu-nameh*, and giving presents, and as much money as they desired, to the silver breast-plated *Chob-dars* that brought it, he directed them to go and tell the nabobs that his bodily health was not good."—vol. ii. p. 206.

"Accordingly, accompanied by the mandate, they crossed the Coleeroon and the Cauvery; and came close to Trichinopoly. As the king did not come thither, the nabobs and sirdars became excessively angry; when the *Dalakarten*, and the others, laboured much to appease them, and said, 'As our king is exceedingly ill, he will come in a palanquin just within the fort gate.' Previously to this time *Raja-Kistna-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker* had given orders to the keepers of the gate to allow the elephant bearing the *Farmana*, with its attendant sirdars and principal men, to come withinside the fort; but not to allow the passage of the rest of the troops. Afterwards they came inside the fort with the *Farmana*, when with anger they said, 'Is your king not come? have you such obstinate pride?' But the others said, 'Our king, from the effects of sickness, is not able to enter a palanquin; come with us to the gates

of the palace.' They accordingly came with the mandate to the gates of *Sri-Raja-Rangā-Kistnapa-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker's* palace. The king, being very angry, bid them place it on the floor. But paying no attention to his command, and not putting (the slipper) down, they again offered to give it into his hands. Thereupon the king called for people with whips; and adding, 'Will the *Padshah's* people put the *Farmana* down or not? let us see,' further summoned people with ratan canes."—vol. ii. p. 207.

"The king, seeing this, placed one of his feet within the slipper; then addressing the people, said, 'How comes it that your *Padshah* has lost even common sense? When sending foot-furniture for such kind of persons as ourselves, why does he not send two slippers instead of one? Therefore do you speedily go back, and bring hither another slipper.' While he thus spoke they answered with all the vivacity of anger. On which the king became excessively incensed, and had them all beaten and driven away. In consequence, on going outside of the fort, they assembled all their troops and began to make war."—ii. 208.

A specimen of modern martyrdom follows:—

"When again among them, a relative of the ruling *Sethupathi*, was cured, as alleged, of a dangerous disorder, by the simple reading of the New Testament at his bed-side. This person, named *Tiria-deven*, who was not without right to the chieftainship itself, desired to become a Christian, and besought P. De Brito to give him baptism, which the missionary declined to do, so long as he lived in polygamy. *Tiria-deven*, to show his sincerity, informed his five wives of his resolution to provide amply for their maintenance; but to retain only one. The youngest received this announcement with the most lively remonstrances, which not being effectual, she carried her complaints to her uncle *Ragunathen*, the *Sethupathi*. The lady also engaged the head Bramin, with others of his tribe, in the same cause. As no instances could move *Tiria-deven*, the *Sethupathi* arrested De Brito, and had him brought in chains to Ramnad; numerous indignities being heaped on him by the way. In accordance with the notions of the period, the *Sethupathi* told his refractory relative that he would have his teacher killed by the power of *mantras*. And it seems that one of a powerful kind was tried; but the failure being attributed to some unnoticed error in the process, it was tried again without success: whereupon a still more malignant incantation was had recourse to; and, this also failing, the *Sethupathi* told the father that he would see if he was *mantra*-proof to bullets, actually giving orders to a band of soldiers for the purpose; but here, *Tiria-deven* interposed, and, from a strong attachment to him in the minds of the soldiers, the *Sethupathi* perceived the symptom of insurrection, which he thought proper to avoid, by sending the Father to *Udiya-deven*, the *Sethupathi's* brother, at *Uriyar*, on the confines of the Tanjore country. This brute, who was lame, at first received the prisoner kindly, and bidding him employ his supposed miraculous powers to heal the lameness, promised, on that condition, to spare his prisoner's life. But the missionary told the patient, that he possessed no power of the sort, and that such a cure could only come from the Supreme.

Enraged at the reply, as not perceiving or understanding its propriety, but attributing it to want of will, the *Udiyan* ordered the death of the prisoner. He was carried out at noon to a scaffold, erected for the purpose, in a plain, which was filled with spectators. He was tied to a post, and, with some previous indignities, his head was severed with a common hatchet; after which his hands and feet were cut off: and thus this land was watered with Christian blood: for a Christian he was, of no common order.”—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

The following history contains a variety of singular illustrations:—

“As *Mangamal* was of a good and charitable disposition, she constructed many village choultries throughout the country; and causing many Bramin children to be taught to read in them, she supplied them with food, clothing, and the like necessities. It however happened one day, that on a nurse preparing and giving to her *betel leaf*, she inadvertently took one portion with her left-hand; when immediately recollecting herself, she said, ‘We have taken *betel* with our left-hand; by so doing a great sin is committed;’ and, after reflecting for a moment, she caused several well-read Bramins to be called, and inquired of them what was the appropriate penance to be performed. They replied, that if she made roads throughout the country, built choultries, and had reservoirs for water excavated, this crime would be expiated. Accordingly *Mangamal* had all the roads throughout the kingdom formed into avenues; and at the distance of every *kadam* (10 English miles) she had a choultry built; at the distance of every five *nazhikais* (6½ English miles) she had a water-reservoir and water-booth formed; and at the distance of every *nazhikai* (1¼ English miles) she had a well formed with steps leading down to the water. This work being completed, she had a handsome choultry built at *Casi* (Benares). While she was thus conducting the affairs of the kingdom, the people of Malayala ceased to send the usual revenue or tribute-money.”

“As already narrated, *Mangamal* had many choultries, water-reservoirs, and *agraharas* constructed while she managed the affairs of the kingdom. The Mysore king now died; and, as having been the opposite of liberal or bountiful, he fell into *Yama-puram* in *Narakam*. About the same time a *Vanniyar* (banian, or merchant) died, and was carried by *Yama*’s angels to *Yamapuram*; but *Yama-Dherma-rajā*, looking at him, said, ‘Why have you brought him? go take the person that dwells in the house next door to his, and carrying this person back, release him.’ While *Yama*’s messengers were about to carry him back to the earth, the Mysore king, who was lying where he had fallen into *Narakam*, seeing that *Vanniyar*, thought, ‘That is one of our townsmen: is it not?’ and calling him near, said, ‘*Appa!* (father!) while I was ruling over Mysore, I acquired a great deal of money, which I buried; and without doing any acts of charity I quitted and came away. Now *Mangamal*, who rules the *Pandiya-desam*, has done a great many acts of beneficence. And on the statement that she is coming hither, they have been preparing a great many triumphal arches of flowers, to do honour to her passage. Therefore on your return to earth, as you go to our town, proceed to my son, who rules the king-

dom, and tell him that my money is in such a place : charge on him the urgent necessity of taking the whole of that money, and, by performing with it a great many acts of charity, bid him procure to me its fruit, in purchasing my release from this place.' The *Vanniyar* replied, 'Very well.' And all along that road they said, '*Mangamal* is coming ;' and he saw the whole road adorned for the purpose. On returning to his town, and again entering into his body, every one near was astonished, saying, 'The deceased *Vanniyar* is come to life again!' He forthwith proceeded to the palace, and said to the watchers at the gates, 'I have important occasion to speak my communication to the king.' They in consequence went and reported the request ; and the king, giving orders for him to be brought in, asked of him, 'What is the communication ?' He replied, 'Having proceeded to *Yama's* town, and returned, your father, who is fallen into *Narakam*, and lying there, recognizing me, called me and said, 'As I was not charitable, I have received this doom. It is reported that *Mangamal*, who rules the *Pandiya-desam*, is coming, and all the people of *Yama-puram* are preparing to render her honour ; and since that lady has done many charities, they have even adorned the road by which she is to come. Therefore, in order to release me from this torment of hell, bid my son take the money which he will find in such a room, and perform with it many acts of charity.' Such a communication your father sent me to make to you. Therefore see that it be done.' He besides related the whole of the before-mentioned circumstances. But the king, considering the tale to be a fabrication, treated it lightly ; and to confirm his doubts, remarked, '*Mangamal* is still alive ;' at which time, however, *Mangamal* died, and went to *Swer-gam*. The Mysore ambassador transmitted this intelligence ; writing to the king, 'On such a day, at such an hour, *Mangamal* departed this life.' On receiving and reading this letter, he thought within himself, 'The communication brought by the *Vanniyar* must be true ;' and digging in the place pointed out, he took thence the treasure which was hidden, and performed with it a great many acts of charity."—ii. pp. 224—226.

"There exists an oral tradition in the town of Madura, that *Mangamal* was imprisoned and starved to death : the reference being limited to this person by her being stated to be the same that planted the avenues near at hand. The building within the fort, now, or recently at least, used as the convicts' jail, is said to have been the prison wherein she was confined by her relatives, for some fault derogatory to the family honour ; but particulars we have never learnt. It is only added, that her imprisonment and death were rendered of more than an ordinarily painful character by persons being employed to bring rice, mingled with salt, close to the barred windows of her prison ; and when she voraciously flew at the iron bars, attempting to get at the food, then it was withdrawn. Whether such a fiend-like refinement in cruelty were ever practised, or the whole tale be true or otherwise, we have no means of knowing, beyond the mere tradition itself."—vol. ii. p. 226.

The adjuration of Cassius to his freedman meets a counterpart in this anecdote, though the actors in the narrative are nobler than the Roman.

"The Sultan is described as beheading the Raja with his own hand, at the request of the latter to save him from the personal degradation of confinement. The Hindu memoirs assert that Ali Adil Shah was forced into war by the other Mohammedan princes, but Ferishta makes him the author of the confederacy."—*Wilson's Int.* vol. i. p. cli.

"In the Ramaraja Chavitra the Hindu Prince terms the Sultan his son, and reminds him how often in infancy he had sat upon his knees. In complying with his request and striking off his head, Ali Adil Shah is represented as performing no more than filial duty."—*Wilson*, p. clii.

The well-known illustrations of *Zadig's* sagacity, so popularly referred to in Arabian proverbs—"If asked, hast thou seen the camel pass? say no:—has an Indian and more probable origin.

"In the reign of Alakendra Raja, king of Ataka Puri, it happened that four persons of respectability were travelling on the high road, when they met with a merchant who had lost one of his camels. Entering into conversation with him, one of the travellers inquired if the camel was not lame in one of its legs; another asked if it was not blind of the right eye; the third asked if the tail was not unusually short; and the fourth demanded if it was not subject to the cholice. They were answered in the affirmative by the merchant, who was satisfied they must have seen the animal, and eagerly demanded where they had met it. They replied they had seen traces of the camel, but not the camel itself: which, being inconsistent with the minute acquaintance they seemed to possess, the merchant accused them of being thieves and having stolen his beast, and immediately applied to the Raja for redress. The Raja on hearing the merchant's story was equally impressed with the belief that the travellers must know what had become of the camel, and sending for them, he threatened them with his extreme displeasure if they did not confess the truth. How could they know, he demanded, the camel was lame or blind, that the tail was long or short, or that it was subject to any malady, unless they had it in their possession. On which they severally explained the reasons that had induced them to express their belief of these particulars.

"The first observed, I noticed in the foot-marks of the animal that one was deficient, and I concluded accordingly that he was lame in one of his legs. The second said, I noticed the leaves of the trees on the left-hand side of the road had been snapped or torn off, whilst those on the right were untouched; whence I concluded the animal was blind in his right eye. The third remarked, I saw a number of drops of blood on the road, which I conjectured had flowed from the bites of gnats and flies; and thence supposed the camel's tail was shorter than usual, in consequence of which he could not brush the insects away. The fourth said, I observed that whilst the fore-feet of the camel were planted firmly in the ground, the hind-ones appeared to have scarcely touched it. I guessed they were contracted by pain in the belly of the animal. The king when he heard their explanations was much struck by the sagacity of the parties, and giving the merchant a sum of money to console him for the loss of the camel, he made these four persons his principal ministers."—*Wilson*, 220.

Mr. Taylor has committed the fault of inserting much that was

familiar to us: but we do not remember to have met with the following tale of *Siva*, given by Mr. Wilson, before.

"Surasani, the widow of a man of the hunter tribe who was a devout worshipper of Siva, made, after her husband's decease, the Jangam priests the chief objects of her devotion, entertaining them in her house to the great scandal of her neighbours. The Bramins of the Agrabaram complained to the Raja that the widow was accustomed to eat intoxicating drugs, smear her body with ashes, wash the feet of the Jangamas, and treat them, the Bramins, with contumely and abuse. The Raja, being much incensed, proceeded with the Bramins to the house of Surasani, but sought for her and her usual guests in vain, not a soul was to be found. After his departure a Chandala fowler, of black complexion, robust make, and dwarfish stature, having a flat nose and curly hair, smeared with holy ashes, carrying a rosary of Rudraksha beads, and wearing a linga round his neck, passed by the residences of the Bramins making a great noise and pretending to sell fruit, abusing the Bramins, and reverencing the Jangamas. On arriving at the door of Surasani, she welcomed him to her abode, washed his feet, gave him food and an apartment to repose in. As the neighbours now thought they had caught her in the fact, having watched the man into the house, they beset the dwelling and brought stakes and ropes to secure him. Surasani, hearing the clamour, said:—'What would you: the disciples of Siva come to the houses of his followers: in the dwelling of the worshippers of Maheswara, Maheswara abides: where the Lingam is revered, there is the Lingam:—why do you reproach the worshippers of the destroyer of the sacrifice? why do you insult, and not follow the example? I tell you that he that is (in) my house you cannot discover: the lord of the world is in my house, you cannot see him: the Supreme God is in my apartment—how should sinners such as you behold him? how can you gaze upon the three-eyed god?'

"Saying so she opened the door. The Bramins rushed in, and sought in every place for the Jangama, but could not find him; and they were much astonished and ashamed, being satisfied that the supposed Chandala must have been Siva himself."—*Wilson*, vol. i. p. 286.

Of the sage Agastya, who first enlightened the southern Kingdoms, we must give some slight particulars.

"In a collection of a hundred verses attributed to the Muni Agastya, upon the means of obtaining divine wisdom, he is made to give a curious account of himself, as appears from the following translations of the passages by a Tamil Bramin in Col. M'Kenzie's employ.

"In verses 10 to 15, Agastya asserts that the Ramayana and Mahabharat are not true records, but were invented by Vyasa, to enable the votaries of Siva to gain a subsistence.

"In the 74th and following verses we have a modification of the Sansanic story of his birth; Agastya is made to say:

"Hearken—I declare that I obtained the eminent name of Agastya, because I was formerly a Sudra; my preceptor was a Bramin who resided to the south of Mahameru.

"Before receiving his instructions, I purified my animal frame of all imperfections by abstract devotion. I forsook the world, and lived

in caves and rocks, when my holy preceptor appeared and said : " Come I admit you as my disciple." I assented, and followed him. He lighted a sacrificial fire, and placed it in a jar, into which he commanded me to leap. I did so, and was consumed, and was born again, and issued from the jar, which was then changed into the form of a woman.

" ' Verily that jar was a form of Maheswara ; and the Bramin of Mahadeva, who were my parents. They brought me up and trained me in all learning, and finally Siva conferred upon me immortality.' "—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 228, 229.

We give also a short anecdote from Mr. Taylor.

" In A. D. 1371, circumstances singularly illustrative of the times occurred. A horse-dealer brought some poor animals to Mahomed for sale, and on being asked how he dared to affront a Sultan with the offer of such horses, he replied, that he had prepared very superior ones, which had been intercepted by *Nag-deo*, at Vellumputtam, accompanied with expressions of contempt for the Sultan. This was quite enough as an incitement to Mahomed, and war against the contemptuous *Nag-deo* was forthwith resolved on ; but the sultan-geographer did not precisely know where Vellumputtam was situated. He set out with an army to find it ; but made some halts and delays, from ceremonial and other causes, and seems to have needed the spur of a witticism. Inquiring of a Mahomedam religious, what was the distance to Vellumputtam, he was answered that it was so far off, and that he might reach it within a certain very disproportionate length of time, if he only made as much speed as he had been lately doing. This repartee was quite to the point with the petulant *Shah* : he instantly determined on leaving the heavy body of his army behind, and selecting a light, and but slender, body of cavalry, advanced by forced marches through the very heart of the Telingana country, in which Vellumputtam was situated. Some Afghans, in disguise, were sent forward to hold the guards of Vellumputtam in parley : and, while thus engaged, the cavalry of Mahomed, with himself at their head, galloped up to the gates : the guards were sabred by the Afghans before they could give the alarm ; and the place was taken by a *coup-de-main*. *Nag-deo* paid the forfeit of his life for his haughtiness and security ; and the town became a scene of plunder and devastation.—*Taylor*, vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.

We suspect, that not even our missionary's zeal will induce him to imitate the following process of conversion, which he has passed over, in the hopelessness of rivalling, we presume ; and we are therefore indebted for it to Mr. Wilson in some notices of the *Jains*.

" In order to convert them, Ekanta Ramaya, one of Basava's disciples, cut off his own head in their presence, and then marched five days in solemn procession through and round the city ; and, on the fifth day, replaced his head upon his shoulders. The Jain Pagadas were thereupon, it is said, destroyed by the Jangamas. It does not appear, however, that the king was made a convert, or that he approved of the principles and conduct of his minister."—*Wilson*, vol. ii. p. 9.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### FRANCE.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the French government to consider the subject of the systematic piracy of French works in foreign countries, consisting of Villemain as president, Arago, Victor Hugo, Letronne, Rossi, Lenormand, Thenard, Dubois Dumont, A. Didot, Gosselin, Hachette, Royer Collard, and Cavé. This commission has presented its report to the minister of the interior, to the following effect:—

“The commission formed agreeably to your order of October last to examine the question relative to the foreign *contrefaçon*, or the production of spurious editions, of French works, has collected facts and documents, and, after long discussion, has adopted several resolutions which it submits to the attention of the government. Even before its labours were closed, the commission was enabled to judge of the salutary effect produced by the mere knowledge that it was so engaged. A numerous committee of English writers has met with a similar intention, and drawn up a petition to the American Congress for the purpose of obtaining a reciprocal guarantee of literary property in the two countries. The abuse of spurious editions, which is injurious to the interests of English authors in America, is still more actively employed in Europe to the prejudice of French writers. Circumstances have concurred to render this system of plunder as easy as it is lucrative. Establishments for producing spurious editions have been formed beyond the frontier. The low price at which they can afford to sell these editions, in consequence of their having to pay merely the expense of paper and print, has enabled them to supply all the markets of Europe; and the laws of transit allow these Belgian editions to traverse the French territory on their way to those markets. The books of the Customs prove the increase of this trade. Though spurious or foreign editions are prohibited, still they cannot be prevented from entering the country, owing to the law which allows the return of books printed in France and formerly exported.”

After enumerating the injurious results of this successful contraband traffic to authors, booksellers, and literature in general, the report thus proceeds:—“Some of the members of this commission were of opinion, that the pirating of scientific and literary works being, even as between nation and nation, an immoral act and a fraudulent traffic, it should no longer be tolerated among us, and that we ought immediately to take upon ourselves, by an absolute prohibition, the defence of foreign interests and the honour of a noble example, even at the risk of not meeting with a like return. France would thus do for foreign copyright what she did in regard to the *droit d'aubaine*—abolish the injustice in her own territory without securing equal advantages to her own people in foreign countries: in fact, such a measure in France could only apply to English literature. [We shall presently see that German literature also has reason to complain of the piracies of the French.] The majority of the commission was therefore adverse to this useless generosity, choosing rather to offer reciprocity, and to make it a condition of our protection that the same protection should be afforded to us. The commission is consequently of opinion that it should be enacted, either in addition to the projected law on literary property, or by a special disposition, that all works, foreign or French, originally published abroad, should not be allowed to be reprinted during the life of the author, or for a term fixed by law, without his consent or that of the person to whom he has ceded his rights.

“In proposing this measure, the commission is aware that it would be dis-



advantageous to France if the reciprocity were confined to that alone : for it is not in printing spurious editions of French works, but in buying them, that the English bookselling trade injures the French. To prohibit the republication of modern English books in France would be doing injury to many persons settled in France, and giving a great advantage to English literary property, for which the French would derive no compensation from a similar law enacted in England. The very unequal price of printing and its materials in the two countries explains the difference. The English cannot gain by issuing spurious editions, but they gain by purchasing them of the Belgians. It is therefore from the English Customs that compensation must be sought. It would be advisable to stipulate for a law or an order that none but the genuine French editions of modern French works shall be admitted into England. This would of itself deprive the Belgian plunderers of their principal market; and the English publishers would find compensation not only in the prohibition to reprint English works in France without the consent of the author, but in the closing of the French ports against American editions of English works. By a like negotiation and administrative measures, a useful protection to French literary interests is to be procured in the states of North Germany, where French books are so much in request. These states might grant reciprocity in this respect, especially as many German authors have suffered from reprints of their works in our great frontier towns."

The remainder of the report relates to internal regulations and the law of transit: we shall therefore proceed to submit to our readers a few facts connected with this subject derived from other sources.

Dr. K. O. Spazier, who resides in Paris, has communicated to a German journal a very interesting paper on the causes of the decline of the book-trade at Paris, in which is the following passage relative to the injurious effects of the system of literary piracy practised at Brussels. "Never," says he, "was this system of literary plunder carried on so systematically, with such address and such impudence, as at Brussels for about the last fifteen years. Where were ever periodical works pirated and offered for subscription, though the pirates cannot be sure that the next following number of the work will appear! Thus they reprint at Brussels the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue Britannique*, and to such a length do these people carry their idleness, even the *Paris Voleur* itself, which is merely a selection of the best articles from the French journals, in order to spare themselves the trouble of selecting and the expense of procuring the original journals. All the houses of Brussels keep a number of agents in Paris, who are incessantly watching the booksellers' shops and the printing offices to get hold of any important work, and who often bribe pressmen, compositors, correctors of the press, and the very authors, in order to enable their employers at Brussels to make instant arrangements for reprinting it. Nay, it is frequently the case, that the Paris booksellers themselves promote the views of these men; and the scandalous procedure relative to Lamartine's *Voyage de l'Orient*, which, as the proof-sheets were purloined from the printers, appeared at Brussels before the original was published in Paris, is well known from the lawsuit which followed.

"All the attempts to counteract this system have failed. According to the Belgian laws, every work printed abroad is public property. On the other hand, if a Paris bookseller were to print at Brussels, he would be amenable to the French laws, which lay the enormous duty of 100 per cent. on the importation of every French work printed beyond the frontiers—a tax imposed by Napoleon, in favour of the French trade at a time when Belgium was a province of France, and the system of piracy subsequently established, could not have been thought of."

A pamphlet on the necessity for affording protection to literary property, from the pen of A. F. Didot, has just appeared, in which he tells us that in 1827, ten of the principal bookselling firms in Paris joined in forming an es-

tablishment at Brussels to counteract the Belgian piracies. This establishment would probably have succeeded in checking the system, which was not then carried on to such an extent as it is at present, had not the king of the Netherlands, who applied considerable sums to the promotion of industry, powerfully assisted the principal plunderers. The French booksellers could not oppose the budget of France to that of the Netherlands, and deemed it prudent to withdraw from the unequal contest. The present sovereignty of Belgium does not afford the like support, but the Belgian booksellers find in their fellow citizens a sympathy which produces the same results, and which manifests itself in the eagerness to take shares in the bookselling companies that have arisen in Brussels with immense capitals. Thus, for instance, when M. Haumann was forming his company, whose capital amounts to a million and a half, offers to the enormous sum of eighty millions were made by persons desirous of having shares in the last three hundred, deposited in the national bank. To stop this system of piracy the author proposes that France should declare her determination to protect the literary property of all those nations whose government should in like manner determine to protect French literary copyright in their dominions.

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That important work, "*Dictionnaire de la Conversation*," is steadily advancing towards completion. Out of the fifty-two volumes which it is calculated to form, thirty-three are already published. From a statement circulated by the publisher, it comprises contributions from all the principal literary men of France: but the article *France* itself has particularly attracted our notice, being divided into eleven different sections, each the work of an author of celebrity in his particular department. Among these are Walckenaer, Charles Nodier, Nisard, Bory de St. Vincent, Tissot, and Guizot. It is admitted to be the most complete performance on the subject that exists in the French language.

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The 14th volume of the "*Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, depuis Louis XI. jusqu'à Louis XVIII.*" by Messrs. Cimber and Danjou, has just appeared. The 15th and last volume of the first series of this collection is in the press, and concludes with the death of Henry IV.

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The first edition of a History of England, by the Baron de Roujoux, which was completed in December last, being already sold off, a second is announced. As a Frenchman the author could not but view events in which both the French and English nations were concerned, in a very different light from what English writers have done; and it is said that without deviating from the strictest impartiality he has adduced a great number of facts, hitherto carefully concealed through the national vanity of Hume and Lingard, that give a new physiogomy and a new interest to his work; which is moreover embellished with 500 engravings.

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Levrault has commenced the publication of a work by Ch. Nodier, A. Regnier and Champin, entitled "*Paris historique, Promenades dans les Rues de Paris.*" It is to consist of 100 weekly numbers, with lithographic illustrations; ten of which had appeared in the middle of March.

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Another History of England down to the reform of 1832, by M. Hercule Gallard, is announced as being in the press. It is to form fifteen octavo volumes, one to be published every three weeks, and to be embellished with portraits, maps and plans. In a note appended to the advertisement, we are told that a company has been formed for bringing out this work, with a capital of 80,000 francs, produced by 800 shares at 100 francs each; and that each

share confers a right to interest at 8 per cent. payable in advance, one copy of the work, and one eight-hundredth of the copyright.

M. Parent-Desbarres has commenced one of those undertakings which prove the decided taste for historical works at present prevailing among the reading public of France. This is "*A Collection d'Histoires complètes de tous les États Européens*," published under the auspices of Baron de Barante, Villemain, Augustin, Thierry, Mignet, Fauriel, Salvandy, St. Marc Girardin, Michelet, Lacroix (bibliophile Jacob), Baron de Roujoux, and Baron Taylor; and with the co-operation of Dr. Lingard, and Messrs. Botta, Luden, Leo, and most of the celebrated foreign historians, who will themselves revise the translation of their works. The collection is intended to form from twenty to twenty-five octavo volumes, printed in double columns: and will appear either in half volumes or numbers; three of the latter to be published weekly.

As a matter of curiosity, it may be mentioned that, at Bailly's office, in Paris, there have lately been produced two little works in the Ottawa language, both of a religious nature. They have been printed in Roman characters, under the superintendence of the Abbé Baraga, an Illyrian priest, resident at Michigan, in the United States.

The house of Tetot, brothers, in Paris, is busily engaged in reprints of the German classic writers. These consist of Schiller in two volumes; Göthe, with all his correspondence, in five volumes; Tieck in two volumes: and Jean Paul in four volumes. These are nearly completed. Lessing, in two volumes, is commenced, and Shakspeare, by Schlegel and Tieck, in one volume, is announced.

With the commencement of the present year a new paper was begun, with the title of "*L'Europe*," which, like several established last year, is sold at half the price charged for the old journals. It announced itself as the "*Journal des intérêts monarchiques et populaires*," and, as the Marquis de Jouffroy is the chief editor, its tendency cannot be doubtful. The undertaking is based upon a capital of 750,000 francs, raised by 1500 shares; and a calculation in the prospectus represents that a sale of 10,000 copies will produce the share-holders an annual profit of 24 per cent. in interest and dividends, besides other advantages.

Another new paper is announced at Paris, to commence on the 1st of April, with the title of "*L'Eclair*," and to be published every other day. A weekly paper, having the same title, will be connected with this undertaking.

"*L'Italie*," published by Audot, has just been completed with the 140th livraison, forming eight volumes, of which the Papal and Neapolitan States occupy two volumes each. Each portion of the work may be had separately.

Paulin of Paris has announced a *Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Française*, by P. J. Buchoz and P. C. Roux, in forty volumes, one to be published every week till completed.

Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, with the continuation by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, is reprinting in Paris, in two 4to. volumes.

The late M. Abel Remusat left behind at his death a translation of and comments on a very ancient Chinese work entitled "*Foë Kouëki*, or account of the Bouddhic Kingdoms; Travels in Tatary, Afghanistan, and India, per-

formed about the end of the fourth century, by Chy Fa Hian." This work, revised, completed, and augmented, with new explanations, by the late M. Klaproth and M. Landresse, has just appeared, in a 4to. volume, with five plates and maps.

The French translation of Baron von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire, by M. Hellert, has advanced to the fourth livraison, containing the seventh and eighth volumes. The work will extend to twenty volumes, with an atlas of thirty-six maps and plans.

M. A. Mazuy is engaged upon a new translation of the Jerusalem Delivered, with a life of Tasso, and historical notes, from the French and Arabian chronicles of the eleventh century, in one 8vo. volume, embellished with a portrait and twenty vignettes on wood.

Mr. Valery, librarian to the king at Versailles, and author of Travels in Italy, reviewed in one of our late numbers, has just ready for publication "*Voyages en Corse, à l'Ile d'Elbe, et en Sardaigne,*" in two 8vo. volumes.

M. Hachette has published the first three numbers of "*Châteaux pittoresques de la France, ancienne et moderne,*" to be completed in 100 livraisons in 4to. each containing six plates and two and a half sheets of text.

M. du Sommérard, the proprietor of the Hôtel de Clugny and the rich collection it contains, is about to publish a work on the Arts of the Middle Ages, chiefly as they are illustrated by the remains of the Roman Palace at Paris, the Hôtel de Clugny built on its ruins, and the works of art contained in M. du Sommérard's collection.

M. Monmerqué, so well known by his edition of the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and many other important works, has advertised for sale by auction his large and interesting collection of Autographs; they will be sold by Silvestre on the 2d of May.

The new French Journal, *Le Monde*, which we mentioned in our last number, has been joined by M. de Lamennais, Georges, Sand, and several other distinguished writers, and seems in a fair way to success.

M.M. Monmerqué and Francisque Michel are editing a complete collection of the French dramatic pieces written during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, held on the 13th of March, a report was read from a committee of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, proposing that those two bodies should unite in recommending to the attention of the government a suggestion for attaching to any expeditions that may be undertaken in the territory of Algiers, persons specially appointed to make inquiries into subjects connected with geography, natural history, and the historical sciences.

On the 12th of March, M. de Pradt, formerly archbishop of Malines, celebrated for his various political works, expired at Paris, after a violent attack of apoplexy. He had attained his seventy-fifth year, and always enjoyed excellent health.

Ludwig Börne, the well-known German writer, has also recently died in Paris, where he has long resided.

## GERMANY.

The house of Hallberger, at Stuttgart, is publishing in parts, containing eight sheets each, "*Der Kaiserstaat Oesterreich, unter der Regierung Kaisers Franz I. und der Staatsverwaltung des Fürsten Metternich.*"

Dr. Lorinser, of Berlin, has in the press, an 8vo. volume entitled "*Die Entstehung und Verhütung der Pest des Orients.*"

Notwithstanding the exposure of the suspicious circumstances attending the pretended discovery of the history of Sanchoniatho, which appeared to stamp the transaction with the character of imposture, we perceive from an announcement by Schünemann, of Bremen, that the work will speedily be published by him with the title of "*Sanchuniathonis Historiarum Phœniciæ libros novem, Græce versos a Philone Byblio, edidit, latinaque versione donavit, Friederich Wagenfeld.*"

Berger, of Leipzig, will speedily publish a *Life of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann*, founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine, written by himself, with plates.

The house of Behr, in Berlin, has announced for speedy publication "*Histoire ancienne et moderne de la Moldavie, de la Valachie, et des états indépendants des Transylvains et des Valaques transdanubiens,*" by Michael de Kogalnitchan, formerly a Moldavian officer.

The number of the journals published in Austria amounts to 72, 21 of which are furnished by Vienna. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom issues 34; Milan alone 25, Venice 6, and Verona 4.

It has been remarked as a singular phenomenon, that in Germany, which is so fertile in almost every department of literature, there are very few new dramatic productions. In regard to comedy in particular, the lovers of the theatre must put up almost exclusively with the mostly barbarous translations from the French. The result of the offer by the firm of Cotta of a prize of 300 florins for a good comedy in one act, furnishes an additional proof of the neglect of the drama. Out of several hundred pieces that were received, only eight were deemed worthy of being submitted for examination to the critical tribunal, composed of Lewald, Menzel, and Seydelmann; and of these eight one only was deemed worthy of any consideration. It is apprehended that, unless some provision be made by the Diet for securing to German dramatic authors a property in their works, as in France, the German stage must long continue to be a mere echo of the French.

Opitz and Frege, of Güstrow, will shortly publish a critical history of the Roman emperor Trajan, by Dr. Heinrich Franke, of Wiemar, with the title "*Zur Geschichte Trajans und seiner Zeit.*"

We observe in the German journals the announcement of a pamphlet with the title of "*Schlagende Beweisführung dass Napoleon Bonaparte niemals existirt hat*" (Striking Proof that Napoleon Bonaparte never existed), which professes to be translated from the second Paris edition. Another singular announcement has also attracted our notice: it is the translation of a French work by M. B. Chablot, the tendency of which may easily be guessed from the title—"The Death Struggle of the British Leopard; reflections on the present time and that which is immediately to follow," and from the

motto, "England has not a guinea which is not steeped in the blood of all nations!" How easy would it be to prove that there is not a nation in Europe whose wounds England has not expended her gold in healing!

The historico-critical work by Dr. Steiner, "*Codex Inscriptionum Romanarum Rheni*," will appear at the Easter Leipzig fair, in two 4to. volumes, containing about a thousand inscriptions.

The first part of the first volume of a History of Bohemia, by a native writer, Franz Patacky, has made its appearance. This work, chiefly from documents and manuscripts, promises to supply, in a satisfactory manner, a want that was much felt.

The reviewer of Eckermann's *Conversations with Göthe* (see F. Q. R. No. 35, pp. 16, 17,) has assumed that some remarks of Göthe's on a German poet, whose name is concealed by three stars, applied to Heine. A writer in the "*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*," assures us that this is a mistake. "We know," says he, "from the author's own lips, that these observations of Göthe's refer not to Heine but to Count Platen, and that he suppressed the name out of tenderness for this then living and often very unhappy poet."

At Vienna, M. Ferdinand Wolf is preparing a work on the stage representations of the middle ages, and of the dramatic art in Europe, up to the age of Shakspeare and Lopez de Vega.

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## DENMARK.

A periodical work in German, with the title of "*Skandinavische Bibliothek*" (Scandinavian Library), has recently been commenced at Copenhagen, edited by J. L. von Schepele and A. von Gähler. It is intended to comprise translations of the latest and most attractive productions of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish literature.

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## SWEDEN.

An interesting work, in French, by C. Forssell, has just appeared at Stockholm, with the title of "*Une année en Suède; ou Tableaux des Costumes, Mœurs, et Usages des Paysans de la Suède, suivis des Sites et Monumens historiques les plus remarquables*," in forty-eight plates, with explanatory text, 4to.

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## RUSSIA.

We are assured that the Russian "*Conversations-Lexikon*," which has advanced to the sixth volume, is rich in contributions on the history, geography, statistics, and industry of Russia, on the social relations of its various tribes, and in biographical accounts of its distinguished statesmen. The work employs at this moment all the eminent Russian literati, who have become contributors to it, so that there is a momentary stagnation in all branches of Russian literature, in which considerable activity till lately prevailed.

A Polish work of considerable importance is in the course of publication at St. Petersburg. It is a narrative of travels performed a few years since at the expense of the Russian government, by Joseph Kowalewski, to Mongolia and China. The work will consist of six parts; the first, second, and third, treat of the Burais and Mongolia; the fourth and fifth of China; and the sixth contains the history of the Catholic missions to China, with more particular reference to the proceedings of the Jesuits. In a supplement the author will give a variety of legends, popular songs, and historical documents, that have never yet appeared in print.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg is publishing in the Mongol language an heroic legend, which is in great favour among the Mongols. This is a History of the heroic Achievements and Adventures of Gesser Khan, full of Mongol romance, which is expected to excite much interest even in Europe.

Abu Fosla's "Travels in Arabia," are also printing in the same city, under the superintendence and with a Russian translation by Professor Heitling.

Russia possesses two works on the plan of the Penny Magazines, both published in Moscow. The first of these was commenced about the middle of 1835, with the title of "Picturesque Survey of all remarkable Objects in the Sciences, Arts, Manufactures, and Social Life," and contains nothing but translations from the English, German, and French Penny Magazines. The second, begun with the year 1836, is entitled "Panorama of the World," and promises to pay particular attention to native sources of information also.

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## ITALY.

Towards the end of last year a new monthly work on the fine arts was announced at Rome, with the title of "Iconografia e Scenografia delle belle Arti."

A series of outlines after the smaller basso-relievos of the celebrated Thorwaldsen, thirty-one in number, with poetical illustrations by Angelo Maria Ricci, has just appeared at Rome, with the title of "Anacreonte nuovissimo del Commendatore Alberto Thorwaldsen."

The congregation of the Index at Rome has lately, by a decree, which received the confirmation of the Pope, prohibited twelve works. No one would be surprised to find among these Heine's publications, "Instructions secrètes de la Compagnie de Jesus," and some other French works of the kind very little known out of France; but it certainly does excite some astonishment to see the "Souvenirs en Orient" and the "Jocelyn" of the orthodox Lamartine included in the list.

The central commission appointed by the Neapolitan government to compile a Statistical Survey of Sicily, commenced with the year 1836 the publication of a Statistical Journal ("*Giornale di Statistica*,"), which appear in quarterly numbers. The first number, which has been forwarded to us, contains not only papers relative to the statistics of Italy and Sicily, but also information relative to the population, commerce, &c. of Great Britain, France, and other countries.

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## GREECE.

The number of political journals is increasing in Greece. The *Σωτήρ* (Saviour), lately proscribed, has for some time again appeared, as the sentence of the Tribunal of First Instance was annulled by the Court of Cassation. To this have been added a new opposition paper in the German and Greek language, entitled "*ἡ Ἑλπίς*," (Hope), and another neutral paper, "*ἡ Ἴρις*," which is in Greek only, and contains miscellaneous and literary articles. A fourth, "*ὁ Θεατὴρ*," (The Spectator), is announced as speedily to appear, and a fifth is talked of.

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By the title of "*Ἀπομνημονεύματα πολέμου*" was lately published at Athens, the first volume of a new and interesting work by Christophoros Perrhäbos, colonel in the army of Greece, who was already favourably known by his History of Suli and the Suliotes, and who was perhaps rather too flatteringly called by Niebuhr a second Thucydides. In these memoirs the author does not pretend to give a complete history of the Greek insurrection, but only the actions, enterprizes, and events in which he was either himself engaged, or an eye-witness of. This first volume comes down only to the year 1822.

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ART. I.—*Mémoires Historiques de S. A. R. Madame la Duchesse de Berri, depuis sa naissance jusqu'à ce jour.* Publiée par Alfred Nettement. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1837.

THE Duchess de Berri, the daughter of sovereigns, the beloved wife and widow of a murdered prince, the mother of an exiled king, has claimed the pity of all parties. Her early misfortunes, her subsequent splendour, and her sad reverse, could create but one feeling towards her. Those very minds which foresaw the futility of her exertions, those very partisans of the younger branch, who despised or blamed her efforts to overthrow the government established by the revolution of 1830, admired her as a heroine; and, as the only surviving parent of a royal son, could not refuse their sympathy to her as a woman. As a woman she forfeited this public sympathy by an act of immorality. Placed by birth and position on a pre-eminence of rank and misfortune, she was particularly called upon by the correctness of her conduct to render herself worthy of that rank, and in a measure to triumph over her troubles by keeping her place in the esteem of all hearts: but she added another to the long, long list of human frailties, and the most charitable and the most merciful part was to forget her. Why then should M. Alfred Nettement draw her from the oblivion which had already begun to throw its deep shades around her? Is he one of those enthusiastic royalists who persevere in believing the whole affair at Blaye to be a trick got up by Louis Philippe, in order to destroy all good feeling towards his unhappy niece? or has he other motives? He who wrote the memoirs now before us cannot be ignorant of the truth; the very distance at which the duchess is kept by the noble dauphiness must be convincing; we conclude that he has been actuated by some feeling which is not avowed in his volumes, thus to drag her from her happier obscurity; and we cannot help fancying, that not only does he desire to increase the dislike which many feel at the deceitful conduct of the present king, but that

he is one of those who, from time to time, by some public action, tries to keep the Carlist cause alive in the minds of men. In both these instances we imagine that he may have succeeded: the inconsistency between Louis Philippe's former protestations and his present conduct are quietly and temperately, yet forcibly, laid before us, and it is impossible to review the career of the duchess without the strongest compassion for her and the exiled family of France.

The next question which suggests itself in this age of made-up memoirs is, whether the statements contained in M. Nettement's publication may be relied on. In most instances this would be a difficult question to solve. In the first place, access to kings and queens is very seldom accomplished, and the reports made of them so depend on the temper and opinions of their followers, that plain matters of fact are not easy to procure. In the next place, the spirit of party, which must more or less be evinced in such biographies, makes them open to suspicion. But, sceptical as we may be in most matters of this sort, and little as the memoirs of the great people of France are in general to be relied on, we are inclined to place faith in M. Nettement, not only because there is an air of truth which at once brings conviction with it, but because we were in France during the times of which he speaks, and, having some peculiar advantages with regard to the society of the capital, we can, from our *own* knowledge, affirm, that a great part of the book before us is the simple truth, without the slightest embellishment. The very words uttered in the ears of our friends, and in our own, are quoted, and, with such proofs for a part, we may surely lend confidence to the rest. More of this we shall mention as we proceed.

As the title states, the memoirs begin with the birth of the duchess, but although dated 1837, and professing to be up to the present moment, they finish with her arrest in La Vendée. They are spun out into three volumes, and, with their broad margins, large type, and title-pages, certainly exhibit a tolerable specimen of the art of book-making. Each volume is divided into books, which we would rather have called chapters, and the first gives us the genealogy of the duchess, showing how her son descends from the great Henri Quatre in fourteen different ways. In it the character of her grandfather, with all his ignorance, his honest avowal of it, his weaknesses, and his *bonhomie*, are well touched upon. It was in his reign that the "Chevalier Acton" and Lady Hamilton played that part in Italy, which left a great blot on the fame of our immortal hero Nelson, and for our conduct altogether in the affairs of Sicily we find ourselves bearing the following reputation: "Perfidious nation, equally dangerous as an

ally and as an enemy, for her promises are threats, her friendship a snare, and her protection a yoke." We do not think that the Bourbons have much right to complain of us, but we will not stop to refute this opinion, and proceed to the duchess, who was born on the 5th of November 1798, and in two years commenced her wandering life, by passing and repassing the sea, backwards and forwards to Sicily, in consequence of the foreign warfare and civil discord which then shook Italy from north to south. The fate of her family made the most lively impression on Marie Caroline; who, although but seven years old when her grandmother was obliged to abandon Italy, evinced a most remarkable degree of grief and indignation. Her first sensations, says M. Nettement, were sad and serious; her ears were early accustomed to the noise of war, to the furious ringing of the church bells, to the firing of cannon, to the clamours of the populace, like the furious lashing of waves. In the midst of all this, however, her education was not neglected; she had an excellent governess, her country was sufficient to inspire her with a taste for the arts, and she never ceased to feel the beauties with which this country teems.

In the third book we have the appearance of the Duke d'Orleans among her family. Here, if we may be so allowed to express ourselves, the writer of these memoirs begins to play his game, and to show the part acted by this crafty prince. Marie Caroline was ten years old when he first came to Sicily, and the king entered the room where she and the queen were together, holding an open letter in his hand, his countenance betraying marks of strong emotion. He announced the arrival of an emigrant belonging to a royal and a fallen house, the only surviving heir of his immediate branch, and asked if the queen would be much displeased if he were to call him to court. "What is his name?" asked the queen. "The Duke d'Orleans," hesitatingly replied the king. "The Duke d'Orleans!" repeated the queen in a deep and marked tone: the name of Philippe-Egalité recalled to them the sufferings of Marie Antoinette, the angelic Elizabeth, and Louis XVI., for whose deaths he had voted; and his son was not to be received without the most painful feelings. However, the royal family of Naples recollected that the venerable chief of their house had received him, that there was a wide difference between the father and the son, and that the latter had signed the declaration of the princes of the blood which contained this remarkable phrase:—

"Si l'injuste emploi d'une force majeure parvenait, ce qu'à Dieu ne plaise, à placer sur le trône de France tout autre que notre roi légitime, nous suivrons avec autant de confiance que de fidélité la voix de l'hon-



neur, qui nous prescrit d'en appeler jusqu'à notre dernier soupir à Dieu, aux Français, et à notre épée."

The King of Naples, therefore, wrote to the prince that they would receive him at Palermo, and he took advantage of this permission with the more pleasure, inasmuch as Charles IV. had not allowed him to land at Barcelona, even to see his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, pleading the reports which had reached him, that the duke wished to place himself on the French throne. This accusation had deeply grieved the object of it, and he justified himself in the following terms to Ferdinand IV.: "Sire! the greater the faults of my father, the more am I bound to prove that I do not share his errors; they have done too much evil in my family." The Duke d'Orleans soon ingratiated himself into all hearts, and more especially into that of the excellent Louise Amélie, the aunt of Marie Caroline, and the present partner of his throne. The marriage was for some time deferred by a visit which the duke paid to Spain, and a subsequent voyage to England. At length he returned to Sicily, and became the uncle of the future Duchess de Berri. His fruitless attempts to gain a footing in Spain made him turn his thoughts wholly to the pleasures of private life, and, let his conduct as a public character have been what it may, we believe that, as a husband and a father, there will not be found a single stain upon his history.

On the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his forefathers, the Duke d'Orleans presented himself at court, and was well received, obtaining not only permission to reside in France, but restitution of his rich appanage to himself and his sons. His gratitude was extreme, and according to M. Nettement,—

"he expressed himself with a profusion of words which showed how entirely ingratitude was a stranger to the heart of his serene highness. At the same time, he was most active in furthering the negotiation by which the Bourbons of Italy were to be restored to the kingdom of Naples; he, more than any one, appeared to be sensible to the sacred rights of legitimacy, and he quitted Palermo, leaving his relations convinced of the fervour of his attachment to those tutelar doctrines which guarantee the repose of nations, and place the crowns of monarchs securely upon their brows."

Peace being re-established throughout Europe, and the Bourbons for a second time holding the reins of government, Louis XVIII. began to seek for a wife for his nephew, the Duke de Berri, and, after much consideration, the Princess Marie Caroline, eldest daughter of the hereditary Prince of Naples, was chosen,

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\* Adhésion à la note de Louis XVIII., du 22 Février, 1803.

as an alliance least likely to give umbrage to any of the great powers who had aided in the restoration of the royal family of France. We will not enter into the minutiae of the negotiations, with which M. Nettement favours us, even to tiresomeness; suffice it, that the duke was accepted, the banns were published, and the household selected. The Prince of Palermo was the proxy chosen for the duke; the marriage was celebrated in the royal chapel at Naples, by the cardinal archbishop of Naples, and before all the great people of the kingdom. The same minute detail accompanies the princess to Marseilles, where she performed quarantine; and we must give an idea of the wearying ceremonies which attended a lively, open-hearted, and perhaps impetuous princess, who probably found them more distressing to bear than her subsequent misfortunes. The Hôtel de Ville had been by a special act declared neutral ground, that is, belonging both to the country of the princess and to that of the duke; the rooms to the right were Neapolitan, and those on the left were considered as French. The princess entered the great hall, which was situated in the middle, and furnished with a long table covered with green velvet, fringed with gold, on which were the materials for writing. She was accompanied by the Neapolitan ambassador, and those who had formed her suite from Naples. Her French household was on the other side; the respective flags of each nation decorated each portion, and the Sicilian and French guards were in their stations. Official documents were read to infinity, and signatures written; the Sicilian representatives delivered several speeches, and the French returned them, all of which, we doubt not, mortally annoyed the poor young bride. After all this etiquette had been fulfilled, the Prince San Nicandro (the Neapolitan ambassador) presented her royal highness to the Duke d'Havré, who led her to the other side of the table, and in three steps she became a Frenchwoman. A general salute of cannon took place at that moment; the princess was then led into the French apartments; her ladies undressed her, and she was then entirely re-dressed in the manufacture of France, and in the clothes provided for her in the *corbeille* of the Duke de Berri.

In the next, or fifth book, we have the correspondence between the duke and duchess, which is so perfectly natural that we think it must be genuine. At length, the bride reached Fontainebleau; the cross of St. Herem was in sight, and ceremony again awaited her. All the arrangements for the marriage had been planned according to that of Louis XV., and among them was a carpet, spread on the grass, the half of which only was to be traversed by the princess, while the king and royal family came to meet

her across the other half: but the patience of the lively duchess could not extend even over the half of the carpet, much less to the complete observance of all the ceremonies; she remembered the neutrality of the Hôtel de Ville at Marseilles, and could not help asking, in an under-tone, if the carpet were also neutral; then darting up to the king, she threw herself on her knees before him with infinite grace. The king raised and embraced her, welcomed her most affectionately, presented her to her future husband, and the royal *cortège* proceeded to Paris. The marriage was again celebrated at Nôtre-Dame; fifteen orphan girls received marriage portions, a number of prisoners were released, fines were remitted, offences were pardoned, and the duke and duchess began their short career of happiness.

M. Nettement here reviews the situation of France at the period of this event, but, as his observations are not new, and the time recent, we shall not quote from them, but pass on to the private life of the newly married couple. The circumstances of their early lives bore a strong resemblance the one to the other, and gave rise to a great similarity of taste and feeling. Both had known misfortune and exile; both had seen a throne fall from their family; both had seen it again raised by, as it were, a sudden mandate from Heaven. They had at the same moment begun to enjoy a return of prosperity; they had naturally the same tastes, for Italy was the birth-place of the one, and the other had been long enough in that country to become inspired with Italian feelings.

"Monseigneur," says our author, "loved the arts both as a prince and as an artist; the sojourn which he had made in Italy had awakened this feeling in his heart. He had studied music and painting, especially the latter. More than once, in the middle of those ruins with which Rome is filled, a young man had been seen, seated on some fragment of a column, drawing the half-destroyed triumphal arch before him, or the remains of a palace which had formerly covered the soil with its vast proportions; this young man was the descendant of Louis XIV. who, adding another ruin to the many around him, consoled himself with the arts, and presented to the Eternal City one of the wrecks of the august house of France, which had raised so many triumphal arches and possessed so many palaces."

The duke and his wife began well; for, the Chambers having voted them a sum on their marriage, they gave 500,000 francs out of it to the departments which had suffered most from the invasion. They inhabited the palace called the Elysée, and there, free from the wearying etiquette of the Tuileries, they led a simple and domestic life. One hundred thousand crowns per annum did not cover the aims of the duchess, and, slipping out

together at the door of the palace next to the Champs Elysées, on foot, and without guards or suite, they either visited those whom they relieved, or roamed about at will, sometimes loitering under the trees, and sometimes absolutely *shopping*. Many were the adventures which occurred in consequence of these private rambles—such as carrying the burden of a poor fainting boy to its destination, and then giving him money to purchase an ass, to carry it in future; borrowing an umbrella when caught in the rain, and the person lending it refusing the loan unless he accompanied them home, and, when arrived at that home, the poor fellow frightened out of his senses. But one of the drollest was the refusal of a lender-out of chairs, to give them credit for the use of those on which they had been sitting; in vain did they plead that they had forgotten their purses, they were abused for their thoughtlessness, and forced to leave a pledge, which, when redeemed, almost convulsed their terrible creditor with alarm. The character of the duke was cheerful and decided; he had a little of the roughness of a soldier about him, but he was wholly free from art, and full of kindness. Like others of his family, he was extravagantly fond of the chase, in the pursuit of which, and from his unpretending habits, he met with many interesting adventures. The first duty, both of himself and his wife, seemed to be that of charity, and the next the protection and encouragement of the arts; the only drawback to their happiness was the want of an heir, for almost all their children died a few hours after they were born; the eldest daughter (Mademoiselle) and the posthumous boy alone have been preserved. Their good fellowship with the other branches of the royal family was perfect, and when M. Nettement speaks of the Prince de Condé, we have the following passage:—

“ The Prince de Condé lived in the most retired manner, as well as his son the Duke de Bourbon, and rarely appeared at court. Since the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, a profound sadness seemed to overwhelm the chief of this glorious branch of the royal house, and the burden of years, added to long grief, had caused a dejection from which he could be seldom roused. It seemed as if this noble mind, without being utterly extinguished, had retired within itself. . . . . It may be said, that, reading the future, and throwing a long look upon the past, the last of the Condés wept over a name which no one was to bear after him, and, placing himself between the dungeon of Vincennes and the fatal alcove of St. Leu, the illustrious old man was mourning over his whole race: once his solitude was disturbed by a person whose presence surprised him: the Prince de Talleyrand went to pay his respects to the Prince de Condé: and the current saying in consequence of this visit was, that the crooked line paid a visit to the straight line. Either from confusion in consequence of his great age, or from one of those

moments of vivacity which now and then re-appeared in his highness, he mistook, or pretended to mistake, the Prince de Talleyrand for his uncle, the grand-almoner of France, at that moment archbishop of Rheims, and a venerable man, for whom the prince felt much affection. 'Archbishop,' said he, 'come and see me as often as you can; I shall always be happy to receive you; but I entreat of you, as a favour, never bring your nephew, the bishop of Autun, with you.' 'Now that your serene highness has expressed your sentiments,' answered the bishop, with his unalterable *sang froid*, 'I can promise you that the Prince de Talleyrand will never present himself before you.'

Many of the actions and sayings of the Duke d'Orleans, which took place at this time, continued to belie his later conduct, but it seems that Louis XVIII., although he restored his lands to him, never would legally confirm the gift, stoutly resisting all those who strove to persuade him to do so: among these were both the Duke and Duchess de Berri, whose intimacy with and affection for the House of Orleans were very great. Once, however, it was for a moment interrupted by the sudden entrance of Marie Caroline into the apartment of her aunt, whom she found conversing in the most friendly manner with Lord Bentinck, who, it will be recollected, was the active agent in the banishment of the Queen of Naples from Sicily. The Duchess de Berri immediately turned back, and left the Palais Royal, and, when an explanation was sought, she replied, "Because I could not bear with temper to see you give so friendly a reception to a man whom I look upon as the murderer of your mother." This anecdote shows the lively, impetuous, but artless duchess to great advantage; the conduct of the Duke of Orleans was more measured, and has succeeded better.

We now come to the saddest portion of the history of which we are presenting a sketch, but before we commence upon it, we must assure our readers that the statements in M. Nettement's book are perfectly true. Nothing is embellished or depreciated, and the very words which were uttered are given with the most entire fidelity. M. Nettement prefaces them with some long and sensible reflexions on the ministry of M. Decazes, and we had marked them as an extract for our readers, but they would exceed our limits, and perhaps those whom they would interest are already in possession of the system pursued by that young and favourite minister, who unconsciously gave a strength to the revolutionary party, which in the end caused his own downfall, and became fatal to that branch of the royal family to which he owed his elevation.

For some time the Duke de Berri had received anonymous letters, which contained the most fearful threats, and, in spite of

his usual firmness, they made an impression on him. The assassination of Henry IV. had also been preceded by the same menaces and the same apprehensions, which seemed to be a sort of excuse to the Duke de Berri for the indulgence of his own forebodings; he, however, carefully concealed them all from the duchess, and entered with her into the gaieties of the carnival; among them was a brilliant opera, at which the Orleans family were also present. Between the acts the Duke and Duchess de Berri paid a visit to their relations in their box, and, on returning to their own, the duchess found herself so fatigued in consequence of a ball the preceding evening, that she proposed going home. Her husband led her to her carriage, intending to return and see the last act of the ballet; he and the Count de Mesnard handed her in, and then, turning round and waving his hand, he exclaimed, "Adieu, Caroline, we shall soon meet again." At that moment a man glided past the centinel, laid one hand on the left shoulder of the prince, and gave him a violent blow with the other under his right breast. The Duke de Choiseul thought he had accidentally brushed against the prince, and, pushing him away, said, "Take care what you are about;" the wretch fled, and the prince, feeling his side, exclaimed, "I am assassinated!" All gathered closely round him, asking questions with breathless anxiety: he then said, "I am a dead man—I feel the dagger." Pursuit was instantly made after the assassin, but the poor duchess, whose carriage had not left the door, heard the cry, and tried to throw herself out of it; Madame de Béthisy, who was with her, tried to stop her, and a servant endeavoured to assist her, but, springing over the steps, she exclaimed, "Let me; I command you, let me." She then ran to the duke, and received him in her arms at the moment when he had taken the dagger from the wound, and had given it to M. Mesnard. He was then placed upon a bench, and his dress opened; the duchess was on her knees before him, trying to stanch the blood, and the prince again said, "I am killed—a priest—come, my wife, let me die in your arms." The duke was with difficulty led to the saloon behind his box, where the Duke de Choiseul came to announce that the murderer was taken. "Is he a foreigner?" asked the prince, and when he was answered in the negative, he sorrowfully said, "It is very hard to die by the hand of a Frenchman." The Duke and Duchess d'Orleans were present, and two surgeons began to exert their skill, his wife watching every turn of his countenance.

The crime had been so rapidly perpetrated, that the news of it had not yet reached the audience or performers; the second act of the ballet was going on, and from the room where the

prince lay, the music was heard and the dancers might be seen.

“ Les sons joyeux de l'orchestre qui s'éteignent, et les râlements d'une agonie qui commence ; une fête et un assassinat ; les larmes, les cris, le deuil, le désespoir dans le séjour des plaisirs : les riantes images de ce lieu profane apparaissant comme une effroyable ironie à des yeux qui allaient se fermer pour jamais, et une simple cloison séparant les joies du monde de toutes les horreurs de la mort ! ”

Fresh succour and additional grief seemed to enter each time that the door was opened ; two more surgeons came, the arms were punctured, and the orifice enlarged, in order to give passage to the blood ; it was then that the duchess, in a whisper, asked Dr. Blancheton, who was a few paces distant from the prince, if the wound were mortal ; adding, “ I am very courageous, I can bear all—all I ask is the truth.” The duke repeatedly expressed a wish to see his daughter, and the Bishop of Amyclée ; they were sent for, as well as Monsieur, Madame, and the Duke d'Angoulême. The prince's own surgeon came, and, applying his lips to the wound, in order to draw out the blood, the duke gently pushed him away, saying, “ What are you doing ?—perhaps the wound is poisoned.”

The news soon spread through Paris, and messengers arrived from all parts to inquire after the duke, filling the Opera House and its neighbourhood ; and all that was great and illustrious in France gathered round the little room in which lay the dying prince. The interview between the brothers was heart-rending ; Monsieur was unable to utter a word. The daughter of Louis XVI., the woman of many griefs and much courage, who had always been found superior to her misfortunes, remained silent and immovable, watching the opening of the fresh tomb over which she was destined to mourn. The prince was removed into a larger room, where a bed was prepared for him, and where he might have more air. At about one in the morning, M. Dupuytren arrived, and, finding that the duke did not answer his questions, requested the duchess to find out the seat of the pain. M. Dupuytren then again enlarged the wound, and during the operation entreated Monsieur to take the duchess out of the room ; but she said, “ Father, do not force me to disobey you ! ” and promising not to disturb the operator, she knelt by the side of the bed, holding the prince's hand. When he felt the instrument in the wound, the duke requested to be left in quiet, as he must die ; but when his wife said, “ Let them do it for my sake,” he submitted without a murmur. The relief he experienced from this was great, but the extent of the wound was ascertained, and the

blade of the dagger, eight inches long, had been buried up to the hilt in the body.

During the few moments of calm which succeeded this operation, the duke, passing his hand through the hair of the duchess, said, "My poor wife, you are very unhappy;" then seeing her despair increase, he added in a louder and firmer voice, "My dear friend, do not allow yourself to be overcome with grief, take care of yourself, for the sake of the child whom you bear within you." A general murmur was heard throughout the saloon, and a ray of light seemed to break forth in this dark hour. The duke entreated that the king might be sent for, in order to obtain pardon from him for the assassin; he then requested permission of the duchess to embrace the two children born to him while in England. "Where are they?" said the duchess, "I will be their mother!" then leading the two little girls up to the bed, and presenting them to mademoiselle, she told them to embrace their sister, and leaning over her husband added, "Charles, Charles, I have now three children." It was then that a voice from behind the bed uttered these words, "*Elle est sublime!*" It was the Duchess d'Angoulême who had spoken. At three in the morning the duke confessed aloud, and asked pardon of God and his neighbour for his sins; he received extreme unction, and, these religious duties having also soothed the duchess, she cried, "I knew well that this noble soul was born for heaven, and would soon return to it." The anxiety of the duke to see the king was excessive, and a last bulletin was conveyed to his majesty by the Duke Decazes. The thirst of the duke was dreadful; he prayed for death, and took separate leave of all around him. In a short interval of ease he exclaimed, "I hear the guard!" and being disappointed, he entreated his father to ask the life of the murderer. At length the king arrived, and the duke immediately exclaimed, "Pardon, sire, for the man who has struck me; at least grant him his life." When he was about to die, the duchess was dragged out of the room; again she came in, and was again torn from it. He exclaimed, "Holy Virgin, have mercy on me!" then trying to rise, he cried, "Oh my country, unhappy France!" At this moment his wife again rushed in and seized his hand as he expired; then, exhausted, she fell senseless at the feet of the king; advantage was taken of this, and she was borne to her carriage. All present entreated the king to leave this dreadful scene. "I have a last duty to perform," he answered; then leaning on the arm of M. Dupuytren, he approached the bed, closed the eyes of the duke, kissed his hand, and retired without another word.

When the final news was announced, a long deep groan re-



sounded through the hall, which was echoed by the people without, and the king returned to his palace amid the most heart-rending tokens of universal grief. We shall never forget the consternation expressed in every countenance for days,—the predictions, the alarm which was manifested; no one could tell that it was a single stroke; the wisest men in France saw in it a general disaffection towards the Bourbons; those who had delighted in the few years of tranquillity which had succeeded their restoration, dreaded the anarchy and confusion which this disaffection might produce. There was scarcely a dissenting voice to the regrets expressed for the duke as a man; uncertainty, fear, and caution, mingled with the lamentations; the little soirées of the capital alone were attended, and people only seemed to meet there in order to give vent to their own apprehensions and collect those of others. As to the English, they saw the reign of terror fast approaching; many fled from Paris, and even from France, thinking that in the next week it might be too late to save their heads.

The anonymous letters previously received by the duke were the sole evidences that Louvel's crime arose from any general feeling of discontent; the confusion in the Cabinet, and the violence of the opposition in the Chamber, could never have caused such a proceeding. Louvel constantly denied that he had any accomplices, and seemed to think that there was a sort of grandeur in being the sole perpetrator of an act, which he declared to proceed from his individual hatred. To a friend of ours he said, that this hatred had been harboured for years, in consequence of an affront offered to him by the Duke de Berri, (which was doubtless imaginary); that he had followed this prince from place to place with the intention of murdering him, but that his design had been either frustrated by some trifling occurrence, or by finding himself unequal to the task. As to the knowledge of this event before it happened, if we may so express ourselves, we are sceptical; such reports have always been made, and very generally disproved on close investigation. "In the midst of such contradictory opinions," says M. Nettement, "history cannot lead us to any certain conclusion, but our own good sense will sufficiently point out to us that this isolated crime was owing to the general aspect of affairs."

The despair of the Duchess de Berri was as energetic as the rest of her character; the Elysée became hateful to her, and she removed to the Tuileries, and took up her abode close to her father-in-law. However, there was a firmness and courage in the midst of her grief, for which no one would previously have given her credit; she said that her sacrifice was over, that she had por-

mised to be courageous, and would keep her word. She rarely left her apartments during her pregnancy, but, from motives of policy, the gardens were occasionally closed, and she showed herself at the terrace next to the river; it was necessary that she should be seen in her situation, in order that no pretext might be given to the hints of imposture, which were even then thrown out in the capital. We are sorry, though not surprised, that the populace, or perhaps a class above them, could not refrain from insult on these occasions, and two attempts were made, by sudden explosions under her windows, so to alarm her as to destroy her hopes of an heir to the throne. On the other hand, the feelings of the country-people were those of affection; and, during these long months of anxiety, the women of the town of Bordeaux sent a deputation to the duchess, in consequence of a declaration made by the king, that, if the child were a son, he should be called the Duke de Bordeaux. This deputation thanked the king for the honour intended to their city; the lady president made a speech full of southern vivacity and energy, complimented the duchess, and presented her with a richly decorated cradle. The ladies of the Halle were admitted, and said, "Here is a place for our prince to sleep in; we women will wash his linen, and our men will watch over him that the Jacobins may not disturb him as he sleeps." They were anxious that the prince should be born in their city, for they were sure they should have a prince and not a princess, and, while they were offering their present, the song sung by Jeanne d'Albret at the moment of her delivery came from Bearne, accompanied by a clove of garlick derived from the same plant which had rubbed the lips of Henry IV. Nor was the bottle of Jurançon wine forgotten. These are perhaps trifling events, but they showed a feeling on which the duchess may be forgiven for relying too much in another part of her career.

At length the moment arrived, preceding the general expectation by a few days; and here we would fain extract largely from our author's pages, because it has been the fashion in England as well as France, to deny the validity of this child's birth, but we fear that the details given by the author, which sufficiently establish this point, might in this country appear, even in their native language, as somewhat indelicate. The Morning Chronicle roundly asserted that the infant bearing the title of Duke de Bordeaux was a substitution, and the report was attributed to the Duke d'Orleans. The latter however defended himself with so much warmth when the king taxed him with it, that his majesty's suspicions were removed. The duke had satisfied himself by questioning the Duke d'Albufera, whose veracity was unim-

peachable, and who was the chosen witness of the event. The royal family arrived, the cannons were fired, and great joy was evinced by the soldiery. The infant was shown at the windows to the populace; orders were given for every soldier who wished to do so, to enter the room and see the child; and, in the afternoon, the duchess had her bed moved to the windows, where she showed herself with her child in her arms to the people, who rent the air with their acclamations. Poems, drawings, and felicitations arrived from all parts, and were renewed at the baptism of Henri Dieudonné, and in a few days all the communes of the kingdom purchased the noble castle of Chambord (a monument of the time of Francis I.) and presented it to the royal infant.

The interval which elapsed between the birth and exile of the Duke de Bordeaux was occupied on the part of the Duchess de Berri in patronizing the arts, keeping up her extensive charities, superintending the education of her children, or visiting Dieppe, Chambord, the southern provinces, and La Vendée; in the latter she made acquaintances and imbibed notions which wholly guided her in her after-conduct. She gradually resumed her former habits, and became, as it were, the centre of gaiety and vivacity in the court. When Charles X. ascended the throne, and the Duchess de Berri became Madame, she mainly contributed to the gratification of the two great wishes of the Duke d'Orleans, viz. the title of Royal Highness, and the passing of a law which gave him a legal right to his appanage. Nor did she less actively espouse his interest in the succession to the Condé property, exclaiming when it was concluded, "Ah tant mieux! ces d'Orleans sont de si bonnes gens!" In short, she never suffered any opportunity to pass unheeded of serving this family, or giving them pleasure; the Duke de Chartres was the principal person at all her *fêtes*, and no sooner was any displeasure felt at the Tuileries when the Duke d'Orleans openly encouraged or countenanced the liberal party, than she instantly used every endeavour to remove it.

We consider the description of the *fête* given at the Palais Royal to the King of Naples as another proof of the veracity of our author, for he even mentions the saying of M. S——, who, knowing the times most intimately, and all that was passing round him in and out of the edifice in which he then was, observed, "This is really a Neapolitan *fête*, for we are dancing over a volcano."

The particulars of the revolution of 1830 are too recent, and too well known for us to repeat them here; we will therefore content ourselves with observing, that throughout those me-

morale days the Duchess de Berri evinced so much energy and courage, that she formed a strong contrast to her royal relations. It was she who discovered the tri-coloured flag waving over the Tuileries; it was she who urged the employment of those measures which, if vigorously followed up, would have saved the crown for her son, and which were not only suggested by the faithful counsellors of the king, but would have been immediately put in force by them, and which they tried to wring from his infatuated majesty with tears and on their knees. For hours were the horses harnessed to the duchess's carriage, that she might go and show herself and her son to the Parisians; but nothing could induce the king to give his consent or his aid towards such a proceeding, and he, as it were, suffered the younger branch of the royal house to step upon his throne, without a single effort to prevent it. At the same time it must be said, that Charles X. and the elder branches had the most perfect confidence in the fidelity of Louis Philippe, and, when he was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, they believed in the protestations which he sent to them by M. Mortemart, "that he had been forced into that situation, and that he would suffer himself to be torn in pieces before the crown should be placed upon his head."

The royal exiles proceeded to England, receiving in most parts the warmest marks of interest and sympathy, and in their first place of refuge, Lulworth, the duchess laid the plans for her future attempts to place her son upon his inherited throne. These projects prevented her from accompanying the family to Holyrood, but she went to bid them farewell before she began her operations. It was from Bath that she started: there she had waited for a short time in order to fortify her constitution for all she was about to encounter, lodging in a small house consisting of six rooms. Madame de Bouillé was her sole companion, one female and one male domestic formed her establishment; her table was more than frugal, and nothing could exceed the economy and simplicity of her mode of life. She had given up her luxuries that she might not give up her charities. Her pensioners were still paid, and the hospital at Rosny knew no deficiency. At all times her superfluity had been bestowed on indigence, and she now took her superfluity from her necessities.

Before we follow the duchess through her subsequent attempts, let us take a short review of him who had assumed the rights of her son. His early years saw him hurled from his inheritance by a ferocious mob, the fury of which had been excited and increased by his father, who with a view to his own aggrandizement blindly

led them on to his own destruction. His son became a starving exile, and was obliged to earn his subsistence by his own exertions; we then see him taking advantage of a favourable moment, and applying for reception to those of his family who were yet mourning the consequences of his father's errors. They not only generously admitted him to their court, but gave him their daughter in marriage. This daughter has proved to be one of the best of women, and doubtless by her relationship and character has strengthened his interest. At the restoration he also was restored to his rich inheritance by the courtesy of the king, and, when the Neapolitan family returned to their rights, he enjoyed the handsome dowry of his wife. But this was not enough; he coveted his inheritance as a law, and, being only serene highness as the younger branch, he longed for the title of royalty. The sharp-sighted Louis XVIII. was inflexible on these points; in vain did the duke declare at every opportunity how much he felt aggrieved, and that every spark of ambition would be gratified were but these two matters of law and title settled to his satisfaction. Louis, on one occasion, made the following reply to the Duke de Berri, who had formed a little conspiracy in the family, in order to obtain the desired grants: "The Duke d'Orleans is near enough to the throne; for the sake of my nephews I ought not to bring him still nearer." It was Charles X. who unresistingly complied with all that was asked, and that too at the very moment when the duke was increasing his fortune and influence in every way which could be least agreeable to the king. It is now well remembered by the unfortunate party how well the ultra-liberals were received at Neuilly—how close the friendship which subsisted between the duke and those men who afterwards aided him in the ultimate object of his life; it is well remembered that not long before the abdication of Charles X., *his* carriage was suffered to pass in silence, while the hedges of people on each side deafened the duke, and impeded his progress, by their marks of affection and approbation. In consequence of this popularity he was called upon to assume the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and Louis Philippe was not the man to refuse to step over the narrow division between that and royalty. This step taken, he has gradually shaken off those who helped him to this height, and who would have interfered with his projects of absolutism, in which he now out-herods Herod.

The inconceivable rapidity of the revolution of July left an impression that the royal party still remained in full strength; how was it possible to believe that a popular commotion, hatched by three days' sun, was firm and lasting? that a government of

fifteen years had not struck sufficient root into the soil to bud forth again, even when cut off by the hand of faction? its indigenous rights, the interests it had created, the sympathies which it had excited, the devotion with which it had been encircled, would they not lead to a re-action, and the more especially when it was recollected that this government had fallen while yet in a condition to struggle, and had retired when full of resources? Civil war, therefore, appeared to be only deferred, and its head-quarters seemed to be La Vendée. To La Vendée then did the duchess determine to go, taking with her the wishes and approbation of all the royal family. From the king she received the following letter :—

“ M —, chef de l'autorité civile dans la province de —, se concertera avec les principaux chefs pour rédiger et publier une proclamation en faveur de Henri V., dans laquelle on annoncera que Madame, Duchesse de Berri, sera regente du royaume pendant la minorité du roi son fils, et qu'elle en prendra le titre à son entrée en France, car telle est notre volonté. Edinbourg, 27 Janvier, 1831. Signé CHARLES.”

Thus Charles, by a new act, confirmed the abdication made at Rambouillet, and renewed at Lulworth; and, under the title of Countess of Sagana, the Duchess de Berri left England on the 17th June, 1831. She crossed over to Holland, went up the Rhine as far as Mayence, traversed a part of Germany, the Tyrol, Lombardy, and reached Sestri, without being recognised. The French consul at Genoa revealed to Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, that she was in his dominions, and the cabinet of the Palais Royal complaining thereof, he was obliged to request her to retire. This was the first shock which she received, but she rendered full justice to the feelings of the king of Sardinia, who was mortified at being obliged to act such a part, and gave her word to the royalists who had come to concert measures with her in Italy, that she would enter France at their first summons: she coasted along till she came to Massa, a small city on the borders of the sea belonging to the Duke of Modena, who, as long as she remained there, treated her with the utmost kindness and consideration. She left this abode for a short time to go to Naples, which she had quitted fifteen years before with the prospect of every earthly felicity. As she returned through Rome, the pope particularly recommended a converted Jew, named Deutz, to her, as a zealous and faithful servant. This man joined the little knot of royalists at Massa on his way to Spain and Portugal, to which countries he had a secret diplomatic mission. His appearance excited a strong feeling against him, and our old acquaintance in Portugal, the Viscount Santa-

rem, immediately formed a correct judgment of him; but the venerable priests in whose company he travelled, his great learning, and his exceeding *outward* piety, scarcely admitted of suspicion.

At Massa the duchess trained herself for her enterprise, took long walks, passed whole nights in writing, held councils, and entered into all the details of business. Her letters from France at length arrived, and in April 1832 she left Massa, appointing the royalists of the south and west to hold themselves in readiness. She reckoned much on her reception in Marseilles, and there did she land, taking up her abode in a small house a league distant from the city. A want of unity and organization among her partisans caused the total failure of this first trial, and, in the midst of her agony and suspense, the duchess received a note saying, "The blow has been struck in vain, we must leave France." "Leave France!" exclaimed the duchess, "it is only necessary to leave this place, that our friends here may not be compromised, or ourselves arrested." She was aware of the consequences of this failure, and that it involved all the southern provinces; but, declaring that war, not flight, was her object, she gave orders for departure. No carriage, no horse, was to be had, and the princess started on foot, with her little suite and a guide. The guide lost his way, led them through the most rugged paths, till at last the princess, overcome with fatigue, wrapped herself up in a mantle, threw herself on the ground, and slept soundly. When she awoke she was benumbed with cold, and so ill that her companions became alarmed; they however discovered a hut, where they contrived to light a fire, and the princess again lay down till further help could be sought, and some conveyance obtained. This was the first night of the duchess's campaign, and to those who recollect the extreme delicacy of her form it will be another proof of that power of mind which enabled her to survive this and many other worse nights. During the whole of her unfortunate expedition, her presence of mind never forsook her; when her companions were bewildered or alarmed, it was she who contrived the disguise or escape, and she played her part to perfection; sometimes in the habit of a peasant boy, when she was called Petit Pierre, sometimes carried in the arms of the guides, either to avoid slipping into the bogs or rivers, or being recognized by the remarkable smallness of her feet; sometimes in the clothes of a market girl, when she rubbed her legs with mud, to hide their delicate fairness; sometimes playing the part of a relative in a family to which she was personally a stranger—she was excellent in all, and appeared to be as much at home as in the midst of the royal court.

La Vendée had beheld the revolution of 1830 with astonishment, and the greater number of its inhabitants were hostile to it; the western provinces had kept up a standing army ever since 1793, and La Vendée, so long the field of battle, was always a camp. At the moment when the monarchy fell, the Vendéans expected the exiles to take refuge with them, and were ready to offer them an asylum. Marie Caroline knew that she should have the towns against her, but reckoned on the good-will of the country. Her designs were, to order a general assumption of arms in this part of France; to make all the small detachments, dispersed in various directions, rise in one day; then to present herself with an armed force before the government troops, which she hoped would promptly declare in her favour; afterwards to march suddenly to the capital, flattering herself that the regiments sent out against her would side with her, so confidently did she reckon on the affection of the soldiery. She was convinced that all this would be possible, if she acted skilfully and quickly; she calculated on a thousand unforeseen circumstances which would attend a first success, and, if once fortune seemed to lean towards her in the smallest degree, she felt sure that help would come from all quarters. With 1000 men she should have a regiment,—with a regiment, an army,—with an army, France. In the beginning she had but one province, but that province was firm and decided, energetic and devoted, while, in her adversaries' camp, political indifference had loosened all adherence. Doubtless, in all this, she took the journey of Napoleon from Elba to the Tuileries as a precedent; but she was not aware of the feeling in the army which he alone could excite, and which to this day holds the image of the emperor sacred in its recollection. Unfortunately for the princess, the military chief on whom she most relied had not yet arrived, and no one could tell where he was; but she persevered, for she knew that he would come when he heard of her arrival; and it was the nature of her sanguine temper, as soon as she met with an obstacle, immediately to set to work to find a new route to her purpose.

The 24th of May was fixed upon for the commencement of operations, and a proclamation to that effect was issued in her name. Great were her sufferings; and her march, in order to assemble her troops, was more like that of a fugitive than of a princess, in a country which she expected would rally round her and lead her son to a throne. She was received with enthusiasm, and the most heroic acts of devotion were performed; but they were the enthusiasm and acts of individuals and peasantry, and there does not seem to have been one preponderating circumstance in her favour. M. Berryer, a well-known royalist, one



of the acknowledged chiefs of her party, was then in La Vendée, about to plead a cause at the assizes held at Vannes; he profited by this in order to see the duchess, and to persuade her, from the conviction of himself and several of the most distinguished of her party in the capital, and elsewhere, to quit France. He was secretly led in the night to the farm-house where she was concealed, and there exerted all the eloquence for which he is so pre-eminent; but it was of no avail, her reply was, "I am come here because I wish my son to owe every thing to his own country, and nothing to foreign interference. Look, M. Berryer, if he must purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, a town, a fortress, a house, or a cottage, like that in which I am, I give you my word, as a regent and a mother, that he never shall be a king." From this we may easily gather the nature of M. Berryer's expostulations, but he was obliged to leave her without having made the slightest impression; she however promised to reflect till the next day, when she wrote to him that her cause was not without resource, that retreat would be disgraceful, and that she would run the risk of taking up arms. But the time lost in effecting this interview produced incalculable mischief. Supposing that M. Berryer might prevail, a counter-order was given to her partisans, and the moment of action postponed. It had the usual effect, it diminished the ardour of those who were ready, prevented others from completing their preparations, and gave time to the opposite party to become the offensive, instead of the defensive. All attempts were henceforth abortive, and the arrest of the Duke de Fitz-James, the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and the Count Hyde de Neuville, convinced the princess that nothing was to be done at that time in La Vendée, and she fled for refuge to the house of the ladies Duguiguy at Nantes. Concealed in this asylum, and lodged in a room which communicated with a secret closet, she kept up a correspondence with all the royalists in and out of the kingdom, for she wrote in cipher with remarkable facility. Her health suffered much in consequence of this life of seclusion and disappointment, but she was supported by the idea that she had at least published to the world that her son had not given up his claims to the throne.

The ministry of which M. Thiers formed a part at length determined on arresting the princess, and entered into correspondence with the villain Deutz, who promised to betray her, in consideration of a sum of money. Warned against him, she long hesitated to receive him, but at last she consented to an interview, which was so well managed, that he could not be certain that she lived in the house where he met her: being a little off

her guard, she saw him a second time, when; the dining-room door being left open, he counted the number of covers prepared for dinner. This convinced him that the princess was an inmate of the house, and in the evening the government troops assembled round it. M. Guibourg had just time to say to the duchess, "Save yourself!" when she rushed up stairs, followed by him, M. Mesnard, and Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec; they hid themselves in the secret closet, and the house was searched, the owners of it behaving with the utmost composure. The masons sounded the walls and floors, and occasionally with such force, that the prisoners expected to be killed by the falling plaster. The greater part of the night was passed in fruitless searches, and the prefect of Nantes gave the signal for retreat, leaving however a sufficient number of men to occupy all the apartments. The hiding-place was only three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one end, and from eight to ten at the other; the men with difficulty stood upright in it, and the cold and damp penetrated through the slates. The guards, in order to warm themselves, lighted a fire in the adjoining chimney, close to where the duchess stood, which at first appeared to be a comfort, but the heat soon became intolerable, and, as the workmen again began their search, they seemed to be threatened with destruction: nothing however disturbed the cheerfulness of the duchess, who could not help laughing at the conversation of the gendarmes. Once the fire was nearly out, and the closet became cooler; M. Mesnard too had pushed some of the slates off the roof, and the air, and the absence of the masons from that part of the house, gave them fresh courage. At length one of the gendarmes found some numbers of the *Quotidienne* newspapers, and burned them to renew the fire; this caused so strong a heat, that the closet became insupportable, and the tile near where the duchess stood, so hot, that her clothes caught fire twice, and she burned herself severely in extinguishing the flames, and death seemed to be the certain consequence of longer concealment. The movements of the prisoners attracted the attention of the gendarme who was awake, but for a few moments he thought they were occasioned by rats, and he disturbed his comrade in order to hunt them with sabres. At last he asked who was there; on which Mlle. Kersabiec said, "We surrender, we are going to open the closet—put out the fire." In an instant the fire was scattered and trampled under foot, and the captives walked out. For sixteen hours these four persons had been thus shut up, without food, without sufficient air to breathe in, and either benumbed with cold or half-roasted alive. The duchess asked for the commandant of the troops, General Dermoncourt.

He came, and to him she gave herself up, requesting him not to leave her, for she justly feared insult from the civil authorities. She was taken to the Castle, and as she passed by the opening into the closet, she said, "Ah, General, if you had not made war upon me in the fashion of Saint Lawrence, which, by the way, is unworthy of military generosity, you would not now have me under your arm." The first phase of the revolution was finished. "Madame la Duchesse de Berri avait été arrêtée, la citadelle d'Anvers fut prise. L'Europe s'étant retirée du champ de bataille, la campagne de Belgique ne fut point la guerre pour l'Europe, mais ce fut quelque chose de pis encore. Le roi de Hollande reçut la moins dangereuse blessure : il fut frappé du tranchant, les autres couronnes, du plat de l'épée."

Marie Caroline was led a prisoner to the Chateau de Blaye, and the history before us comes to a conclusion. We cannot do better than follow the example, from our hearts pitying the unfortunate princess, whose career we have followed up to this moment, and respecting the high and courageous qualities with which she was endowed: to express more than this would lead to a declaration of political opinions, which we are not called upon to set forth.

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ART. II.—*Aufenthalt und Reisen in Mexico, in den Jahren 1825 bis 1834.* (Residence and Travels in Mexico.) By Joseph Burkart. 2 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1836.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate gain or loss resulting to the Spanish-American colonies by the revolution which has separated them from the mother-country, it is certain that, the restrictions on the intercourse with foreign nations being removed, it has become more than ever desirable to obtain an accurate knowledge of their internal situation, their resources, and the prospects which they afford to the spirit of commercial enterprise, always eager to embark in new channels. The classical work of Alexander von Humboldt on Mexico is not sufficient to exhibit the actual state of the country; and there are, besides, many portions of that extensive region which he did not visit. Hence various works which have been published since the revolution of Mexico (to which country we now confine ourselves) have been generally well received, though in many instances extremely superficial and defective. The various English and German mining companies, established there with the consent of the government, have very great interests at stake, and any authentic information on the

geology and mineralogy of the country is of the highest importance. On this account, in particular, M. Burkart's work will be found to be of peculiar value, as it furnishes a far more complete view of the geology of the country than any of its predecessors. From a preface written by Dr. Nöggerath, Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Bonn, we learn some particulars respecting the writer which prove his qualification for the task he undertook.

Before M. Burkart went to America, he had published several able papers on geology in some scientific periodicals in Germany. Having acquired solid theoretical and practical knowledge in the universities, and by travels in his own country, he was appointed, in 1824, Secretary to the Royal Prussian Mining Office at Düren, and was soon afterwards invited by the English Talpujahua Mining Company to undertake the direction of their works in Mexico. He accepted this invitation, and directed those works for three years. He then made several scientific journeys in the Mexican states, particularly to Mexico, Real del Monte, Atotonilco el Chico, Zimapan, Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, &c. In 1828 he entered, as director of the mining operations at Veta Grande, into the service of the English Bolanos Mining Company, and had the good fortune to obtain for it in six years nearly six millions of Prussian dollars (about 900,000*l.* sterling). Having obtained leave of absence, he returned in July, 1834, to Germany, where he resolved to remain. Amidst numerous other occupations and many interruptions, he composed this work in 1835.

The special avocations of the author, and his long residence in Talpujahua and Zacatecas, sufficiently account for his being able to devote so much attention to this part of his work. It contains a great treasure of observations on mineralogy, geology and mining, and numerous data relative to metallic strata and the volcanoes of Mexico, besides a variety of information concerning the geography, history, antiquities, &c. of the country. We proceed to make some extracts chiefly from these last portions, as being more susceptible of being detached, and more generally interesting than the mere scientific details.

M. Burkart embarked at Portsmouth, on the 11th of March, 1825, on board the *Sophia* of Bristol, freighted by the Talpujahua Mining Company, and on the 9th of May arrived off the coast of Tampico.

" After the glorious and delightful prospect of the West India Islands, that of the Mexican coast was monotonous, unpromising, and desolate. The first land we saw was a little to the south of the river Tampico. The coast is very low and flat; we looked in vain for high mountains in the horizon; a sandy beach and some hilly land were all that the eye could discover. On the following day we were off the

mouth of the Tampico, on the banks of which, a few miles from the sea, the town of that name is situated. The Tampico, like the other Mexican rivers, has a bar at the mouth, with only from seven to nine feet water. Our ship could not pass the bar, and we were obliged to be conveyed on shore with our effects in smaller vessels. Small vessels pass the bar, and go up to Tampico; but on their return they often have to wait for days together for a favourable wind to pass the bar without danger. Frequent accidents, however, occur, which are very prejudicial to the trade of Mexico. I think with sorrow on the bar of Tampico, for if not upon it, yet in consequence of the obstacles it opposes to navigation, I lost a highly esteemed friend, M. W. Spangenberg of Cassel. He had spent several years in Mexico, where, by his activity and talents, he had acquired the regard of the Europeans and natives, had gained valuable knowledge in mining and geology, and interesting communications were to be expected from him. In the spring of 1832 he embarked at Tampico, to return to Europe by way of New Orleans, but was detained many days by unfavourable winds. A smaller ship, called the Mexico, passed his vessel, intending, as it drew little water, to pass the bar. M. Spangenberg, weary of long waiting, left his ship with an English merchant from Mexico, and went on board the Mexico, which indeed crossed the bar in safety, but was never more heard of, and probably perished in one of the storms from the north, which are so dangerous and fatal in those seas.

"The place of our destination was Tlalpujahua, on the western slope of the Cordilleras, in the state of Michoacan, about 35 leagues from Mexico, and 120 leagues from Tampico, so that we had a pretty long journey by land. The road passes through the villages of Tauloyuca, Tlacolulo, Zagualtipan, Atotonilco el Grande, Real del Monte, Pachuca, eighteen or twenty leagues north of Mexico, Tula and Gilo-tepec; besides these places, there are in general only single houses, very rarely several together, *ranchos*, the dwellings of agricultural Indians and Creoles. This road is very mountainous, and not passable by carriages; our whole company was therefore obliged to obtain horses and beasts of burden before we left Tampico. It was not easy to procure horses and mules for thirty persons; as we wanted at least seventy or eighty mules for our baggage, the greater part of which we were forced to leave behind to be sent after us."

The company being so numerous, very great precautions were taken that they might not be distressed on the road by want of provisions and of water, as well for themselves as their cattle.

"The difficulty of finding water, accommodations, and provisions, makes it absolutely necessary, in travelling in Mexico, to ascertain, before you set out, the nature of the road you are to take, and the proper places to stop at, unless you will uselessly expose yourself to great privations and to the loss of your cattle. There are hardly any special maps which might afford the traveller some preliminary information. Besides the special maps of M. von Humboldt and P. Tardieu, I know of none like that of the state of Mexico by F. von Gerolt

and C. de Berghes, and Mr. Ward's map of his route. This want induced me to collect all the materials I was able for composing such a map; and I have embodied them in the map, Plate I. The roads, streams, single houses, farms, villages, and towns are laid down as determined by a travelling compass, corrected by many observations of the latitude. I was seldom able to make any observations of the longitude, which is marked in the map to the east and west of Mexico, which city, according to Humboldt, is in longitude  $101^{\circ} 25' 30''$  west of Paris. It extends from the gulf of Mexico to the southern ocean, and from  $17^{\circ} 40'$  to  $23^{\circ} 50'$  north latitude. I have noted many single houses and farms (*haciendas*), which, properly speaking, are too small, and should not be inserted in it; but, as they are the only inhabited places which the traveller meets with in long tracts, and which mark his route, I have thought it better to note than to omit them, especially as they frequently indicate my own road."

M. Burkart's account of their mode of travelling is lively and picturesque, but does not present any thing so striking or novel as to induce us to copy it. We extract a few remarks.

"In Mexico they distinguish these regions according to the temperature, which depends on the elevation above the level of the sea; they are the hot region, *tierra caliente*; the temperate, *tierra templada*; and the cold, *tierra fria*. In the first you find in general the temperature of the torrid zone, in which all the productions of the southern countries flourish,—sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton, &c.—and the elevation of which is but little (8 or 900 feet) above the level of the sea. In the second region the heat is not so great, but severe cold is unknown. It is undoubtedly the most agreeable and salubrious climate that you can find. Xalapa, Tasco, Chilpanzingo, &c. are in the *tierra templada*; their elevation above the level of the sea seems to be between 4000 and 5000 feet. Those mountain plateaux which are above this elevation are in the cold region; but between the tropics the temperature in these tracts, at an elevation of 7000 feet, is still very agreeable. The mean temperature by day is  $13^{\circ}$  or  $14^{\circ}$  of the centigrade thermometer; and it is but seldom that, a little before sunrise, the mercury falls below zero. Even in more elevated mountain tracts, Real del Monte, Zacatecas, &c. the climate is much milder than in the north of Germany; the weather, however, is variable and damp, and the thermometer in winter often below zero, but in general several degrees above it. With respect to the temperature, I will only add, that people travelling to the interior of Mexico must not be misled by the notion that the lightest clothing is too heavy and warm, in the torrid zone, to leave all woollen clothing behind; it will often be found very comfortable.

"Guautla, in the *tierra templada*, is a pretty large village, almost entirely inhabited by Indians. As in most Indian villages, there is a separate house of two rooms, called the *casa real*, destined for the reception of travellers, which was immediately given up to us on application to the Alcalde. We found nothing but the bare walls; however, as we in-

tended to rest here the following day, which was Whitsunday, we thought it worth while to employ the Indians, who were ready to give their services for a trifling remuneration, to look for a table and a couple of benches, which, after a long search in the village, they at length found, so that we were able for once to eat our dinner in a convenient position.

"The country about Guautla is beautiful and picturesque; cultivated fields alternate with fine woods and some delightful pastures; excellent fruit is raised in the neighbourhood, and we saw it in great abundance in the market on Sunday: I here tasted better pine-apples than I ever met with before or afterwards, and paid half a real apiece for them.

The market was crowded with Indians, who were come from all the surrounding country to attend mass on the holiday. The complexion of the Indians in Mexico is reddish brown, more rarely blackish brown. They are not tall, generally of the middle size, have projecting cheek-bones, the eyes set rather obliquely, the inner corner a little turned upwards, broad but not swollen lips, serious and rather gloomy countenances. Their hair is always black, smooth and lank; they have but little beard. I often observed that in walking they keep the feet parallel, and sometimes even turn in the toes, which gives them a tendency to be knock-kneed."

Leaving Guautla on Whitsunday, the travellers took the road through the mountain defile of Tlacolula.

"This defile (*cañada*) extends seven leagues beyond the Indian village of that name. Lemons and many beautiful kinds of cactus grow here. The inhabitants weave a great quantity of the coarse cottons which the Indians use for clothing. The pastor of the place, of the same dark colour as his parishioners, received several of us very hospitably in his parsonage-house; the majority, however, were obliged to seek accommodation in the *casa real*.

"This *cañada* affords the geologist an admirable opportunity of observing elevations and depressions. Limestone in strata of from 6", to 5' thick, alternating with a few not very thick strata of flint slate, extends through the whole of the above tract of nearly seven leagues to the Indian village of Chapula. This limestone is almost always compact, flat, conchoidal, seldom splintery in the fracture, passing from grey colours to black, which often beautifully mark it, in ribbon-like stripes an inch broad. It is often crossed by fragments of white calcareous spar.

"A full league above Chapula, we left the *cañada* of Tlacolula, and ascended the Cerro de Pinolco, which took us almost two hours, though the distance is not great. The mountain is very steep; the road, however, is well kept, and affords from many points a fine prospect of the *Tierra Caliente*, which became the more extensive in proportion as we ascended. The Cerro de Pinolco is the highest that we had yet ascended, and is overgrown with fine oaks and pines.

"From Pinolco to Zagualtipan the road rather descends; the dis-

tance is only three leagues, the country fertile, and better cultivated than we have yet seen. Zaguatlipan is a considerable place; most of the buildings are spacious, and of stone. We met with a very hospitable reception in the house of a native merchant, with whom our principal had been formerly acquainted. He invited the whole party to his house and his table, and here I saw, for the first time, that the richer class in Mexico is not destitute of all the conveniences of life; as was the case with the lower class, the poor Indians, who subsist by agriculture, with whom alone we had been hitherto acquainted."

The road from Zaguatlipan, by way of San Bernardo, to the hacienda of the Rio Grande, was through a barren, desolate country, where there was scarcely a plant to be seen. After a day's journey through this barren tract, the valley of the Rio Grande appeared like a large garden, enclosed by picturesque eminences. The whole valley is only half a league broad, but entirely cultivated; the corn fields are divided by stone fences, generally intersecting each other at right angles, and well watered by ditches from the river. At Atotonilco el Grande, situated on the plateau which is divided to the south and west by the mountains of Real del Monte from the plateau of Mexico, our travellers put up at the inn (*mexon*), where they learnt what conveniences a traveller may look for in the inns of that country. They are generally only one story high, consisting of a large space in the centre, with rooms for the guests round it. These rooms very seldom have any windows, receiving light through the door only. In many of them the traveller finds nothing but the bare walls; in the better ones are a table, a bench, and an elevation of brickwork for the bed, which the traveller must bring with him. As there are seldom any provisions in the house ready dressed, poultry, eggs, and black beans (*frijoles*), which are often very palatable, are generally called for, as they do not take much time in cooking.

At Atotonilco el Grande, the second division of their company joined them, and they proceeded together on the following day, by way of Omitlan and Real del Monte, to Pachuca: with the two latter places we are already acquainted, from the work of M. von Humboldt. From Pachuca, M. Burkart and part of the company went to the estate of San Xavier, belonging to the Count de Regla, where they were very hospitably received. The majority of the company took the shorter road, through Tala to Tlalpujahua. M. Burkart, on the way to Mexico, saw several of those estates, on which are large plantations of the American aloe. The juice of this plant, called *pulqua*, is the favourite beverage of the Mexicans, and the sale of it often produces to the owner of such an estate a revenue of five or six thousand piastres. The village of Santa Maria de Ozumbilla, seven leagues farther, is re-



markable for the fences of its gardens and the roads passing between them. They are formed by the cactus *cylindricus*, which, planted close together, and growing to the height of eight or nine feet, forms a hedge, the long thorns of which deter all animals from attempting to break through. The huts of the poor Indians are hid behind these fences, and only here and there a more considerable house meets the eye.

M. Burkart remained only two days in the city of Mexico, and of course could have nothing new to communicate. On the 8th of June he and the rest of his fellow-travellers, whom he joined again on the road, reached Tlalpujahua, the place of their destination, where the whole were soon comfortably accommodated; and on the following day divine service was performed with great solemnity, to return thanks to Heaven for their safe arrival, and to implore its blessing on the enterprize which they were about to commence.

The author now gives a very detailed geological description of the mining district of Tlalpujahua, at the end of which he states the causes which led to the dissolution of the Company in the year 1828, the undertaking having proved a complete failure.

Speaking of El Chico, Real del Monte, and Pachuca, M. Burkart says that those three places were formerly very flourishing, when the mines in their vicinity were fully worked, but they have fallen into decay during the war for the independence of Mexico. Several foreign mining companies have since resumed the working of the mines, and these towns have in some degree recovered, but not fully attained their former prosperity. Real del Monte, in particular, has derived great advantage from the works carried on, since 1824, by the English Mining Company, which has executed many great and important works, and expended large sums, but hitherto without having been so fortunate as to obtain any important result. M. Burkart details at considerable length the proceedings and the disappointments of the Real del Monte Company. Up to the end of the year 1832, the sum paid by the Company amounted to £873,235, and the value of the silver and gold obtained to about £184,000. But he is of opinion that the Company need not despair, for, after many years' dear-bought experience, it seems now to be in a fair way of entering on a course of profitable operation, which it is to be hoped may repay the expenses already incurred, and reward the present shareholders for their perseverance.

In his description of Tlalpujahua and its inhabitants, M. Burkart gives various particulars of the present state of Mexico, and the increasing influence of European manners. Tlalpujahua, though inconveniently situated on the declivity of a steep eminence, is

however pretty regularly built. It has tolerably broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and three public squares. Among the private houses there are several very respectable buildings, but many of them in a dilapidated state, the town having suffered during the revolution. The neighbourhood is very well peopled, there being a great number of villages, the inhabitants of which formerly derived a good livelihood from the mines, but are now obliged to gain a subsistence by agriculture. The climate on the whole is mild, though less so than that of the capital: it seems, however, to be very healthy, for, though a great number of Europeans live in that town, not a single death took place among them during the three years that M. Burkart passed there.

Having described the internal arrangements of the houses of the better class of Mexicans as they existed in 1825, except in the capital, M. Burkart observes that the many foreigners who have since visited the country have made the inhabitants acquainted with the conveniences and luxuries of Europe, which, now that trade is free, they can obtain on much lower terms than under the Spanish monopoly.

Some European mechanics went to Mexico and made ample profits by manufacturing household furniture and other articles at such reasonable prices, that the modern furniture was as cheap as that which was old-fashioned, and the Mexicans, who are fond of external show, were eager to exchange the old for the new. Hence a traveller must not be surprised if, even in the interior of the country, he does not find the old household arrangements in their originality. When M. Burkart visited Mexico for the first time in 1825, he found many things in manners, customs, and fashions, strikingly different from those of Europe. During his residence at Tlalpujahua he went every year to the capital, and at every visit found the influence of foreigners on the dress, the mode of living, and the state of society, to be progressively increasing; so that on his last visit, in 1828, he could scarcely persuade himself that he was in the same city. One of the most inveterate of their customs is that of smoking cigars, to which both sexes pertinaciously adhere. Yet foreigners have succeeded in first persuading the ladies in Mexico that smoking does not become them. Hence young ladies are more rarely seen smoking in places of public resort; in the theatre, and at balls in the capital, this practice is no longer seen, and the separate smoking room for the ladies at the latter has therefore become superfluous.

Religious intolerance is a feature of the Mexicans, which it will probably be more difficult to remove than to cure the habit of smoking.

"The Roman Catholic church alone is tolerated in Mexico, and even the ambassadors of foreign powers of a different religion are not allowed the public celebration of divine worship. Though the authority of the clergy has considerably declined, it is still very great, and the Mexicans are firmly attached to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. But the revenues of the churches and convents have very much diminished since the Revolution, as the voluntary contributions have fallen off; so that it is hardly advisable to take the vows, which indeed is now seldom done. In 1827 there were in Mexico 25 Dominican, 68 Franciscan, 22 Augustine, and 16 Carmelite convents, and 19 of other orders, in all 150, in which there were 1918 monks, besides six *colegias de propaganda fide*, which contained 307 inmates. In 1802 there were still about 5000 monks in Mexico.

"Most of the parish priests are natives. Formerly the superior clergy were all Spaniards. The parochial clergy have no fixed salaries, but derive their income entirely from fees for masses, christenings, marriages, funerals, &c., which are proportionably high, and the income of a priest of a numerous congregation is therefore considerable; but those of poorer parishes have a very scanty income. The priest of Tlalpujahua is said to have had an income of 4000 piastres a-year while the English Mining Company was there; he however derived a large revenue from the custom of blessing all buildings, machines, adits, &c. before they were used; this benediction or consecration was usually accompanied with great festivities. Besides this, in many districts, a priest is present at the hiring of the miners, from each of whom he receives half a real (the sixteenth part of a piastre) per week; for which, on the death of the miner, a mass must be read gratis for the deceased. He is besides obliged to pay for his baptism, marriage, and burial. These fees are high, but do not bear so hard on the miner as on the Indian employed in agriculture, who in the cheap districts earns only two reals, a quarter of a piastre, a-day, and pays from 20 to 25 piastres for his marriage, and from 8 to 12 piastres for the burial of a child."

These fees are certainly enormously high; for, reckoning the piastre at 4s. 8d., these Indians will earn 7s. a-week. In some parts of Great Britain the agricultural labourers do not earn much more; but we can guess what would be the consequence, if they were called upon to pay a fee of four guineas and a half for marriage, and from 1l. 16s. to 2l. 14s. for the funeral of a child.

"Though many Mexicans are not very zealous in the exercise of their religious duties, often neglect for a long time together to attend divine worship, and speak with great freedom of their clergy, they are just as intolerant to persons of a different religion. At the beginning of my residence in Mexico, it was necessary for every foreigner to be very cautious in speaking of religion, and to take care not to say that he was of a different church. In general all foreigners are supposed not to be catholics. The words Jew, Heretic, Englishman, and Foreigner, were

at that time employed by the common people as synonymous terms of abuse; and while we were at Tlalpujahua, the foreigners were several times attacked by monks in the pulpit, though most of them were catholics and regularly attended church. The clergy felt already at that time that the visits of numerous foreigners weakened their power, which rested on the blind attachment of the people, and they endeavoured to preserve it as long as possible, by cherishing the hatred of foreigners, with which the Spaniards had inspired the Mexicans."

In March, 1828, our author undertook a journey to the Nevado de Toluca, in company with Mr. Skin, and M. C. de Berghes, of the German-American mining company, and other friends. The distance from Tlalpujahua to Iztlahuaca, which was the place of their destination, being fifteen leagues, they sent horses the day before to Tepetitlan (about half-way), that they might be able to change there. For the distance of two leagues from this place, the road lay through a fine forest of Weymouth pines, rarely interrupted by oaks, of which M. Burkart observed five different kinds. The forest between Tlalpujahua and Tepetitlan was one of the finest he had ever seen, but he was most surprised at the wasteful manner in which the timber is cut, hundreds of stems of the finest trees lying on the ground to rot. The country is extremely fertile, and wants only population to rival the most productive parts of Europe. There are fine fields of maize and barley. The environs of Toluca and La Huerta are extremely attractive. The neighbourhood of the high mountain, the great contrast between the natural productions of the torrid zone, and the summit of the Nevado, covered with eternal snow, the villages and haciendas with cultivated districts around, give it a luxuriance of natural beauty and an appearance of industry which are wanting in many of the finer parts of the Mexican isthmus.

"We left Toluca early in the morning of the 25th of March, intending to ascend the Nevado (or snowy mountain) the same day, and, after a short ride through a rich, well cultivated country, arrived at the Hacienda la Huerta. Here I was advised not to make the attempt that day, as only a short stay on the Nevado was possible, and the ascent and descent required a whole day; I therefore resolved to employ the rest of the day in examining the formations spread round the foot, and accurately to observe the height of the mercury in the barometer at La Huerta, and to repeat it on the two following days. By this I obtained a mean of 21,637 inches English, the temperature of the atmosphere being 13.8°, and that of the mercury 14° of the centigrade thermometer, by which the elevation of the Hacienda above the level of the sea appears to be 8993 Rheinland feet. At this elevation, barley and maize thrive here very well, and the *Capulina* cherry was in full blossom. \*\*\*\* The country in the neighbourhood of La Huerta is extremely picturesque:

it lies in a well cultivated plain, in which there are many small farms and villages. In the back-ground are finely wooded mountains extending to the snowy regions; but the countryman in Mexico lives in a miserable manner even in the most fertile parts, and the traveller must be very moderate in his demands for convenience and provisions. La Huerta had been represented to me as a great estate, so that I neglected the usual precaution of bringing bread and rice with me, especially as I had no objection at times to a genuine Mexican repast, which I concluded I should certainly find at La Huerta."

The author, however, found nothing, and was obliged to send a servant two leagues to purchase provisions.

"The Nevado, or volcano, of Toluca, lies according to Humboldt in  $19^{\circ} 11' 33''$  north latitude, and  $101^{\circ} 45' 38''$  longitude west of Paris, and 27 leagues south-east of Tlalpujahua. I found its elevation above the level of the sea to be 15,263 English feet.

"Many travellers who intend to ascend the Nevado take a guide at Toluca; these, however, are not so well acquainted with the way as the Indians about La Huerta, and it is therefore better to take a guide from this last place.

"On the following morning, accompanied by a guide on horseback and another on foot, we set out at four o'clock, to ascend the Nevado. At first, the ascent was gentle towards the south over cultivated land, but the cultivation ceased half a league from La Huerta. A fine wood of firs covered the acclivity, on which we continued gently to ascend. We soon came to one of the many valleys, which extend north and east from the higher mountain, like radii from a centre. The cold was the more unpleasant till a short time after sun-rise, as we had, on the preceding day, very sensibly felt the heat on the plateau of Lerma. About a league and a half from La Huerta, on the way to the Rancho la Ordeña, I first saw trachyte-porphry, of a grey colour. About eight o'clock we reached the Rancho la Ordeña, a small hut belonging to a herdsman, 11,532 feet (Rheinland) above the level of the sea, three leagues south of La Huerta, the last human habitation that you meet with on the way to the Nevado, in a region which in  $45^{\circ}$  of latitude is far above the line of eternal snow. The barometer was here at eight a. m. at 19,734 English inches, the temperature of the air being 8.33, and that of the mercury  $9.44$  degrees of the centigrade thermometer. Half a league before we reached the Rancho, the way became much more steep than at the beginning, and was still more so after we had passed it. Our cattle were much affected by the rarefied atmosphere, but the vegetation was still luxuriant. The pine attained here as great a height as I ever saw it with us.

Thus we ascended, in a southerly direction, for a league and a half, over trachyte-porphry, till suddenly the trees ceased, and the summit of the Nevado (its north side) covered with perpetual snow, appeared rising into the skies. Only a few steps further on, we were obliged to alight and ascend the summit on foot, our cattle being too much exhausted by ascending at this elevation; only a few tufts of grass, with

a very narrow crumpled leaf, appeared scattered between the boulders of trachyte-porphry.\* \* \* \* At the place where we left our cattle, immediately above the line where the growth of the trees ceases on the north side, and immediately under the snow line, we were 4569 (Rheinland) feet above Toluca, and 13,004 feet above the sea. The snow-line on the Nevado is however not constant. It is said to be in general at the lowest in January, and at the highest in September and October, so that in those two months the snow nearly disappears. But when we were there we found an exception to the rule—the snow which had fallen a week before having brought the snow-line lower than it had been in January, when I was at Toluca.

“So far our way had ascended, at first under an angle of  $4^{\circ}$  to  $6^{\circ}$  and afterwards from  $9^{\circ}$  to  $11^{\circ}$ , but here the mountain suddenly rose at an angle of  $30^{\circ}$  to  $32^{\circ}$ , and we soon reached the snow, which was in many places two feet deep. The ascent of the steep mountain in the snow, and the extremely rarefied atmosphere, was excessively fatiguing. Even in the first quarter of an hour I could scarcely proceed 140 or 150 steps without stopping. Our guide fared no better, and my travelling companion still worse. We were obliged to rest every four or five minutes to take breath. The difficulty of breathing, and consequently of ascending, increased, and I could scarcely go sixty steps without stopping. It was rather cold, and we could hardly avoid falling asleep whenever we stopped; but though very weary our wish to reach the summit impelled us to go on.

“But how shall I express my surprise and my joy, when after so many exertions, and ascending for two good hours in the snow, I suddenly saw the crater of the extinct volcano before me! \* \* \* \* Another step from the point where we ascended the edge of the crater would have sufficed to precipitate us into it. We were at an elevation of 6191 feet above Toluca, and 14,686 above the sea, but had not yet reached the highest point of the edge of the crater. Close to us, rocks were piled upon rocks, which I could not ascend from this point without danger, as a false step might have precipitated me into the crater, or caused me to fall on the outside, which was equally steep. The two rocks called *Los Frailes*, (the monks), form here the highest point, which is 14,818 Rheinland feet above the level of the sea.”

The author here gives a description of the crater, with a copper-plate, from which we extract the following particulars.

“Two low ridges within the crater, divide it into two unequal parts, in each of which there is a small basin full of water; that on the north is the largest. To judge by the sand which they deposit, the elevation of the surface appears often to change. I found it to be 4999 feet above Toluca; 1374 feet below the highest point of the edge of the crater, a depth which, in conjunction with the width of the crater, leaves us to form a judgment of the violence and extent of the former eruptions of this volcano. This difference of elevation appears to have been much greater in former times, for at present it evidently decreases every day. The frequent falling and melting of the snow, the very rapid and great changes

of the temperature, the mercury of the thermometer often rising from the freezing point to  $10^{\circ}$ , and falling as quickly within twenty-four hours, must cause a great decomposition of the rock on the edge of the crater. The rim of the two basins, as well as a great part of the walls of the crater, which for the most part rise under an angle of  $35^{\circ}$  to  $40^{\circ}$ , are covered with large and small blocks of porphyry, which, falling from above continually, raise the edge of the basins. A noise like thunder, while we were in the crater, drew our attention to this circumstance. Large blocks of porphyry broke off from the edge of the crater, and rolled down with a tremendous crash. Unfortunately I had no means to measure the depth of the basins; I am, however, inclined to believe, that the water fills some old openings in the crater, and that the depth must be considerable. On this occasion I asked myself, does this water, at the height of nearly 13,500 feet above the level of the sea, come only from the melting snow, or are the basins fed by springs below them? At all events, the sources from which they are fed must be considerable, because the evaporation must certainly be very great, the height of the barometer being only 18,392 English inches. The first question must be partly answered in the affirmative; but I could not answer the second in the negative, for, on going round the larger basin, I frequently observed that the receding water had deposited beautiful yellow earthy sulphur on the porphyry boulders. This could surely not have come from the melted snow, partly because no sulphur could be found in the trachyte of the edge of the crater, and because at a greater distance from the basin no sulphur was deposited, which must have been the case if the snow-water brought it to the basin. Is then the second question to be answered in the affirmative? The water in the basin has no peculiar taste.

"We had found it easy to descend from the edge of the crater to the basin. A slip in the loose sand on the steep descent often brought us several steps forward, not without danger indeed, because, with the sand, large blocks of stone frequently rolled down, which we avoided by slipping quickly on one side. It took us hardly a quarter of an hour to descend into the crater, but it cost us full two hours' hard labour to ascend again to the edge; for, as we stepped forward, we often slipped two or three steps backward, and it was not till after a long search that we found a part where the footing was rather firmer. About four o'clock we got back to our horses, and long after dark we reached the Hacienda la Huerta."

Some days' holidays still remaining, M. Burkart resolved to pay a visit to the warm baths of Hocotitlan, near Iztlahuaca, and as these are celebrated and frequented for their salutary qualities, he imagined that he should find there some accommodation, if it were but in a Mexican inn. He did not indeed look for the conveniences of a European watering-place, splendid taverns, a good table, theatre, &c. &c.; but he thought that he should find at least a clean inn, and an ordinary, such as are met with in many parts of Mexico. But of the celebrated watering-place, not a trace was

to be found except the warm springs. Only one wretched Indian hut, which scarcely afforded protection against wind and weather, was near the springs. The Indians, to whom it belonged, were gone to church in the next village, without thinking it necessary even to shut the door, not because they trusted the honesty of their neighbours, but because they possessed nothing that was worth stealing. Luckily the travellers had brought some provisions, having taken warning by former experience, and some poultry running about, the servant caught a turkey, and soon set it to boil over the fire. The first person that appeared was an old woman, who was not surprised that the travellers had taken possession of the hut and put up their beds, but immediately missed her turkey, and began to cry out, "Where is my turkey? where is my turkey?" The servant endeavoured to satisfy her by showing her the pot in which the turkey was boiling, and promising her payment; but she was not quiet till she had received three piastres, more than double the usual price, and a glass of brandy into the bargain. The water in these springs smells like that of the springs at Aix la Chapelle. It issues from the spring in pretty considerable quantities, and its temperature was 42° of the centigrade thermometer,—the temperature of the air being 14°. Having bathed several times in these springs, the travellers returned to Tlalpujahua.

In December, 1826, an opportunity offered to visit the district of Huetamo, on the left bank of the river Las Balsas, near the South Sea. M. Burkart eagerly seized the occasion to visit a part of the country which few modern travellers have seen, and set out in company with Captain Beaufoy, who was at that time also in the service of the Tlalpujahua mining company. As the journey thither and back would occupy five weeks, they took care to hire some very strong horses and mules, and trustworthy servants. They were besides provided with various instruments, arms, &c. On this journey the road lay through Angangeo, Valladolid, Patzcuaro, and by the volcano of Jorullo to Cutio. The author describes with great minuteness the geological features of the whole country. Near St. Raphael, they came to a very mountainous country covered with thick forests of firs, some of which are from 120 to 130 feet high, and from three to four feet in diameter. There are numbers of deer and of wild turkeys in this wood, but it is very difficult to get within gun-shot of them. The road continued to ascend for several hours, and at the distance of two leagues and a half north of Angangeo, attained an elevation of 10,466 feet, where the cold in the shade of the trees was very keen.

Angangeo is about seven leagues from Tlalpujahua, in 19° 39'



30" N.Lat. and 1° 0' 3" W.Long. from Mexico. It has about 2000 inhabitants, is irregularly built, like most of the mining towns in the country, but contains several good buildings, which bear testimony to its former prosperity. Being 8,520 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is rather severe, and always damp, in consequence of the high mountains and the forest, so that you seldom perceive that you are in the torrid zone, and frequently feel the want of a warm room, for which no provision is made.

"On Christmas-day we were at Huetamo, which, being only 1132 feet above the level of the sea, is in the Tierra Caliente. I found it intolerably hot, which was not the case with the natives, who were glad to be able to wear a light jacket, and assured me that in the evening they were obliged to put on a cloak, as a defence against the cool evening air. On the second Christmas holiday it was market-day, and a great number of people was assembled. The majority had rather dark complexions, and were of a very robust make; their dress was extremely simple, and most of them were armed with a short sabre, by the use of which they became in the revolutionary war, under Guerrero, very formidable to the Spanish troops; and, being easily provoked to anger, they too frequently have recourse to this weapon in their private quarrels. In general they are very contented, accustomed to possess only the most indispensable necessities of life. A great many of them have white spots on their dark brown skin; this is a cutaneous disease, which is said to be hereditary. These spotted men are there generally known by the name of *pintos*.

"In the evening I went to a ball, and was not a little surprised, in a temperature which kept me in a constant perspiration without moving, to see the people dance as nimbly as in a cold climate. I found in Huetamo the observation I had before made confirmed, that the inhabitants of the hot parts of Mexico are always disposed to cheerfulness, and do not readily neglect an opportunity of forgetting the cares of life in the enjoyment of social pleasure. They danced at this ball a sort of country dance (the couple who danced singing at the same time), the favourite Bolero, and the Fandango. The costume at Huetamo retains its ancient simplicity; foreign fashions and manners seemed not to have penetrated to this remote district. The ladies were all in white or cotton dresses, without any head-dress; the gentlemen in short jackets of a light stuff. Before the dancing began, some of the younger ladies sung to the guitar, while another part of the company amused themselves in conversation and smoking. When the dancing began, and the dancers and the elder ladies remained in the room, the gentlemen gradually hastened to the card-table."

Huetamo being within about three days' journey of the South Sea, our travellers wished much to continue their excursion so far. The road is stated to be over high mountains, through a country wholly destitute of inhabitants, where the travellers must depend entirely on their own resources. Considering that their

horses and mules had already suffered much, and had a long journey to return by the volcano of Jorullo and Valladolid to Tlalpujahua, M. Burkart resolved to defer his visit to the shores of the ocean till another opportunity; and, having rested two days at Huetamo, proceeded on his journey. Three leagues south of Huetamo they arrived at Las Balsas, one of the most considerable of the Mexican rivers, also called Zacatula, after the place where it falls into the Southern Ocean.

The sienite and granite formations on the south side of the river Las Balsas appear to be rich in metallic strata, very few of which are generally known or worked. The country in which these beds are found is, however, but little calculated for mining operations, on account of its very small elevation above the level of the sea in the torrid zone, and the extremely scanty population. This tract was the less interesting to Spain, as the metals in question are base metals, whereas the attention of the Spanish government was directed more to the obtaining of precious metals, and enriching individuals, than to the prosperity of its colonies; for which reason it seemed more advantageous to Spain to send the base metals from its European states to the American colonies, than to obtain them on the spot, though the country abounds with them. To the south of Las Balsas many pieces of magnetic ironstone, scattered about, indicated the existence of a bed of that mineral. This iron ore is very rich and of good quality, so that even the smiths in the vicinity, with their miserable apparatus, are yet able to work it up, though of course the iron which they produce is of bad quality. It seems strange that a country which possesses in many places rich strata of iron ore should make no use of them, and send to a remote part of the globe for the great quantity of iron which it requires. The obstacles, however, are numerous, and the first expense exceeds the ability of private persons.

The English United Mexican Company has attempted to manufacture iron in Mexico itself. It expended large sums for several years together in the neighbourhood of Durango in establishing a forge, and proceeded so far as to smelt the iron. The first attempts, however, were not so favourable as was expected; the company limited its expenditure; the work was suspended for a time, and the iron produced by it had not become an article of commerce when M. Burkart had left Mexico. Mr. Frederick von Gerolt, now Prussian Consul-General in Mexico, has been more fortunate; he has founded a company in Mexico, to work an iron mine at the foot of Mount Popocatepetal, and the result has proved that it is possible to produce in Mexico, notwithstanding the high rate of wages, as good iron as that

of Biscay, at much lower prices than it can be obtained from Europe.

Since Baron von Humboldt visited the volcano of Jorullo and gave to the world his observations made upon the spot, nothing further has been published respecting that volcano. It should seem that his ample description might render any further observations superfluous, but twenty-four years have elapsed since his visit, and, the eruptions having totally ceased, the immediate vicinity of the volcano has undergone such a change, that it can scarcely be recognized from his description. The hot springs were at a temperature of  $38^{\circ}$ , that of the air being  $30^{\circ}$ . On comparing this observation with that of Von Humboldt on the warmth of these springs, there appears a difference of  $22.7^{\circ}$ , whence we must infer a diminution of the temperature of the water. The elevated ground was covered, when M. von Humboldt visited it, with thousands of little cones (hornitos), which showed a very high temperature, and emitted aqueous vapours. In consequence of the heavy rains peculiar to this zone and the daily spreading of the vegetation, a great part of those hornitos has entirely disappeared, and the form of another part is much changed. Very few of these cones are of a higher temperature than the air, and scarcely any emit aqueous vapours.

"The town of Patzcuaro lies on the eastern bank of the lake of the same name, half a league to the SSE. of it, built upon black porous lava, at the elevation of 6689 feet above the level of the sea. The lake, which is twelve leagues in circumference and five in its greatest breadth, affords an unexpected and magnificent prospect, at this elevation of the Mexican plateau, by the great body of water and the beautiful environs. It is almost entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, the summits of which are covered with fine forests, and the foot is well cultivated. Several islands, on which are little Indian villages, rise from the surface of the lake, which appears quite dark in the shadow of the mountains. Black and grey volcanic rocks of a basaltic nature form the islands and banks of this lake, at the north of the village of Tzinzonzan, formerly the capital of the Indian kingdom of Mechoacan, four leagues from Patzcuaro.

"Valladolid, the capital of the state of Mechoacan, is visible at a great distance; and the road runs for full two leagues through a desert, swampy plain, before you reach it. Our companion sent, by General Filisola, insisted on receiving us in his house during our stay at Valladolid. Here then, after a journey of nearly five weeks, we had once more the pleasure of having a bedchamber, and each of us a separate one. I was very glad to go to bed in a clean room, after having so long passed the nights in the open air or in wretched reed huts. Valladolid is a regular, well-built city, with broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and has a population of 12,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of government of the state of Mechoacan, and the see of a bishop. It possesses nothing

remarkable, except its handsome cathedral and an aqueduct supported by lofty arches."

We will now give the author's account of some remarkable ruins of Indian buildings, which, notwithstanding its length, will, we doubt not, be very acceptable to our readers.

"Two leagues to the north of Villa Nueva, twelve leagues S.S.W. of Zacatecas, and scarcely a league from the farm La Quemada, there are very extensive ruins of ancient Indian buildings, which are there known by the name of 'los Edificios.' I paid several visits to these ruins, which, according to all appearance, date their origin from a period long, very long, before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. As remains of this kind are extremely rare in the northern part of Mexico, they attracted all my attention. On one of my visits I was accompanied by Mr. de Berghes and Mr. Birkbeck, and we succeeded in a short time in taking a ground plan of the ruins, of which M. de Berghes made a drawing, and also a view of the ruins. I sent a sketch of this plan, with a description of the buildings, in the year 1830, to the late Professor Niebuhr, who felt so much interested in the subject, that he intended to publish these drawings with some observations of his own. Unfortunately, this excellent man was carried off by a premature death, and his remarks have not been printed. The 'Edificios' are on the side of a steep hill; the neighbouring plain would have been a much more convenient situation for so extensive a settlement, but the founders seem to have had in view rather the defence of their establishment than the convenience of its situation. Some of the principal buildings are on the S.E. foot, but most of them are on the eastern terrace-like declivity. Its bold rocky summit is now adorned with a cross, and rises pretty high above the ruins, which extend to the northern rather depressed top of the mountain.

"On my first visit to Edificios, I was struck with the building on the south side of the mountain, which, as I afterwards found, is the largest of all. It is built on a terrace-like elevation projecting on the south-west, and stands at present quite isolated, but seems to have been formerly connected with some other buildings towards the west. The length of this building is from east to west, and it consists of only two divisions. That on the east is surrounded by a wall in a good state of preservation, eight feet thick, and eighteen feet high, which is interrupted only by a single opening on the west side; this is the entrance which joins the eastern with the western division. This eastern division is 138 feet long and 100 wide. There are in it eleven pillars in very good preservation, which stand at the distance of twenty-three feet from the long side, and nineteen and a half feet from the short side of the apartment; they are placed at equal intervals, so that three are on each of the short sides, four on the western or entrance side, and four on the opposite side. The pillars are perfectly round, eighteen feet high, and seventeen feet in circumference; they have neither base nor capital, and appear to have formerly supported a roof, which ran round the inner wall, leaving the middle space free. There is, how-

ever, no trace of any such roof to be seen, the pillars stand quite detached, and in the whole interior grows high grass, which our horses enjoyed while we were examining the buildings. The western apartment is much larger; it is 231 feet long, and 194 feet wide; its length being from east to west, and its breadth from north to south, contrary to the other apartment. This western division seems to have been likewise surrounded by a wall eight feet thick and eighteen high, which has not resisted the ravages of time so well as the first, but has fallen down in many places; and it may, perhaps, have been pulled down to make fences for the neighbouring fields. This apartment is deepened in the middle, so that all round there is a kind of terrace nineteen or twenty feet broad, and in the middle a basin four or five feet deep, surrounded with a stone wall, and, in the centre of each of the four sides, a broad flight of steps descending into the basin. All round the terrace, and near the edge of the basin, there is a channel, or drain, scarcely a foot wide and deep, which is likewise lined with stone and covered with slabs; it was probably intended to carry off the rain water that came down from the mountain to the building, to keep it from the wall, and convey it to the other side of the building next to the plain. Some might, perhaps, be inclined to believe that it was intended to fill the basin with water, and not to carry it off. I do not think this probable, because the basin is not walled in so as to be calculated to hold water, and because most of the buildings, which have similar basins, are situated at such an elevation that it was not very possible to conduct water to them. On the east side of this basin, on the edge of the terrace, there is one more pillar of the same size and height as the others; though there is no trace of any more such pillars on the terrace, I am not indisposed to believe that several stood on this, perhaps on all four sides of the basin, and served to support a roof which ran round the basin. Many stones have been removed from los Edificios to make fences for the fields, and, perhaps, those of the vanished pillars have been used for that purpose.

"In the middle of the basin there was a small pyramid, (which is now only a heap of rubbish,) like those which we shall presently have to describe in other buildings; and of which there is one in good preservation to the west of this great building. The whole, the walls as well as the pillars and pyramids, is composed of not very large, unhewn stones. The trachyte-porphry, which separates into thin plates, furnished admirable materials for such a building; the stones seem, however, not to have been obtained from the Cerro de los Edificios, but from the opposite valley. A mixture of black earth, dry grass, and roots, served as cement, and to fill up the vacancies between the uneven stones. On the outer side of the buildings, the cement has been washed away by the rains, and at first sight you think the walls are built without cement; they excite admiration for the patience and care with which such innumerable small stones have been fitted together; the pillars are particularly well-built, of which their perfect preservation for so long a period, notwithstanding the rude materials of which they are composed, affords the best proof.

"From this building you ascend towards the north-west, partly by

natural, partly by artificial, terrace-like elevations, composed of innumerable slabs of porphyry, to a second similar building. It lies considerably higher above the plain, on a terrace projecting towards the south. This building likewise consists of two apartments, one of which has a basin, like that in the first building; in the other there is no sign of a pillar, though, from its size, it would be more difficult to roof over than the first building. Its position is at right angles to the first building, its length being from north to south; the length of the basin is from west to east, parallel to that of the first building. The length of the other apartment is from north to south.

"In this basin there are two truncated pyramids, which are much dilapidated; the smaller, in the middle of the basin, appears to have been scarcely six feet square at the base, and the same in height; precisely to the north is the second pyramid, on the terrace. It is about thirty feet square at the base, and the same in height. The nucleus seems to have consisted of a parallelepipedon of small flat stones, round which walls in the form of stairs were built, and the steps were then filled up so as to give the pyramid a smooth face. On the side of this edifice are the ruins of other smaller buildings, forming a labyrinth of small irregular chambers, all in the same rude style as the first building. No trace of a roof is anywhere to be found.

"To the east of the second great building, and rather lower, there are large terraces of masonry composed of porphyry split into slabs; only two ways lead down from these terraces, ending in roads which extend beyond Edificios. One of these roads disappears before it reaches the stream; the other crosses the stream and appears again on the other side; it leads to the eminence which bounds the valley on this side, where a great heap of stones indicates that a pyramid formerly stood, and ends on the Cerro Cuisillo. These roads are straight as a line, thirteen or fourteen feet wide, and paved. A third road seems to have led to the farm of la Quemada, but it is not now so visible as the middle one. Nearly to the west of the principal building there is a circular spot from which several such roads issue. [In M. Burkart's plan there are ten, resembling the radii of a circle.] Some of them may still be traced far into the plain. The most considerable of them runs almost a league to the south-west, and in the opposite direction as far as the mountains; another runs west and east towards the principal building. These roads are raised a little above the plain, and are paved with rough stones; so that it seems as if the plain, which is now quite dry, was formerly swampy, or, perhaps, covered with water; for we can scarcely imagine that the barefooted Indians would have chosen such a hard material for their ordinary paths. Or, are those paved roads the streets of a large town, along which the dwellings of the people stood? Of these latter no ruins can be seen, but then we cannot well believe that the huts of the poorer class were built of stone, and able so long to defy the ravages of time. At the place where the first-mentioned road runs from the terrace near the building to the east side of the valley, there is the largest pyramid that I saw at Edificios. It is fifty-four feet square at the base, and the same in height; it is truncated, like all the others, and built of small stones.

"To the north of the second building is a smaller, of the same kind as the others, also containing two pyramids, and two main roads run from it, round the mountain; they are from twenty to twenty-five feet broad, and bounded by steep precipices. On the west side of this mountain lie several smaller edifices, which on that side are quite inaccessible from below, there being only one approach to them left, with partly natural, partly artificial terraces, on which they are erected. The top of the mountain above this terrace is extremely rocky, bare, and without any more buildings. Towards the north-west, this terrace is connected only by a narrow ridge with the two northern tops. Steep rocks bound the little plateau of the most easterly of those two mountains, and where an access was possible it was blocked up by high walls. At the south-east end of this ridge, where it joins the principal mountain, los Edificios, there is a basin formed by a thick wall, to the bottom of which, as in all the other buildings, there is a descent by four flights of steps, and in the middle of it a small pyramid. Towards the north-west, the passage from this building to the ridge of rocks is guarded by a strong wall, a narrow opening in which allows only a few persons to pass at a time. At the north-west end of this ridge the access is still better defended by two far projecting terraces, which advance so far on each side that a few men would be able to defend the only two approaches from below to this point."

The remainder of the description (about half a page) of this fortified position, which is every where defended by strong walls, cannot well be understood without the plan, to which there are many references.

"All these walls are of the same material, and executed in the same manner as the building first mentioned.

"I did not find here either the usual weapons and utensils of the Indians, made of obsidian and burnt clay, which are so frequent in the vicinity of Mexico, nor any wrought stone which might have afforded some further indication relative to the mechanical skill of the founders of Edificios. The only thing that I saw, which authorises us to conjecture that the inhabitants of Edificios possessed tools, with the aid of which they were able to fashion stone, is a large slab, twelve or thirteen feet in diameter and three feet thick, on which the outlines of a foot and a hand are carved. This stone lies on the east side of the mountain, near to the road which leads to the Rancho Tuitan.

"I do not think it at all probable that the ruins I have just described should alone have formed a town, and been the habitations of poor Indians. It is evident from the construction of the buildings, and materials employed, that the arts must have been in a very low state, and then we shall scarcely be able to imagine, that a still rude people would have felt the necessity of erecting such large edifices for its domestic use. And why, too, should the poor Indian, who must have had to cultivate the ground for his subsistence, have fixed his abode on these bare mountains, when the neighbouring plains offered him far more eligible situations? These considerations induce me to believe that the

buildings situated on the mountains were either destined for the use of the chief and the priests, and used at the same time as public temples, or that they were devoted to religious purposes only. Clavigero thinks that these are the ruins of Chicomoztoc, where the Mexicans, after parting from six other tribes who were emigrating with them, remained for nine years, before they proceeded any further towards the south. It does not, however, appear to me to be likely, that a wandering tribe should have erected such extensive edifices, have accumulated such masses of stone, and made such great roads. I could not find in the country itself a single credible tradition respecting the founders of these edifices, or their subsequent occupants, but there is no want of fables of treasures said to be hidden under the ruins."

We have given entire this long account of these remarkable buildings, which, as far as we know, will be, if not wholly, yet in a great measure, new to our readers. We have refrained from entering into any speculations respecting the founders, or the original destination of them, as we are not in possession of a sufficient number of facts even to build a probable conjecture upon, and we should in the end have only indulged our fancy, without throwing any light on a subject at present so obscure. We shall now make some further miscellaneous extracts, begging the reader, however, to bear in mind that, if we take little notice of the geological details, which are the main subject and the most important part of the work, it is because we find it difficult to extract an interesting portion, the principal description being illustrated by numerous elaborate geological sections, some of them coloured, in eight plates. These details, independently of their general interest to geologists, must be peculiarly valuable to the companies and individuals who have embarked their property in mining speculations in that country. M. Burkart gives a circumstantial account of the following mining districts:—1st. Geological description of the mining district of Tlalpujahua. We have mentioned above the failure of the English company in working the mines there. 2d. Description of the mining districts of Chico, Real del Monte, and Pechuga. 3d. The mining district of Guanajuato. 4th. The mining district of Zacatecas. 5th. Mines of Tresnillo. 6th. Districts of Ramos Charcas, Catorze, and Mazapil. In general it appears that the civil wars having caused the suspension of the works, the destruction of the machinery, &c., many of the mines were filled with water, and the difficulty of resuming the operations was very great. The English companies, not anticipating the enormous outlay that would be required before they could hope for any return, contracted very improvident and ruinous bargains with the owners, to whom, after expending their funds, they were obliged to give up the possession of the mines, when, perhaps, if they had been



able to proceed a little longer, they might have carried on the works to advantage. Some of these mines are unquestionably still very rich. M. Burkart gives detailed tables of the quantity of gold and silver obtained in a series of years from the different mines. The value of the silver coined in Zacatecas from 1811 to 1833, both inclusive, was 66,352,766 piastres; in 1833 it was 5,372,000. The value of the gold and silver produced from the mines of Guanajuato, from 1766 to 1833 (the amount up to 1800 being given according to Humboldt, from 1801 to 1825 by Mr. Ward, and the remainder by Mr. Burkart) was,

	Piastres.
In gold, at 136 piastres per mark . . . . .	9,789,416
In silver, at $8\frac{1}{2}$ piastres per mark . . . . .	242,515,472
	<hr/>
	253,304,888

in sixty-eight years, on an average, 3,713,013 piastres per annum. The amount appears to have increased considerably in the last six years. The value of the silver obtained from the mine of Veta Grande, from the end of April, 1826, when it was taken by the English Bolanos Mining Company, to the end of April, 1834, that is, eight years, was 13,862,609 piastres, about eighteen and a half millions of Prussian dollars, or three millions sterling.

In the spring of 1828, after M. Burkart had quitted the service of the Tlalpujahua Mining Company, he resolved to visit some districts which he had not seen. On this journey he visited the hot springs in the village of San Pedro, near Queretaro.

"This spring is very abundant all the year through, and, united with another, which rises further up the valley, was probably the cause of the first cultivation of the valley; fruits and culinary vegetables thrive admirably here. The sight of this well-cultivated spot affords no little pleasure to the traveller, for on the dry plateau of Mexico, which produces only here and there a solitary cactus, where the recent (qy. Jura?) limestone predominates, you mostly look in vain for clear spring water, or the shade of a tree, to afford protection for a few moments against the scorching beams of the sun, reflected from the bare white soil. In Europe, where we imagine that the most magnificent vegetation is every where met with in the tropical countries, people have scarcely any notion of those bare deserts of the Mexican plateau. The mould being very shallow, the ground is nearly covered, during the rainy season, with grass, which, as the moisture imbibed speedily evaporates, withers as soon as the rainy season is past. Great tracts of land lie barren and uncultivated; for, from the entire want of rivers, the rapid declivity, and great height of the mountains, and the periodical rains, the country cannot be cultivated in many places on account of the drought. The destruction of the forests in many places has increased the barrenness of the soil; and it almost seems as if the Spanish settlers were fond of such

deserts, for they seldom suffered trees to grow near their habitations, and their country houses are exposed and without shade on every side, so that they cannot go out by day, without immediately exposing themselves to the scorching rays of the sun.

"Not far from Guanajuato are the warm springs of Aquasbuenas and Comanjilla: 308 feet below Guanajuato, or 6361 feet above the level of the sea, a pretty abundant spring of warm water issues from the breccia, the temperature being  $41^{\circ}$ , and that of the mercury in the open air  $23^{\circ}$  of the centigrade thermometer. The water is tasteless, very clear, and in cooling has an inconsiderable yellow deposit. In Europe, the powerful hot springs of Comanjilla, both from their medical properties, and the situation of the place in a fine climate, in a fertile country, and in the vicinity of several large towns, would certainly have led to the establishment of a considerable watering-place, provided with every accommodation. But in Mexico the time for such establishments is not yet come. The proportionably scanty population is scattered over too wide a space, and travelling too inconvenient for people to visit a distant place merely for pleasure. The centigrade thermometer in the water of the largest spring indicated a temperature of  $96^{\circ}$ , that of the air being  $23^{\circ}$ .

"Aquascalientes, a pretty populous town, is situated in the valley of a small river which rises at Tlacotes, near Zacatecas, passes near the town, and, joining the stream of Villa Nueva, flows into the Rio de Santiago. Aquascalientes is in  $21^{\circ} 52' 50''$  north latitude, and  $3^{\circ} 4' 26''$  west longitude from Mexico, 5598 feet above the level of the sea, or 1212 feet lower than Mexico. M. von Humboldt's maps, and most of the other maps of Mexico that I have seen, place Aquascalientes in the state of Guadalajara; it is however in that of Zacatecas, and the boundary line is to the south, between Aquascalientes and La Villita de la Encarnacion.

"According to the official registers, Aquascalientes had, in 1826, 35,000 inhabitants, in which number, however, must be included, not only the inhabitants of the town, but those of the country belonging to the same parish, who are pretty numerous. The town is of considerable extent, regularly built, and surrounded with a great number of gardens, the constantly fresh verdure of which is a real comfort to the eye, such a sight being rare on the plateau of Mexico, where, with the exception of a few cactus plants and palms, vegetation seems to be dead, till the rainy season calls it to life again. The facility of watering the gardens, and the fineness of the climate, promote the cultivation of most culinary vegetables and fruit, of which artichokes, figs, and grapes are remarkable for their excellent quality. The productions of the gardens of Aquascalientes are sent to considerable distances for sale; they are in great request at the market of Zacatecas, twenty-five leagues distant, where they fetch pretty high prices.

"During the Spanish dominion in Mexico, Aquascalientes was frequented by the landowners in the neighbourhood, a great number of whom had houses in the town, where they passed some time, and attended to the sale of their produce. The town was prosperous, but it suffered

during the revolution, and was nearly without trade when I first saw it in 1828. Many commercial houses, however, had already resolved to transfer to Aguascalientes the establishments which they had formed at San Luis Potosi, for the purpose of trading with the northern states. Many merchants removed thither, and the town enjoyed for some years a brisk trade. The houses that were going to decay were repaired and new ones built, a large bazaar established in the middle of the town, several streets paved, a new public walk laid out, &c. In short, everything indicated increasing prosperity; but it was of short duration; there was not sufficient trade for the too great number of mercantile houses, and most of them gave up their establishments. The town is now again confined to the profits of the extensive agriculture of the environs, and some other minor branches of industry. There are numerous hot springs in the valley, and the place is much resorted to for the benefit of the waters. But it is only to those whose health really requires the use of the waters that a visit to Aguascalientes can be recommended, for a person who should go thither for pleasure, in the hope of finding even the similitude of a European watering-place, would be awfully disappointed. At the baths, half a league from the town, there is no accommodation for either those who are not or those who are well; they must, therefore, live in the town, and, if they have not an acquaintance there, must take up their abode in one of the two *mesones* (or inns) which are both equally wretched and disgustingly filthy; neither bed, table, nor chair is to be expected there; the guest must take care to provide all these beforehand. There is indeed an ordinary at Aguascalientes, which you do not find everywhere; but the visiter will do well to send for his dinner, for if he were to go himself to take his meal at the ordinary he might lose his appetite sooner than he intended."

At Zacatecas M. Burkart saw the celebrated block of meteoric iron, mentioned by Sonnenschmidt and others. It is in the house of Don Angel Abille, in the Tuquba street, opposite to the inn. After many fruitless attempts, he succeeded, by boring, in detaching some pieces, one of which he sent to the Geological Society of London, one to the Museum of the University of Bonn, and a third is in his own collection. The mass is four and a half (Rhein.) feet long, one foot nine inches broad, and in the middle nine inches thick. The specific gravity M. Burkart found to be 7.5, so that the whole mass must be heavier than M. Sonnenschmidt states it, he estimating it at twenty hundred weight.

At Charcas M. Burkart saw another piece of meteoric iron, likewise mentioned by Sonnenschmidt. He found it at the north-west corner of the church, fixed in the ground, a third part being buried.

"In shape it resembles a three-sided, truncated, double pyramid, if we may assume that the part buried is like that above ground. This latter part is two feet eight inches high; the sides, at the base of the pyramid, measure one foot six inches, and at the upper truncated end

one foot two inches. The whole may therefore contain 2944 cubic inches, or one and three quarters cubic feet; and consequently weigh at least between eight and nine hundred weight. The surface has lost its natural colour by constant exposure to the rain and the air. On the surface are many roundish holes, and a considerable depression on one side. I could not examine the texture, not being able with all my efforts to detach a piece from the mass. It is said that it was brought from the farm of El Sitio, and that some smaller pieces of meteoric iron have been subsequently found near the same place."

M. Von Humboldt, in the introduction to his admirable work on New Spain, remarks how desirable it would be to become better acquainted with the road from Mazatlan to Altamira, and to determine the geographical position of the principal points on that road. M. Burkart did not travel the road precisely as indicated by M. Von Humboldt; but in 1829 he had the pleasure of being called by business to Guajicoria, and, his road bringing him to the vicinity of the Southern Ocean, he did not fail to embrace the opportunity of visiting San Blas. He thus had an opportunity to examine a section of the Cordilleras from the coast to Zacatecas, rather more to the south than that from Mazatlan to Sombrerete. Some years later, namely in 1834, he travelled from Zacatecas, by way of San Luis Potosi, to Altamira and Tampico, and thus completed the section of the Cordilleras of Mexico, which he had begun in 1829, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a little to the south of the tropic of Cancer. He has represented this section of the Cordillera in his eleventh plate.

In giving an account of the mode in which he determined the geographical positions of the several points, M. Burkart enters into long details respecting the precautions to be observed in making barometrical observations, and the construction of the instrument best adapted to that country. These observations, filling several pages, appear to us to deserve the attention of travellers in these countries, but it is not easy to detach any extract to suit our purpose; we, however, take the following as applicable to all hot climates.

"I frequently saw travellers in Mexico, who, in their barometrical measurements, neglected to observe the temperature of the column of mercury, and took it for granted that, when the barometer had stood a quarter of an hour in the shade, the temperature of the mercury was the same as that of the atmosphere. This, however, is by no means the case; and I have frequently remarked that, even after the expiration of half an hour, the temperature of the mercury was still considerably higher, when the barometer had been long carried in the sun, and its beams had considerably increased the temperature of the mercury; the wood or brass in which the glass tube is inclosed delay for a considerable time the restoration of the equality of the temperature of the mercury

and of the atmosphere. In my observations, therefore, I always noted the temperature of the mercury."

M. Burkart now proceeds to the account, first, of his journey from Zacatecas to San Blas, and then of that from Zacatecas to Tampico. He, however, confines himself almost exclusively to very minute details of the geology and mineralogy of the country, which he appears to have studied with great care.

"The plain about San Blas, being very low, is extremely swampy; for the sea, when the tide rises, overflows the country to a great distance, and, on the ebb, leaves large ponds or lakes. This town, which was formerly very populous, and animated by the commerce with the Philippine islands and Asia, is now quite desolate in consequence of the cessation of that trade. I saw only a single ship at anchor in the port, and I was assured that months often pass without the arrival of a large vessel. After a short stay at San Blas, I went along the banks of the river Santiago to the town of that name, and was not a little surprised at being able, now in the dry season, to ride through this river at the distance of only eight leagues from the place where it falls into the ocean, though, (with the exception of the Rio Bravo del Norte) it is the largest of the Mexican rivers, and had flowed through at least 200 leagues. This, however, is easily accounted for by the rapid fall, and the long-continued drought."

On the 18th of March, 1834, M. Burkart had arranged all his affairs preparatory to his return to his own country, after an absence of more than nine years. Notwithstanding the pleasure with which he naturally looked forward to a meeting with his family, and though there was not much attraction in the desert barren mountains of Zacatecas,—though the political troubles and constant civil wars rendered it a disagreeable abode to a foreigner,—he could not leave it, after six years' residence, during which he had become acquainted with many worthy men, without much regret, and the account of his parting with his friends does honour to his feelings.

Three weeks after leaving Zacatecas, M. Burkart arrived at Tampico, and was much struck with the change that had taken place in it. When he landed there in 1824, only a few houses stood on the spot, and now, in 1834, a handsome town had been built. Many merchants, among whom was a great number of Germans, had settled there. M. Burkart was hospitably received by M. E. Franke, the Dutch consul, in whose house he remained till he had an opportunity of going to New Orleans. Then he went up the Mississippi to Pittsburg, crossed the country to New York, embarked for Liverpool, proceeded to London, and arrived in July on the banks of the Rhine.

M. Burkart's two last chapters are, first, on the working of

mines in Mexico, and, second, three tables of elevations measured by the barometer, filling thirteen pages. The first table gives the elevation of about 250 places in alphabetical order; the second, those of the sections from San Blas to Tampico, which table XI. above-mentioned represents; and the third the elevations of the mountains of Zacatecas. Besides the general road-map of Mexico, M. Burkart gives a special map of the district of Zacatecas from his own trigonometrical survey, which is further illustrated by a plate, with six different sections, coloured.

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- ART. III.—1. *Gedichte, von Ludwig Uhland.* 10te Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1836.  
 2. *Ernst Herzog von Schwaben. Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen, von Ludwig Uhland.* Heidelberg, 1818.  
 3. *Ludwig der Baier. Schauspiel in fünf Aufzügen, von Ludwig Uhland.* Berlin, 1819.  
 4. *Die Dichtungen, von Justinus Kerner: neue vollständige Sammlung in einem Bande.* Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1834.  
 5. *Gedichte, von Gustav Schwab.* 2 Bände. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1828-9.  
 6. *Die Romantische Schule, von H. Heine.* Hamburg, 1836.

HENRY HEINE has written a whole book against the modern Romanticists in Germany, a work most unnecessary, as we conceive, and most superfluous. Romance, even in its most palmy state, is a harmless affair; and in this unimaginative time there is more danger to be feared from the want than from the excess of it. A man must have very little to do who girds up his loins to make a formal crusade against a thing of such ephemeral and transitory existence; it dies soon enough of itself, and when once gone, the voice of the most cunning charmer often fails to recall even the shadow of what it was. There is, indeed, no serious cause to apprehend that the fairies and gnomes, the sylphs and salamanders, the dwarfs and giants, of our poetic creed, will ever wax so rampant in our imagination as to disturb and derange the regular doings of our daily prose; the broad day-light of modern utilitarianism is far too strong for the moon-light skirmishing of the wanton Pucks and tricky elves of the olden time. And as for that fearful development of Christian spiritualism, which, according to Heine, tyrannizes, and has, for eighteen hundred years, tyrannized over the natural rights of the flesh, we look around anxiously, and seek in vain for the traces of it. Of the pious self-tormenting rites of Hindoo Fakirs and Christian Flagellants,

we have, indeed, heard, as of things that once were, or yet are afar off beyond the ocean; but we have met with nothing of this kind particularly offensive, in the life or literature of modern England, Germany, or France. The true flagellants and self-tormentors of the present day are the poets; your Byrons and your Heines, who first raise devils out of their own minds, and then, like the man with the bottle-imp in the melodrama, seek to get rid of them, by communicating their particular evil humours to the general public. But is this crusade against the spirit, this home-mission of the flesh, really seriously meant? Is Hamlet's wish turned into reality, and is "this too, too solid flesh" actually in danger of melting into the mist and vapour of a dreamy contemplativeness, at the call of some British Shelley or German Novalis? Has human nature inverted its hereditary character, and is the body now in danger of being enslaved by the soul—whereas formerly the soul was in danger of being enslaved by the body? What phantoms, Jewish, Heathenish, or merely new-modish Parisian, may have imposed strange illusions upon Henry Heine's brain, we know not; but of this we are certain, that no such radical revolution has taken place in the moral world with which we are conversant; the ancient history of Adam and Eve and the serpent is enacted every day before our eyes; the Flesh still knows how to maintain his own rights: he remains a despot as he was from the beginning; he requires no apostle to preach his mission; he is prophet, priest, and king to himself. The truth is,—if it must be said,—that the present age might be more fitly accused of almost any other vice than of an excess of spiritualism. The prevailing philosophy of the time is too material, too mechanical; the general tone of our mind is too practical, too prosaic. Do we then require the rude laughter of a Heine to scare away the few innocent fancies of romance, that still kindly linger around us?

It is not our intention on the present occasion to follow the German critic through the whole range of his anti-romantic evolutions. We have only alluded to him in so far as, within his general censure of romance and romancers, is comprehended a respectable bard, on whose genius we mean to allow ourselves a few remarks—Ludwig Uhland. To this poet, as being one of the last, and not the least, worthy of the Romantic school, Heine has condescended to dedicate a whole chapter, and that written in a spirit sufficiently kindly and affectionate,—for he is not naturally unkind. Reckless he certainly is, and when he throws about fire, or bespatters with mud, it is a sorry excuse to say, "Am I not in sport?" But we do not think that he is without love, however much he has allowed himself to sin against the perfect law of charity. He is honest and true at heart, though,

we fear, after all that he has suffered and seen in the wicked Parisian world, not altogether sound; he is also radically defective in one essential quality of a great mind, which Professor Wolfe calls "mental chastity," but which we should rather choose to designate by the more comprehensive term "reverence." Henry Heine has no reverence either for himself or for those of whom he writes, or for those to whom he writes,—for gods above or for devils below. But this is not the place to make a public anatomy of so strange a character. What he says more particularly of Uhland, and his brother ballad-writers, shall be mentioned below. In the mean time we shall allow ourselves a hasty glance at the rise and progress of the romantic school in Germany; for without this it were impossible to understand who or what Ludwig Uhland is, and how he came to be what he is, being not (as Heine justly remarks) the father of a new school, but the last disciple of an old—a man of two centuries—a transition formation of intellect—growing out of the Romantic Catholic middle-age soil which Frederick Schlegel had so carefully watered, and spreading out his upper leaves in that very atmosphere of modern political movement, to which Henry Heine and the heroes of "Young Germany" owe their birth.

What is classical? What is romantic? Not every one will be able, on the instant, to give a satisfactory answer to these questions in the shape of a definition, but he who casts one eye in thought upon the Strasburg minster, and another upon the three temples of Pæstum, will understand the difference. Or, if he rather chooses to borrow an illustration from the world of books, he will think now on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and now on Talfourd's *Ion*, and he will say this is classical, that is romantic. The wild, the exuberant, the unbounded in fancy, the pure, the lovely, the holy in feeling, are characteristic of the one; whatever is simple, regular, beautiful in form, or calm, subdued, and chastened in emotion, belongs to the other. To attempt to draw a regular historical boundary line between these two classes of poetry were vain. Each has its seat deeply rooted in human nature: and as you will find chaste self-contained shapes of placid beauty every where embosomed amid the dark groves and solemn temples of modern Romanticism, so on the walls of Pompeii are at this day to be seen many whimsical touches of the fanciful pencil of some Greek Ariosto. But there is one influence which has worked mightily in forming the distinguishing character of modern romance,—and on this it is especially necessary that the student of German poetry should keep an attentive eye,—we mean the Christian religion, and more particularly that form of it which we are accustomed to call Roman Catholic.



It is true, indeed, that the art of the ancients was most intimately connected with, or more properly an essential part of, the national religion; but that religion has more of an historical nature, is more a religion of heroes and heroic deeds, of outward shapes and figures of divinity, than ours; and herein lies one great essential and pervading distinction between the romanticism of the moderns, and the classicism of the ancients. Christianity is a religion drawn out of the most holy depths of human feeling; Heathenism—Greek Heathenism we mean—was merely copied down from the most beautiful manifestations of human action. Christianity occupied itself with the solution of the deepest mysteries of human thought, God, virtue, immortality; Heathenism partly worshipped, partly sported with the mere outward shows of terrestrial nature. Christianity searched and probed with reverential eye, into the wonders of soul; Heathenism revelled amid the beauties of luxuriant creation. Keeping this distinction in view, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how something of the incomprehensible, the mysterious, the infinite, must necessarily form a distinguishing trait of every poetry that is based upon the Christian religion; and this principle at once affords us a key to understand the intellectual genesis of such minds as Frederick Schlegel, Novalis, Görres, and other prominent heads of the romantic school in Germany. The vague, the misty, the dreamy, the unintelligible, which has been so often complained of in these writers, is not altogether a fault. It is the legitimate product of that profound meditation on things infinite and eternal, on which Christianity is based; and do not even our own divines, so dexterous to measure all things with a square logical understanding, nevertheless delight to tell us, and tell us truly, that there is something mysterious, unfathomable, infinite, in the Christian religion? What is God? What is heaven? What is hell? What is immortality? Are these ideas borrowed from the outer senses which we can lay out before us in a tangible shape, as a heathen sculptor chiselled out the strength of his Hercules, the cunning of his Mercury, the beauty of his Apollo? Look we at the whole history of Christian art, and, instead of a Juno, a Venus, a Minerva, whom the disciple of the beautiful may worship while he works, we have only one goddess—and that too now rejected by nearly one-half of Christendom—Raphael's Madonna. Let us then give due weight to the spiritual, we had almost said the metaphysical, the transcendental element of Christianity, or we shall altogether fail to comprehend the spirit of German literature, the philosophy of the Romantic school.

We English, indeed, have a natural instinct against all meta-

physics—we are Lockists ready made from nature's hand, and argue against innate ideas with a zeal sufficient to make us all thorough-going disciples of Helvetius, had not the same bountiful mother that gave us English blood in our veins given us a certain English common sense along with it;—we are most excellent mechanics in things spiritual—we build rail-roads to heaven, and bind down the unfathomable mysteries of God by an act of parliament. But the Germans have looked deeper into this matter. True it is that too much learning hath made not a few of them mad; but, that some of them understand the philosophy of Christianity better than we do, there can be little doubt.

But we feel that by these observations we have only explained, or attempted to explain, one feature in the character of the Romanticists of modern Germany. We have shown how they are Christians, and in what manner Christianity affects their poetry and their philosophy, but we have not shown how they are Catholics. We have an honest rule in this country that, in whatsoever religion a man's parents have brought him up, therewith he shall remain content. And there is no doubt that, for all practical purposes, and more especially for attaining the high and important ends of "church and state," the rule is a very good one. But, in Germany, where so many strange things happen, they sin too against this venerable maxim. Ludwig Tieck, the great head of the Catholicizing Romantic school, is a born Protestant—a dry arid plant, sprung from the sandy Mark of Brandenburg; and yet he is but one of the many enthusiastic German poets and painters, who, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, of their free and voluntary choice, returned with most pious, child-like confidence into the warm bosom of mother church.

We do not require to search far for the cause of this phenomenon. It lies on the surface. We Protestants must confess that our religion is too much a religion of the understanding. How indeed could it be otherwise? Protestantism was a triumph of reasoning intellect over the inferior powers of feeling and fancy. But, as Martin Luther himself said, human nature is a drunken boor, who, when you set him up on one side, straightway falls down on the other. And thus our worthy Reformers—as has been often said and often lamented—while they overturned the altars of the saints, pulled down the church of God along with them;—while they forbade us to chant masses to the dead, they declared that the very presence of an organ in a church was a profanation;—while they allowed us no longer to feed our fancy and our feeling on the lovely legends of a gracious Madonna, they taught us to harass our brains in vain with tormenting questions of faith and works, of free will and fate;—while they awoke us to a sense of our true dignity

by refusing to bend the knee before the images of men mortal as ourselves, they at the same time robbed us of the noble creative power of art—painting was banished with the pictures of the saints; yea, and in some comfortless regions, religion was deprived of all light, and colour, and enchantment, and stood forth a bare naked rock of stern intellect, battered by the east wind of theological polemics.

The student of church history knows too well what special reference these remarks have to Germany. In no Protestant country did church dogmatism celebrate a more complete triumph; no where did the mere formal understanding “that murders to dissect” more completely monopolize the domain of religion, and choke up the fair flowers of fancy and feeling. And when once this barren formalism fell, a cure followed almost as bad as the disease. The church dogmatist was superseded by the biblical critic, the biblical critic was supplanted by the neologian. Calov yielded to Michaelis, and Michaelis paved the way for Wegscheider. Whatever their abilities might be, these certainly were not the men to restore the lost poetry of Christianity, and infuse the blood of new feeling into the stark body of the Protestant church. The consequence was unavoidable. Men who could find no poetical nourishment in the merely intellectual Protestantism of the then Lutheran church cast their eyes with longing back to the religion of the middle ages. From the strifes, and contentions of and vain disputations of learned Protestant theologians, they sought repose in the bosom of a church which seemed to put mere dogmas wisely beyond the reach of argument, in order that its disciples might give themselves with more singleness of soul to the pious exercises of faith and love. And thus was generated that poetical neo-Catholicism, which forms so remarkable a feature in the history of modern German literature; a phenomenon certainly in these unbelieving days not a little remarkable, and deserving of the deepest attention from every philosophic and religious mind.

If any one now asks—and it is a very natural question—how it happens that in Germany Romanticism took such a deeply serious and religious hue, whereas, among ourselves, when Walter Scott recreated the ballad poetry and the times of chivalry, we continued to look upon the spectacle, pleased indeed and delighted with its novelty, but with a most clear and discriminating eye of Protestant reason?—the answer is not far off. The Germans are not only more the children of feeling and fancy than the English, but they do every thing in a much more serious, thorough-going, exhaustive style than we do; and they have also, we are inclined to suspect, more capacity of *religion* than we have. This may appear

a harsh saying, but we believe it is founded in truth. By religion, of course, we do not mean a mere intellectual faith in church dogmas, or a superstitious punctiliousness in church-going, much less a mere party zeal for the only true church as by law established; but we understand by this much-abused term a deep and pervading feeling of reverence and love towards the Supreme Being in all his ordinary and extraordinary manifestations.

It requires but a very superficial acquaintance with German literature to know that this feeling of religion more completely interpenetrates and interfuses all poetry and all philosophy than among ourselves. Accordingly a German will often be found serious when an Englishman laughs; and worshipping where an Englishman sneers. In matters of art especially an Englishman's creed hangs very lightly on his shoulders; but in Germany art is a religion. John Bull looks upon a Madonna of Raphael's merely as a fine picture, the expression, design or colouring of which he may amuse himself to criticize or to imitate; and perhaps, if he be in a sentimental mood, he may condescend to write a sonnet to the Virgin. To the German this same picture is a holy revelation of art, something proceeding from the very bosom of God; and he lives and breathes in the perception of its beauty. There is something very ennobling and very elevating in this character of mind, but it is also apt to be attended, and has in Germany practically been attended, with many egregious follies; and this neo-catholicism of the Romantic school to which we have alluded is one of them. It is a pleasant thing in imagination to conceive a vessel borne gently along by the mere favourable impulse of wind and wave; but in practice no good can be done without a helm. The great error of the Germans is precisely this want of practicality; and truly it is a sad want. But "time brings roses," as the proverb says; and, if we mistake not, the rail-roads, of which we now hear so much in Germany, will work, and that speedily, a most wonderful change in their metaphysics. Had Kant, and Schelling, and Hegel, not talked themselves to silence, the times, and the omnipotent spirit of the age would have put a gag upon them.

We have in these remarks purposely confined ourselves to the Christian, or (what in this case is the same thing) the Catholic element of the romantic, leaving out of view altogether the Gothic and merely mundane ingredient to which it owes not a few of its charms. The earnest religious character which romantic poetry has assumed in Germany, is peculiarly characteristic as well of that poetry, as of the nation to which it belongs; and to this it is peculiarly proper that the attention of the foreigner should be

directed. The Frenchman comprehends the voice of German romance not at all, because he has no religion: the Englishman with difficulty, because his religion consists too much in an unpoetical faith of the understanding, and in acts of merely outward statutory observance. Besides, the strong Protestant prejudices of a mere Englishman preclude him from sympathizing seriously with the spirit of the middle ages, not always because he has less religious feeling than the German, but because he has a more deep-rooted hatred against Popery. But when the middle age is held forth merely in its outward pomp and splendour to astonish us, merely in its dark and dismal terrors to freeze us, merely in its chivalrous devotedness to fair woman to melt us, merely in its mad and grotesque combinations to make us laugh, then we bid it most hearty welcome. Take away the sacredness of that time; unsanctify, secularize, caricature its most loved and cherished ideas; burn out the smell of the Popish devil; make the Madonna a mere woman; and John Bull will straightway be willing to receive a whole army of knights and ladies, giants and dwarfs, ghosts and goblins, into his plain, practical, prosaic brain. On this principle his literary tastes are accounted for. Ariosto and Cervantes are his special favourites; Tieck he can allow to divert him for an hour, though not without a certain lurking feeling of discomfort occasioned by the Catholic element in which that poet is accustomed to move; Frederick Schlegel he denounces as mystical and unintelligible; and Novalis he utterly reprobates, or, what is much more common, absolutely ignores. A regular Englishman would no more think of reading Novalis, than of gleaning philosophy from Jacob Böhme or ethics from Spinoza. But there is one German book of which he is very fond, and that book is Wieland's *Oberon*. He loves a laugh and here he finds it. This laugh he cannot find in Tieck's "*Genoveve*;" and are you so sanguine as to dream that this pure creation of Christian beauty and Christian love will ever be generally admired in England? If one or two stray students are *now* found to read and to praise it, it is because it is *now* fashionable to study German, and because Tieck is confessedly a great German poet.

We may now allow ourselves a cursive glance at the historical development of the Romantic school in Germany. Frederick Schlegel was born in 1769; Ludwig Tieck in 1773; Novalis in 1772; and Ludwig Uhland in 1785. We mention these dates particularly that the student of poetry may remark this striking coincidence with the chronology of what has been called "*The Lake School*" in England. Our own Wordsworth was born in

1770, and Coleridge in 1773. This coincidence is not unimportant. The English "lakers" are as like the German romanticists, as an Englishman can possibly be to a German. Indeed Wordsworth and Coleridge are, in all the essential features of their genius, more German than English. Who, for instance, could have looked for such a mad, and at the same time such a wise, Creation, as "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," from the same soil on which Pope and Swift were native? Does it not smack of Fouqué? is it not redolent of Chamisso? does it not make a perfect harmonic triad with Undine, and Peter Schlemihl? Believe it, reader, the inspiration of Coleridge is altogether German; and, as to Wordsworth, where do the homely, the sublime, and the ridiculous live together in such friendly fellowship as in Germany? and what worshipper however blind of the great poet of the Excursion can deny that he has once and again done no small disrespect to his own dignity, by encouraging the same motley partnership?

The fact is certain. German romanticism and English laking are one. Their origin is the same. They are the products of one wide-working cause. They are the children of reaction, and that reaction not single, but double; reaction first against the over-refinement of the French culture of Louis XIV.; secondly, against the over-excitement of the French revolution of 1792. These causes only require to be stated to be recognized as the great movers of two mighty tides of intellect, on one of which ourselves of the present generation are partly borne. Our business is with Germany; but we must mention one fact with regard to England which has had the greatest influence not only upon German poetry, but on the whole poetry of modern Europe. England preceded both France and Germany in the poetical reaction against the over-refinement of the Louis XIV. school; and what is remarkable, this reaction was originated among us not by a poet, but by a poetical antiquary. Every body sees that we speak here of the publication of the Percy ballads; and he who does not trace these ballads through the poetry of Wordsworth and Scott in this country, and from Burger, through Göthe, and thence to Ludwig Uhland, in Germany, is blind as a bat.

But the Germans were not content to drink of the English stream. Once raised from the coldness and stiffness, the formality and the pedantry, of the Franco-Gottschedian school, they pursued the new chase after "Nature" with a diligence and an enthusiasm (sometimes also with an extravagance and a childishness) most peculiarly German. From the days of Herder to the present hour, "the voices of the people" have been gathered together in Germany, from the north and from the south, and from the east and from the west. The mighty heart of Gottfried Herder

called around him every sweet echo of every age and every time. Humanity was his watch-word, as indeed it may be said to be the watch-word of the all-comprehensive literature of Germany in general. A German is never content to be a mere German; he must also be a man, a cosmopolitan. But the German fatherland was not forgotten; too long indeed it had been but a wide battle-field for the heroes and heroic madmen of foreign soldier-ship to play their murderous pranks upon; the horn of the Percies had startled the ear of Germany, and it was answered by a blast from the war-trumpet of Barbarossa.

In reference to Ludwig Uhland (and indeed in some measure to the whole living lyric poetry of Germany) we are especially called upon to make mention here of a work which issued from the Romantic school, and which has always been considered as one of its most precious fruits. We allude to the "*Knaben Wunderhorn*;" a collection of old German songs and ballads, published by Arnim and Brentano. The nature and simplicity which are so characteristic of the later lyric poetry of Germany may be traced in a great measure to this source; though here the absorbing totality with which the Germans throw themselves into a favorite theme has not been without its evil consequences. The trifling childishness and the puling sentimentality which are to be found in not a few of Uhland's poems, and in almost all of Justinus Kerner's, arise from this cause. Uhland and his Swabian collaborators have been styled, or have styled themselves, κατ' ἐξοχήν, "*Naturdichter*;" and if wandering in lonely woods, listening to love-lorn nightingales, and weeping pious tears to keep the morning dew company, are the great leading characteristics of a "poet of Nature," they certainly have most peculiar claims to the monopoly of this designation. If we thought it at all probable that a profound German physician, who holds holy converse with magnetic maids and sees blue spirits and green, red spirits and grey, with an eye situated now at the point of his finger, and now at the pit of his stomach, would listen to a passing word of advice from a plain, practical Englishman, we would say to him in one sentence: Though nature is on all occasions the only true guide of the poet, yet there are two natures, the one the nature of a man, the other the nature of a baby—this to be shunned, and that to be followed.

But how indeed could an honest German have been expected to keep himself free from this modern vice of poetic silliness and mawkishness, when even we in England, with all our boasted British sound sense, have not been able to stand against the infection? When such a mighty change in the poetic world was to be made, as that from kings and courtiers and courtesans, to wag-

goners and pedlars and potters—when the aristocracy of almost all literature ancient and modern was to give way to a vulgar democracy—how could it have been otherwise than that some mad and unmannered excesses should have been committed, and not a few sublime capers most ludicrously performed by men in the general most dignified and most respectable? The hero of the drawing-room, with all his point and polish and parade of fine feeling, was now deserted for a common boor; but the boor, with all his bluntness and honesty and simpleheartedness, was still a boor. Even with the pencil of a Teniers, or an Ostade, with all their humour and keen eye for character—what else could you have made of him? But when, with all the gravity of a Greek philosopher, and all the deep devotion of an Indian Yogee, you fall down in worship before the meaningless smirk of an unmeaning milk-maid, *risum teneatis amici*?

Was a certain clever critic in this case altogether to be blamed, who was wont to complain in your compositions of “an extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavers so prettily between silliness and pathos.” The clever critic was not altogether wrong; he only mistook (what an acute lawyer should not have done) the accessory for the principal; an adventitious yellowness in a few stray leaves for an inherent sickliness of the whole plant. Multiply every fault by + 10, and every beauty by—10, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the remarks which the Edinburgh reviewer made upon William Wordsworth, not altogether with injustice, apply to Justinus Kerner with the most perfect justice. Had Germany had a Jeffray, many of those consumptive mushrooms called “Naturdichter,” some of whom we are this day reviewing, might never have had an existence.

Thus much for the re-action of the natural against the refined, and its contemporaneous working on the national poetry both of England and Germany. Let us now inquire into the operation of the French revolution, and the re-action which arose out of it. Before the violent *political* outbreking of that mighty mind-movement, there had been in Germany several *poetical* manifestations of the same spirit; the “*Stürmer und Dränger*” (stormers and throngers) had had their day. These men were Titans; sons of earth, they aspired to climb heavenward and take the citadel of the gods by storm. But Jove sat quietly on his empyrean throne, and did not even deign to answer their vain railings with thunder. Schubart, Lentz, and, in his younger days, Schiller, belonged to this school. These men, however, were but individuals; wandering stars that men gazed at and passed on; signs of the times, fearful and foreboding to those who could read them, but such were few. Neither had these men any immediate and direct con-



nection with the romantic school. Before the leaders of that school stood prominently forward to direct the public mind, the first fearful shock of the French revolution had already passed, and with it the first mad intoxication that had seized so many poetic brains in Germany as well as England; a violent collision had taken place between France and Germany; and things had been enacted in Frankfurt by the disciples of French liberty, calculated for any thing rather than to gather the young poets of Germany under the banner of the tri-coloured republic.

We shall not therefore be surprised to find that, as in England, the leaders of the Lake school, however they might begin, all ended in the quiet repose of absolutism, so in Germany, (where, from the vicinity of France, the re-action was naturally much stronger,) the preachers of poetical romance were at the same time zealous apostles of political absolutism. Not that they all began with literary Toryism any more than Coleridge or Southey with us. Some of them (Görres, for instance) were one day burning republicans; but the manhood of most, and the old age of all, was made up of most steady and consistent conservatism.\* We say *consistent*, because, unlike the Protestant conservatives of the present day and of our own country, the Germans of that time made an unqualified protest against the whole system of modern movement from Martin Luther to this present hour, and while they looked on the Emperor as by the grace of the Pope the only legitimate head of the state, so they also acknowledged the Pope as by the grace of God the only legitimate head of the church.

A mind like that of Frederick Schlegel was not made to trifle with principles; and half measures, whether in poetry, in philosophy, or in politics, could not satisfy him. What an earnest, restless, wrestling, truth-seeking soul was his! How many mutations of thought (an epitome of philosophical and religious history) did his single mind work itself through! And yet what did he arrive at, what conclusion did he reach, with all his striving and with all his restlessness? Was his spiritual metamorphosis that from grub to grub, or did he ever emerge as the perfect butterfly? These are questions which cannot be answered, for, as we have often been told, he ended his life and his writings with a "*but*;" and, as to the Catholicism in which he at last found shelter, or rather fortified himself with most gigantic learning against the blasts of change, what was it—as some one beautifully said—but a throwing himself in despair upon the milkless breasts of his dead mother? The truth of the matter is, that the mind of Frederick

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\* To this rule, however, Uhland himself forms an honourable exception. The patriotic impulse of 1813 has, as we shall presently see, ripened in him to a healthy practical activity in the cause of liberty.

Schlegel was too deeply shaken by the spiritual agitation of the age in which he lived ever to recover its proper poise and balance. It was not given to every one to come out of that ordeal unscathed. The man who seriously proposed to bring back the palmy days of Gregory, Innocent, and Boniface, with all their orthodox appendages of priestly despotism and rustic serfage, must have been, to all practical purposes, neither more nor less than mad. But Frederick Schlegel was certainly one of the most honest, earnest, zealous, laborious apostles of the Romantic school, and therefore he must be mentioned here with due honour. He laid the foundation of that temple; his hands hewed many gigantic blocks from the living rock with which the mystic edifice was afterwards closely compacted. Round the fairy region of romance he erected an iron wall, and drew a double circumvallation of philosophic inquiry and historic research. "*Molliter ossa quiescant!*" As to his brother, August Wilhelm, we agree with Heine, that it does not appear certain whether he ever was serious in his advocacy of romance; and as to what he now is, according to all the testimonies that have recently reached us, we only know that he is a most inimitable coxcomb.

Frederick Schlegel was, as we have said, that one of the Romantic school, whose mind seems to have been most deeply shaken by the spiritual fermentation of the age, and in whom the consequent re-action was most strongly and most consistently developed. A spirit of the same brotherhood, not less earnest or less consistent, but more solemn, more self-sustained, more quietly stable, was Novalis. This man was the holy temple of middle-age mysticism, rising up strangely amid the bustle and strife of this modern time. We have been much struck with a peculiar feature in this man's mind, and mention it here particularly with reference to some of the Swabian poets; he seems absolutely in love with death. This trick Uhland, as we shall see below, seems to have borrowed from him; somewhat affectedly, however, we must say, for Uhland can be cheerful enough except when he enters a nunnery; he can smile without always looking like an amiable young lady in a consumption; and he sometimes frisks like a lamb. Kerner again has taken up the whole black mantle of Novalis, and enveiled himself with it; but he is a most unworthy wearer. That strange peculiarity of feeling which manifested itself in the one as a most sublime disease, (for there may be sublimity even in disease,) shows itself here as a most silly sickness. The seer-like eye which looked forth from the solemn chambers of thought, while the rapt tongue sang "*Hymns to the Night*," is no longer visible. A sorrowful youth (consumptive or perhaps only dyspeptic) walks forth into the gloomy groves to

hold converse with a nightingale, whom he vainly imagines to be as sorrowful as himself, and, having nothing better to do, he pens most tearful verses in which the world is told that every deal board is a coffin, and every saw-pit a grave. Such a youth is Doctor Justinus Kerner.

It is not our intention, in these remarks, to characterize the individual poets of the Romantic school further than such characteristics bear upon the general theme, and tend to give us some idea of what sort of atmosphere we are breathing. Had our space permitted, we should nevertheless have stopt short to look upon Tieck, the only poet of European reputation that the school of German romance has produced. He is the very fairy hall of the romantic, where all that it possesses of beautiful and chivalrous, of tender and sportive, resides, with just enough of the dreadful behind to make an effective back-ground—a winter without, which makes the fire seem to blaze more merrily within. From this man Ludwig Uhland borrowed his smile; and with that, doubtless, the best part of romance.

But there is another element besides the romantic, which gives a peculiar tone to the poetry of the Swabian school,—the element of the patriotic and the political; and on this, also, we must be allowed to cast a hasty glance, before we can put our readers upon the proper position, from which this poetry, and indeed a great part of the living poetry of Germany, is to be viewed. The reader is aware, that the first blast of patriotism that wakened the sleeping soul of German poetry came from Klopstock; but this was merely the voice of one man, and of a solemn ode-builder, who, even had he not been so serious as we believe he was, could hardly have done without the theme. The patriotic spirit of the German *people* did not, however, awake till after the electric shock of the battle of Jena. The palsied old dotard of aristocratic soldiership fell with that stroke; the monopoly of stars and crosses that decked his vain breast was found to be of no avail against the bullets of Napoleon; an army of young hardy warriors was raised from the people, and with this army arose a new national enthusiasm, and a new national poetry.

The heart of every man that feels and acts with his kind must beat in proud sympathy with the great movement of the German people in 1813, commonly called the Liberation war. That was a movement of deep import, of pregnant consequence, to the political condition of all the Teutonic tribes; but it was a movement, perhaps, of yet deeper import, of more pregnant consequence, to the poetry of Germany. That uprising, indeed, was a living poem, which did more for the patriotism of the Germans

than the odes of a thousand Klopstocks, or the middle age dreaming of a thousand Schlegels could have effected. The venerable old "Master of the Beautiful" might, perhaps, not altogether understand it; a man may discourse most wisely on the metamorphosis of a primrose leaf, on the playful changes of light on a piece of Labrador spar, on the neat chiseling of an old Greek marble, and yet be deaf to the voice of the morally sublime. But there were many, very many (all the young vigorous spirits of the time), who did understand it; and amongst these was Ludwig Uhland.

This man felt, and practically acknowledged, the great truth, that mere versifying can hardly ever be made a separate occupation, without to a certain extent weakening and even frivolizing the character; and that there are certain great occasions in life when a poet can never hope to remain a mere poet, without giving up all claim to the character of a man; as it is told of a certain English lawyer, who, out of an exceeding love of justice, forbade a harmless wanderer to trespass upon his green fields, whose simple errand there was to visit his father's grave. The poet, as well as the lawyer, must be given up at times; for they exist for the sake of the man, not the man for the sake of them. Ludwig Uhland knew also very well—what the great Göthe did not know—that the attempt to build up a temple of art altogether insulated from the spirit of the age, altogether apart from religion and politics—from church and state, is vanity. He knew well that the artificial atmosphere of such a building could never be so strong, so bracing, so salubrious, as the natural air which common mortals breathe. He knew more than this: he knew that, do what we may, we can never remove ourselves altogether from the influence of those political institutions under which we grow up. Church and state are a common atmosphere in which all breathe, partly including, and partly intermingling with the particular atmosphere which poets, philosophers, and men of original minds never fail to create for themselves. Such were the views that possessed the breast of our young romancer,—such views made him a patriot in the war of 1813; and, since the constitutional changes effected by the treaty of Vienna, have made him a politician. He has been an active and useful member of the house of representatives in Wurtemberg, and has gained honourable civic laurels in co-operation with a man whose good sound stamina we have had frequent occasion to laud—Wolfgang Menzel. Possibly this political activity may have had an unfavourable influence upon his poetical powers; for we do not find that he has, of late years, been so fruitful as his early promise gave reason to expect. If so, Göthe was not

altogether in the wrong, in a certain oracular communication which he made to Eckermann\* regarding Uhland's poetical anni-

\* "Mark me," said Göthe, "the politician will swallow up the poet. To be a member of parliament, and live in daily excitement and irritation, is not fitted for the tender nature of a poet. His song will soon sound its last note; and that is certainly not a matter of indifference. Swabia has many men eloquent and intelligent enough to conduct public business, but it has only one poet like Uhland."—*Göthe's Gespräche mit Eckermann*, vol. i. p. 358.

We add here Heine's remarks on the same subject. After complaining of the great change that had come over the spirit of his own dream, and lamenting that he is now no longer able to sympathize with the romantic spirit of Uhland's ballads, Heine proceeds:—"And perhaps Uhland himself has fared little better than I. His own feelings must have undergone no small change since that period (1815). With very few exceptions, he has written nothing for twenty years. I cannot bring myself to believe that this proceeds from a natural barrenness of poetic feeling. I rather explain the silence of his muse by the contradiction in which it has found itself with the more pressing claims of his political situation. The elegiac poet, who sung so beautifully the glories of the ancient catholico-feudalistic ages, the Ossian of the middle ages, has now become a member of the Wurtemberg Chambers, and has distinguished himself as a bold advocate of civil equality and freedom of thought. That the poet is sincere in all that he has done for the public, the great sacrifices he has made in its service leave no room to doubt. He has well deserved the civic crown that has taken the place of his poetic laurel. But this honest enthusiasm for the modern movement could not co-exist with an unabated reverence for the middle ages; and as his Pegasus was only a trim chivalrous steed, that trotted pleasantly through the region of the past, but stumbled upon the vulgar roads of modern time, Ludwig Uhland has seen proper, with a smile, to dismount, and lead his romantic beast into the stable. There the animal remains up to the present hour; and, like his colleague Baiardo, he possesses every possible virtue, and only one fault—he is dead.

But, sooth to say, sharper eyes than mine have not failed to remark, that Uhland's chivalrous horse, with its storied housings and blazonings, never at any time suited very well with the homely quality of its civic rider, who, instead of boots and gold spurs, wears only shoes and silk stockings, and, instead of a helm, carries only a lawyer's wig on his head. These critics pretend to have made the discovery, that Ludwig Uhland and his theme were at no time perfectly identical; they assert that the rough and wild, the naïve and natural tones of the middle ages, have not been revived by this poet, even in an ideal form, but that he has dissolved them into a sickly sentimental melancholy, that he has, so to speak, boiled down the strong stuff of the ancient popular poetry into a pleasant soup, for the weak taste of the modern public. And, indeed, when one views the ladies of Uhland's poetry a little more minutely, we find that they are only beautiful shadows, incarnate moonshine, milk in their veins, and in their eyes sweet tears; that is, tears without salt. In the same way, if we compare Uhland's knights with the sturdy old ancestors of Götz von Berlichingen, we cannot help thinking, how ridiculous soever the idea may appear, that they are mere lay-figures harnessed with polished tin, and stuffed within with rose-leaves, instead of blood and bones. Uhland's knights are far more tender than even the most tender and melting of the ancient troubadours, many of whom we know well, besides their great skill in harping, wore huge, unwieldy inexpressibles, and ate much, and drank more."—*Die Romantische Schule*, p. 306—309.

We have made this extract from Heine at full length, partly because it is sufficiently characteristic of the writer, but chiefly because (as will appear more fully below) we agree in a great measure with the substance of the remarks which it contains. We are glad to find that our view of the weak side of Uhland's poetry is not exclusively English; and Heine can the less be suspected of saying any thing malicious on the present occasion, as he speaks of Uhland generally with the greatest kindness and affection. Indeed, we must repeat here what we said of Heine in the beginning of this article,—with all his faults, he is a kind, honest soul; and though he sometimes

hilation. But, sooth to say, we are not sorry that the romancer has chosen to be silent. In his very best poems, there is a tone to our British taste not altogether healthy,—at least a certain manner—a certain assumption of, and absorption in, middle-age feeling,—which, in a man who lives in the present age, with his eyes open, is surely, to say the least of it, not very natural.

In our own country, indeed, Wordsworth has created a little world of observation and speculation for himself; but Wordsworth is not, like Uhland, a member of parliament; and besides, his poetry, though very peculiar and very narrow in its sphere, is a poetry in every respect *in* and *of* the present; and so far as the poet himself is concerned, in every respect most actual, real, and natural. But that sort of moonlight Catholicism and sanctified chivalry in which Uhland deals is and can be natural nowhere save in the head of a modern German romancer.

This plea, however, Uhland, whose spirit has been so strongly carried along with the great political movement of these latter days, is not in a condition *now* to urge. If he continues to write the same sort of poetry now that he might naturally have written, and did, we hope, quite *honestly* and *naturally* write, when Frederick Schlegel was dictator, he becomes a decided mannerist; he loses all truth; he lives in a state of habitual self-contradiction. Even the Germans, who tolerate all absurdities, will not understand to what *æsthetical* purpose this saintly glory is allowed to mix its pale hues with the vigorous green of the civic crown. There remains, therefore, only this dilemma for him—either he must seek for a new inspiration, or he must give up poetry altogether. In the early part of the modern era, he seemed inclined to follow the former course; and he has written several "*Freiheitslieder*," which are kindly cherished by the most song-loving people of Europe, along with the more stirring strains of Arndt and Körner.

But Uhland has not succeeded in creating any new patriotic poetry, that can take up an honourable and independent position beside his own ballads and romances. He has, therefore, been obliged latterly to preserve a comparative silence; and there is little hope now that he will ever become a very voluminous writer. Indeed, he is altogether wanting in that luxuriance, grasp, and energy of mind, which are indispensably requisite to create a new literature to his country. Wolfgang Menzel is a more hopeful subject; and there is one who might do more than

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trifles too much with right and wrong, yet we believe that he is, at bottom, a sincere lover of truth; and what he feels and knows to be true, that he speaks out with a most downright, uncompromising recklessness. We hope that he will yet bear good fruit.

both, if he only knew what his talents are worth. But Henry Heine has housed himself in Paris, which, in spiritual affairs, is at present one great madhouse; and he has recklessly laid aside the old Greek motto, without which no man can hope to prosper — *Δεινός ὡς θεοῦ σέβει*. Let him reverence the gods, and not kick against the pricks; and Germany may yet mention his name with honour.

Out of such elements, partly modern-patriotic, but chiefly middle-age romantic, has the poetry of Uhland, and his brother minstrels, been developed. We hope we have not appeared too discursive in this sketch. Uhland is unintelligible, and, to a foreigner at least, very insignificant, when viewed apart from the school of which he is the offspring. Besides, an Englishman, who in all mystical matters is a profane person, requires to breathe for a few minutes the foreign atmosphere, before he can understand either the sense or the nonsense of a German poet. There are no railroads in this region. Romantic ideas will not allow themselves to be moved like so many men upon a chess-board. With this understanding, we may now proceed to a more particular review of Uhland's poems, earnestly requesting every individual, who may honour this article with a passing glance, not to attempt to square every thing we either have said, or may say, with an English yard-measure. There are clouds in German literature which were never intended to be touched.

The first part of these poems consists of what are called "*Lieder*;" though the greater part of them might more properly be termed "flittings of feeling" than "songs" in the proper sense of the word. There are also not a few small conceits scattered through them, such as the poetic reader has often plucked in Herrick's *Hesperides*, or other such flowery garden of old English verse. We do not, however, intend by this comparison to put Uhland upon a par with the sterling old Englishman; if he were ten times Uhland, he is but a German, and would want the sound, healthy stuff of which an Englishman is composed. The best that can be said of Uhland is that his feeling is always pure and amiable, even when it is not altogether sound; wit he has none, and humour very little; his fancy is any thing but luxuriant; and we often miss that weight and manly dignity of thought which is so necessary to sustain and relieve a mere effusion of amiable feeling. What we most complain of in Uhland's lyrics, as in those of many other Germans, is a want of body and solidity. His ideas come across him as light and unsubstantial, but not seldom also as beautiful, as a summer-cloud: they have scarcely gratified the beholder's eye with the appearance of some nascent shape, when they flit away into nothing. They owe their

significancy, the momentary attention which the wandering eye bestows on them, neither to substance, size, nor shape, but sheerly to the ethereal beauty with which they are instinct, the sunny cheerfulness in which they are embosomed. But a voice, a smile, a sigh, a mere breath of sentiment, is not a poem; and for this reason we must say of many of these German "*Lieder*," that we value them not so much because they are poems, as because they are fitting thoughts of a poet. If that poet were not a most amiable and virtuous man, these poems would fail to charm us.

But we must here make one observation in justification of the Germans, and it is one to which the charitable critic will, we have no doubt, be willing to allow all due weight. In Germany every thing connected with feeling and sentiment, every thing comprehended under that most untranslatable word—*Gemüth*—plays a much more distinguished part than among us. There is a kindliness, a warmth, an openness, a simplicity of soul about these Germans, of which we in this hard, practical, mercantile, money-making island have no conception. We have known some of them—long-headed, thinking men too—who were very children in the frankness of their natures; bushy-bearded men, and yet gentle withal, overflowing with love, redundant in affection, ready to throw themselves into every honest Christian's arms. These men have a poetry of their own, a poetry of pure child-like feeling and fondness of heart, which it were unjust to measure by canons of purely British criticism. We must not quarrel with an honest Deutscher's "*Gemüth*," because, when we laugh, he loves; and when we caricature, he weeps. Humour and sentiment, it is true, often run into one another; but it is not less true that they are oftentimes deadly enemies. Things may unite in the mind of a Shakspeare or a Richter, that in the common models of creation annihilate one another, like fire and water. There is no more fatal foe to all fine feeling than your vulgar humorist. And thus it is with the Englishman and the German. The one acts, and laughs, and caricatures; the other thinks, and weeps, and sentimentalizes. Perhaps we have chosen the better part; we are the more healthy natures. Hogarth is more than a match for Werther. But let us rejoice with trembling; let us judge charitably. Humour is good; but it is not the best. Reverence for the holy, and love for the beautiful, are the highest capacities of man. If we lose these, we lose our immortal gem. Thus far we are willing, on the eternal principles of human nature, to redeem from vulgar scorn the mysteries of that much-bespoken German "*Gemüth*." But we must also be allowed to say without disguise, that there is in these poems of Uhland's a certain air of weak



consumptiveness, which we do not relish. There is not a little childish trifling, decking-out of pretty nothings, sheer shilly-shally, unadulterated *namby-pamby*. As Heine says of Tieck, so we are too often obliged to say of Uhland—if there is any strength in these poems, they are only strong when contrasted with the very weak tea which it is the fashion to drink in the literary soirées of Germany. Happily we are not singular in this opinion. Göthe, in a letter to Zelter, which has excited much bickering in Germany, expresses himself as follows.\*

"I have got a strange sample of our modern German poets—"*Gedichte von Gustav Pfitzer*." This Pfitzer is not without talent, and seems moreover an amiable man. But such a miserable feeling of weakness came over me as I read, that I was obliged to throw down the book. In these times, when cholera is abroad, such depressing influences are to be avoided. The work is dedicated to *Uhland*, and from the region in which this poet dwells, there is little hope that any thing strong or invigorating will proceed. I do not blame the book, but I shall not look into it a second time. One trick of these gentlemen is most deserving of notice; they throw around them a certain ethico-religious-poetical beggar's mantle, with such wonderful dexterity, that, even when their elbow looks out beneath it, this is considered as a poetical beauty. I shall send it you in my next parcel, and shall rejoice that it is out of the house.†

"Weimar, 4 October, 1831."

The opinion of the easy octogenarian on this subject must doubtless be taken with some grains of allowance. His indefatigable studies of Greek cameos and intermaxillary bones, and Newtonian optics, left him in his latter years very little room for any sort of sentiment, much less of religious, of which he was never peculiarly susceptible; but he, too, had written some good songs, and told some classic ballads in his day; and when he gave Zelter his opinion of Uhland and his school, there is no doubt he knew very well what he was talking of. He complains of a want of nerve and vigour—something to stimulate, stir, and strengthen the faculties; and to show how just his complaint is, we shall give a sample. Where, for instance, shall we find a poetic flower more tenderly glistening with the dew of pious tears, more delicately belit with sentimental moonshine, than the following?

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\* Zelter's Briefwechsel, vol. vi. p. 305.

† The poet who gave occasion to these remarks—Gustav Pfitzer—is a distinguished member of what is commonly called the Swabian School—He has been omitted in the present article because he has little of the romance element in him, and belongs more to Schiller than to Tieck.—We have no wish to class poets *geographically*.

## THE NUN.

In the silent cloister-garden,  
Beneath the pale moon-shine,  
There walked a lovely maiden,  
And tears were in her eyne.  
Now God be praised, my loved one  
Is with the blest above!  
Now man is changed to angel,  
And angels I may love.  
She stood before the altar  
Of Mary, mother mild,  
And on the holy maiden  
The holy Virgin smiled.  
Upon her knees she worshipped  
And prayed before the shrine,  
And heavenward looked—till Death came  
And closed her weary eyne.

If Guido Reni, or some Roman Catholic artist in the prime days of painting, had tricked up such a pretty pious picture as this with all the blandishments of light, shade, and colour, it might have passed; but in naked verse, and in these stern Protestant times, when nunneries are not so fashionable even in Catholic countries as they once were, such moon-light tinting is apt to appear sickly; and, what is worse, affected. It is well for Ludwig Uhland's reputation that he sometimes dips his brush in stonger and more healthy colours. Like his friend Justinus Kerner, of whom we shall speak anon, he deals too much in tears; but there is a sunshine behind them that charms away their sadness, and sometimes paints a rainbow upon their darkest showers. It is true also that there is something too much of the nun in most of his fair ones; but he sports and frisks so wantonly at times that we can hardly believe him in earnest. The man, we sometimes think, might have been a perfect Anacreon, had not the romantic atmosphere, which infected all Germany during his early years, tinged his poetic blossoms with a sort of meek primrose yellow. If we wrong him herein, he is too kind not to forgive us. Meanwhile we may add a specimen or two of his "Lieder."

## THE POPPY.

Lo! where by west winds cradled  
The sleepy blossom shines,  
The flower that round the temples  
Of dreamy Morpheus twines.  
Now purple like the sun's blush,  
In evening glory brief,  
Now pale as if the Moon's beam  
Were slumbering on its leaf.

I heard them say, and warn me  
 That who beneath it sleep,  
 Sink to the nether regions  
 Of heavy dreams and deep;  
 And when the dream hath left them,  
 In trance they still remain,  
 And all that near and dear be  
 Now strike their sense in vain.

When life was in its morning  
 I lay, sooth is my tale,  
 Amid a bed of flowers rich  
 Within a lovely vale.  
 So sweet they were, so fragrant,  
 That to my sense did seem  
 All living things a picture,  
 All real things a dream.  
 And since that hour my sleeping  
 A wakeful bliss I deem —  
 The only life my picture,  
 The only truth my dream.  
 The fancies that mine eye sees,  
 As stars so bright be they;  
 O flower of poets, bloom thou  
 Amid my locks alway!

The sternest critic will not deny a certain delicate flower-like beauty to this *poemetto*. There is also (in the original at least) a certain simplicity and neatness in the phrase, which suits well with so gentle a theme. Take another specimen of a very simple feeling, very simply expressed.

TO —.

Upon a mountain's summit  
 There might I with thee stand,  
 And o'er the tufted forest,  
 Look down upon the land;  
 There might my finger show thee  
 The world in vernal shine,  
 And say if all mine own were  
 That all were mine and thine.  
 Into my bosom's deepness  
 O could thine eye but see  
 Where all the songs are sleeping  
 That God e'er gave to me!  
 There would thine eye perceive it  
 If aught of good be mine,  
 Although I may not name thee  
 That aught of good is thine.

What is this, gentle reader? — a trifle doubtless, a very trifle.

The bard might have literally said—"nos hæc novimus esse *nihil*," but then there is good feeling, and simplicity, and truth, and nature in it; and such is the might of these things that without them some sublime concoctor of epics shall make the battle of Armageddon be fought before our eyes, and Death on his pale horse stalk over us, and yet we shall remain unmoved. Here again is a spring song that has neither cuckoos nor zephyrs—a mere breathing, and yet it is true.

SPRING.

Sweet golden Spring, what bliss with thine,  
What beauty may compare!  
I might indite a song to thee,  
Thou art so passing fair.

But though all men were born to work,  
Why should I work to day?  
Spring is the Sabbath of the world  
Let me then rest and pray!

We have said that Uhland sometimes favours us with a conceit, and a small piece of pleasantry in verse. He has certainly more humour than he who, with such profound gravity, sung the pious ass grinning at the penitent potter, and the penitent potter grinning at the pious ass, but not much more. Here is a small hit at the critics, a set of men who have at no time been much in favour with the poets, much less with those of the Romantic school.

VERNAL CONTEMPLATION FOR A CRITIC.

Deem it not strange to see me here,  
Amid the rambles, young and old:  
In spring-time one may walk abroad,  
Without the fear of catching cold.

The green grass grows, the young bud blows,  
The storks, the swallows, come anon,  
I wend me homewards, and admire  
The works of Nature in Buffon.

The lark too sings—and Philomele!  
Her piteous tones might melt the whinstone.  
I think on Ovid's classic tales,  
And on the plaintive odes of Shenstone.

And though no desk before me lies,  
No pens, no learned papers stock it,  
I have got Burke on the Sublime,  
And Thomson's Seasons, in my pocket.

Here is a conceit :—

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

In trance of love  
I swooned away ;  
Within her arms  
I buried lay.  
She waked me gently  
With a kiss ;  
Her eyes revealed  
My heaven of bliss.

And here a small pleasantry :—

HE AND SHE.

*She.*

Take heed how thou dost eye me thus,  
Wherever thou dost find me ;  
The sight, unless thou spare thine eyes,  
With too much light may blind thee.

*He.*

Had'st thou not often looked about,  
How could'st thou chance espy me ?  
Thy neck, unless thou use it well,  
With turning round may wry be.

The purity and delicacy of feeling, the simplicity and nature of expression, characteristic of some of the above poems, at once recall to our mind the poetry of the Provençal Troubadours, and yet more of the Swabian Minnesingers. A great part of Uhland's poetry may, indeed, be looked upon as a regeneration of the poetry of the Minnesingers, and in this consists as well its peculiar excellency as its peculiar weakness : its excellency as an imitation of the past ; its weakness in so far as it is not a healthy product of the present. The heroic valour of Taillefer, the martial impetuosity of Bertran de Born, the romantic love-longings of Geoffrey Rudello, are all here restored to a poetic life, but chiefly the latter ; for, as we have said, tenderness and delicacy characterize the genius of Uhland. It is the lovely only and the feminine of the middle ages that he has an eye for ; its rugged strength, its burning, devastating fire, he either knew not, or, knowing, had not firmness to look upon. But this narrowness of view rendered him only the more fit to feel entirely that one element of the romantic poetry which he felt a peculiar vocation to venerate ; had his genius been as broad, as masculine, and as comprehensive as Scott's, we should never perhaps have seen such delicate gems as the following :

## THE STUDENT.

As I erst at Salamanca,  
    Studious read old Homer's tale,  
In a cloister-garden early,  
    While sweet sang the nightingale ;  
Read how Helen came in beauty,  
    Came arrayed in rich attire,  
When on Priam's tower assembled,  
    Sate each ancient Trojan sire ;  
And so wondrous lovely seemed she,  
    That each bearded chief did say,  
' Soothly such surpassing beauty  
    Came not forth from human clay !'  
Thus I lay in studious musing,  
    What had chanced I scarce might know,  
In the leaves I heard a rustling,  
    Quick I turned me round, when, lo !  
On the neighbouring balcony,  
    Wondrous vision I did see,  
One as fair as Trojan Helen,  
    And as richly clad as she ;  
And a graybeard was beside her,  
    And so kindly he did prate,  
I might swear he was a Trojan,  
    Sitting by the Scæan gate.  
And myself was an Achaian  
    Ever since that blessed day,  
'Fore the garden-fort of beauty,  
    Thus in close besiege I lay.  
And in simple phrase to say it,  
    Many summer evenings long,  
Came I there to breathe my passion,  
    Came with lute and came with song ;  
Sang in many a gentle ditty,  
    Sang in many a tuneful sigh,  
Till at last from lofty lattice,  
    Sweet came down the soft reply.  
Thus for six fleet months conversed we,  
    Spake in song, in song replied ;  
Had her guardian's ears been open,  
    Even this had been denied.  
Oft from sleepless pillow rose he,  
    Full of fancies, full of fears,  
Deaf he might not hear our harping,  
    More than music of the spheres.  
But one night—the night was stormy,  
    Dark and starless was the sky,  
To my music's wonted question,  
    Sweet came down no soft reply.

Only one old toothless lady  
 Heard my moanings plain'd around ;  
 Echo only, ancient lady,  
 Threw them back with sullen sound.  
 Whom I loved was gone and vanish'd ;  
 In the parlour, in the hall,  
 In the garden, in the meadow,  
 All was silent, desert all.  
 Ah ! and never had I learn'd it,  
 Where her home, what her degree ;  
 Often, often, had I asked it,  
 But she never told it me.  
 Vow'd I then to go and seek her,  
 Seek her far and seek her near ;  
 Boots it not to read in Homer,  
 When Ulysses' self is here.  
 And before each high balcony,  
 In minstrel's guise I touched my lute,  
 And beneath no lofty lattice  
 Was my voice of singing mute :  
 And in field and city sing I,  
 Plain I forth each tuneful sigh,  
 Sing again each gentle ditty,  
 Sung so oft when she was nigh.  
 But in vain are my lamentings,  
 Are my moanings plain'd around,  
 Echo only, ancient lady,  
 Answers me with sullen sound.

## DURAND.

To the castle high of Balbi  
 Durand hies, the harper hieth,  
 With sweet songs his bosom swelling,  
 To his merry goal he nigheth.  
 There will a noble maid, and lovely,  
 Whom his witching tone intrances,  
 Softly breathing, inly glowing,  
 Soft look down to meet his glances.  
 Beneath the lime-trees' shade already,  
 With tender touch the harper playeth,  
 And his well-known voice full-throated,  
 What it sweetest knows essayeth.  
 From the window, the balcony,  
 Sees he bright-eyed flowrets bending,  
 But the mistress of his music  
 Sees he not kind glances sending.  
 And a solemn man there passes,  
 And he says, with eyes of weeping,  
 ' Of the dead the rest disturb not,  
 Lady Blanca thine is sleeping.'

But Durand, the youthful harper,  
Not one word his tongue hath spoken,  
Ah ! his eye is closed for ever,  
Ah ! his heart, his heart is broken !—  
—In the castle's lonely chapel,  
Mid unnumbered torches burning,  
There the Lady Blanca sleepeth,  
Wreath on wreath her corpse adorning.  
Sudden the throngs around her wailing  
Fear at once, and joy surpriseth,  
From her bed of breathless slumber,  
Calm the Lady Blanca riseth ;  
From the sleep that bears death's semblance,  
And the hidden life entranceth,  
Like a bride arrayed in beauty,  
From her death-couch she advanceth.  
And of what had chanced unweeting  
To her flying dreams still clinging,  
Asks she with a tender sweetness,  
' Heard I not my Durand singing ?'  
Yes, thy Durand hath been singing,  
But no more his sweet voice singeth,  
From the dead his music brought thee ;  
Him to life no music bringeth.  
In the land of sainted glory,  
Wide Elysium vainly ranging  
Whom he weens there gone before him,  
Seeks he out with love unchanging.  
Through the boundless realms of ether,  
Is his restless spirit driven,  
Blanca ! Blanca ! calls he longing,  
Through the desert bliss of heaven.

It is to these ballads, considered as pure and classical revivals, both in form and matter, of the poetry of the Troubadours, that Uhland owes any lasting fame that he may possess. The reader will observe, that the trochaic measure in which these poems are written (very uncommon in English), was very common in the poetry of the South, and peculiarly characteristic of that of Spain. Uhland has also borrowed another rhythmical peculiarity from the Spaniards ; he occasionally, even through long poems, uses assonances instead of rhyme. The following short sketch may serve as an example :

THE VICTOR.

To behold the gay tourney,  
Lords and ladies sate in order :  
These were the unvalued leaves,  
My fair princess was the blossom.



Boldly looked mine eyes to her's,  
 Like the eagle sunward soaring :  
 How the glow upon my cheek  
 Seemed to burn my vizer thorough !  
 How the bold pulse of my heart  
 Broke the fetters of my corselet !  
 How the soft sheen of her eyne,  
 Was in me a fire fierce-glowing !  
 How the mild breath of her speech,  
 Was in me a whirlwind roaring !  
 She a lovely April day,  
 I November, wild and stormy—  
 Like a tempest rushed I on,  
 Thundering victory before me !”

The following little allegoric ballad strikes us as peculiarly beautiful ; a flower worthy of Wordsworth, save that it is dropt from fairy land, whereas the British poet seldom goes beyond his own dales, and collects his prettiest blooms from the springs of Dove, or the banks of Esthwaite lake.

#### THE WREATH.

There went a maid and plucked the flowers  
 That grew upon the sunny lea ;  
 A lady from the greenwood came,  
 Most beautiful to see !

Unto the maid she friendly came,  
 And in her hand a wreath she bore—  
 ‘ It blooms not now, but soon will bloom,  
 O wear it evermore !’

And as this maid in beauty grew,  
 And walked the mellow moon beneath,  
 And weeped young tears so tender, sweet,  
 Began to bud the wreath.

And when the maid in beauty grown,  
 Clasp'd in her arms the glad bridegroom,  
 Forth from the bud's unfolded cup  
 There blush'd a joyous bloom.

And when a playsome child she rocked,  
 Her tender mother-arms between,  
 Amid the spreading leafy crown,  
 A golden fruit was seen.

And when was sunk in death and night  
 The heart a wife had held most dear,  
 Then shook amid her shaken locks  
 A yellow leaf and sear.

Soon lay she too in blenched death,  
And still this dear-loved wreath she wore,  
Then bore the wreath—this wond'rous wreath,  
Both fruit and bloom it bore."

This is lovely. The following piece, though a mere fitting of feeling, is pure and simple, and not to be despised.

DREAM, OR REALITY?

I slept beside the public way,  
On bloomy slope and airy :  
Dream came and wafted me away  
To golden land of Fairy.  
I woke, mine eye was drunk with joy,  
Like one dropt from the sky ;  
I looked around, and with his harp  
A minstrel I espy.  
I see him wend behind the wood,  
I hear his far notes roll :  
Was it then he whose music sang  
Sweet dreams into my soul ?"

But of this next poem, entitled "The Serenade," we can say nothing, except that it is a pretty piece of religioso-poetical affectation, and full of Uhlandic mannerism.

THE SERENADE.

What sounds so sweet awake me ?  
What fills me with delight ?  
O mother, look ! who sings thus  
So sweetly through the night ?  
I hear not, child, I see not,  
O sleep, thou, softly on !  
Comes now to serenade thee,  
Thou poor sick maiden, none !  
It is not earthly music,  
That fills me with delight ;  
I hear the angels call me,  
O mother dear, good night !

We may now ask the reader whether these examples (and they are fairly selected) while they do certainly indicate an extraordinary delicacy and elegance of genius, do not at the same time fully justify the criticism which Göthe and ourselves have made on the general character of Uhland's poetry ? Is there not a very palpable want of strength, manliness, and substance ? Among the several scores of ballads which the volume before us contains,

we have only found one which has something of a more solemn and manly, we cannot even here say vigorous or energetic, character. Here it is!

THE DYING HEROES.

The Danish swords drive back the Swedish host  
To the sea coast:  
Far roll their cars, their flying spear-heads gleam  
In the moon's beam.  
There, on the bloody field, two heroes lay,  
The youthful Sweyn, and Ulf the warrior grey.

*Sweyn.*

O father! Norna hath cut short my time,  
In its chief prime!  
No mother now may smooth my locky brow,  
In death laid low.  
And she who sang to me so sweet a strain,  
Looks from her turret high, but looks in vain.

*Ulf.*

They will lament, and see us with affright  
In dreams of night;  
But soon, full soon, will find their faithful grief  
In death relief.  
Then will the maid, the fair-hair'd, give to thee  
The cup of joy 'mid Odin's revelry.

*Sweyn.*

I had begun a festal song to sing  
To the harp's string,  
Of kings and heroes in times distant far,  
Of love and war.  
But now my harp hangs desolate, and moans  
The wild wind through its strings with mournful tones.

*Ulf.*

High where the sun shines stands Allfather's dome,  
The heroes' home;  
Beneath it roll the stars, and the storms blow  
Far, far below.  
There feast we with our sires, there may'st thou sing  
A song wherewith Walhalla's vaults may ring.

*Sweyn.*

O father! Norna hath cut short my time  
In its chief prime!  
Yet shines no worthy deed by flood or field  
Upon my shield.  
Twelve judges sit, and say with doom severe,  
'Let none in story nameless enter here.'

*Ulf.*

Fear not! one deed there is that all outweighs—  
They know thy praise—  
That is, to 'fend his fatherland from scaith,  
A hero's death.  
Behold! they flee, they flee! the sky is bright!  
The welkin opes, and thither is our flight!

Here we have simplicity without simpering, and sublimity wedded in calm repose to the beautiful.

But before we part from these ballads we must be allowed to give one other specimen of that peculiar mannerism which Uhland's one-sided imitation of one side of the middle ages has led him into.

## THE DOLEFUL TOURNAMENT.

There pricked seven knights across the plain,  
With shield and spear they went;  
The love of the king's daughter to gain  
In gallant tournament.

And when they saw the castle wall,  
A bell struck on their ear;  
And when they came to the castle hall,  
Seven torches were burning clear.

And there the lovely Adelaide  
Lay outstretched on her bier;  
And the king sate weeping at her head  
Full many a bitter tear.

Then out spake haughty Degenworth,  
'A thankless task,' he said,  
'That I my trusty steed should girth,  
To fight for a maid that is dead!'

'Thou lov'd'st not lady Adelaide,'  
Quoth young Childe Adelbert;  
'To fight for her, though she be dead,  
Is less than her desert.'

Earl Walther spake, 'To me give heed,  
Let every one to horse!  
It scarce may be a blessed deed  
To fight for a lifeless corpse.'

Quoth Adelbert, 'Though she be dead,  
Earth has no fairer thing;  
She wears a wreath of roses red,  
And eke a golden ring!'

They rode out to the field straightway,  
 They fought with might and main,  
 From noon to eve, until there lay  
 Six dead upon the plain.

The seventh was Adelbert. He stood  
 Victorious over all ;  
 And came in sad and thoughtful mood  
 Into the old king's hall.

He took the wreath of roses red,  
 He took the golden ring ;  
 He fell beside fair Adelaide,  
 A cold and lifeless thing.

The king was robed in black—he bade  
 A doleful bell to sound ;  
 And six free Rittersmen were laid  
 All in the clay cold ground.

The seventh was Adelbert. He slept  
 With Adelaide the fair,  
 And many a tear the king has wept  
 Upon their grassy lair.

This is indeed a doleful tale ! That Geoffrey Rudello should have fallen violently in love with the Countess of Tripoli without having ever seen her, and that, after a long voyage undertaken for the sole purpose of enjoying her love, he should have died with excess of delight on catching the first glimpse of her beauty, seems to us, in this prudent age, sufficiently strange ; but that seven living knights should have fought seven hours by Shrewsbury clock for a dead virgin, whose chief beauty was that

“ She wears a wreath of roses red,  
 And eke a golden ring ! ”

this, indeed, is incredible ! If such themes are to be handled, give me Ariosto or Berni, but save me from the solemn gravity of a sentimental German, who is ready to worship a doll, or the ghost of a doll, if it has only a tear painted in its eye !

We have said above that Uhland is blessed with a little, though not with a very exuberant, overflow of humour. No romantic poet should be without it. It is this that is the salvation of Tieck, as it is the want of it that is the damnation of Frederick Schlegel. It is but justice to Uhland to say that he sometimes displays a capacity for the ludicrous side of romance, which should have kept him altogether out of such a dolorous region as that of “ The Doleful Tournament.” Justinus Kerner paints such grave and coffin pieces by the dozen ; and as we do not intend to fatigue our readers with any specimens of his tearful muse, this of Uhland's

may serve as a perfectly honest surrogate. But we should not have expected such a dolorous piece of painting from the pencil which can throw such a sunny laughing hue over its pictures as in the following :—

ROLAND, THE ARMOUR-BEARER.

I.

At Aachen with his merry lords  
Sate Charlemain full cheerly,  
With richest viands groaned the boards,  
The wine was flowing clearly ;  
Full many a golden goblet bright,  
The ruby and the emerald light,  
Within the hall was gleaming.

II.

Quoth Charles, ' In vain this flood of light,  
The gold, the jewels render,  
One gem renowned, surpassing bright,  
We want to crown our splendour ;  
That gem, more bright than is the sun,  
May from a giant's targe be won,  
That lives in Ardennes forest.'

III.

Richard, Naims, Heimon, and Garin,  
True knights, I wis, and stable,  
Milon and Archbishop Turpin,  
Rise sudden from the table ;  
They buckle on their mail, they girth  
Their steeds impatient, and ride forth  
To meet the doughty giant.

IV.

Young Roland, son of Milon, spake,  
' Deem ye too weak and pliant  
My youthful limbs, a spear to shake  
Against this doughty giant?  
Then let me follow at thy side  
When thou lay'st low the giant's pride,  
Thy trusty armour-bearer.'

V.

Full briskly rode the horsemen good  
To dark Ardennes together,  
But when they came unto the wood,  
There left they one another.  
Young Roland at his father's side,  
O how he bore the spear with pride,  
And eke the heavy buckler !

## VI.

By day, by night, in forest drear,  
 Before, behind, around them,  
 They sought the giant far and near,  
 Nor far nor near they found him.  
 The fourth day came, Duke Milon lay,  
 With travel faint, at bright noon-day,  
 Beneath an oak-tree sleeping.

## VII.

Young Roland looked, he saw a light  
 Far through the forest gleaming;  
 The startled wild beasts took to flight  
 Before its wondrous beaming.  
 He saw the stream of dazzling flame—  
 Right from a giant's targe it came,  
 Adown the slope descending.

## VIII.

Not Roland's cheek the blood forsook—  
 'What cause,' quoth he, 'for terror?  
 I need not wake my sire to look  
 Into a giant's mirror.  
 His trusty steed is waking near,  
 His good round targe, his sword, his spear,  
 His gallant armour-bearer.'

## IX.

His father's sword he girded on,  
 His lance he bore full lightly;  
 His father's shield he belted on;  
 I wis, he looked full knightly.  
 Thus rode he through the gloomy fir,  
 No word he spake, he made no stir,  
 Lest he might wake the sleeping.

## X.

And as he came still nigh and nigher  
 The giant laughed full loudly;  
 'Why rides my trusty little squire  
 On such a steed so proudly?  
 His sword his length may more than mete,  
 His spear will weigh him from his seat,  
 His shield to death will squeeze him!'

## XI.

'Thou bully giant, whoreson, soon  
 Thy tongue I'll teach thee fether!  
 And were my targe big as the moon  
 'Twould ward thy blows the better.  
 The man is weak, the horse is strong;  
 The arm is short, the sword is long;  
 They eke out one another.'

## XII.

The giant swung his club.—‘ This blow  
Will fell him sheer, I know well.’  
But Roland pricked aside, and so  
Upon the ground the blow fell.  
Then poised the youth his heavy lance,  
But from the shield of magic glance  
It came back on its master.

## XIII.

He drew his sword, its bright blade shone,  
And like a tempest comes he ;  
Hard tugged the giant at his own,  
For he was somewhat clumsy.  
Young Roland cut him such a slice,  
He hewed his hand off in a trice,—  
His magic shield came with it.

## XIV.

The giant’s face it grew full long,  
He knew the fight was over,  
Unless the gem that made him strong  
He managed to recover.  
He ran to seize the shield—but see !  
Young Roland pricks him on the knee,  
And down the hill he tumbles.

## XV.

Then with a stroke the grisly head  
He from his body severs,  
And with the head, the blood so red  
Came down like many rivers.  
Then broke he off the gem so bright,  
That filled the giant’s shield with light,  
And put it in his pocket.

## XVI.

Beneath a rock, rich topp’d with wood,  
A well was flowing clearly,  
He washed his hands from dust and blood,  
He wash’d his sword full cheerly ;  
Then pace by pace he traced the ground,  
Till on the spot his sire he found  
Where he had left him sleeping.

## XVII.

He laid him at his father’s side,  
Deep slumber soon o’ertook him,  
He slept till ruddy eventide,  
When Milon woke and shook him.  
‘ Come, wake thee, wake thee, noble son ;  
Sleep will we when our work is done,  
And when the giant slain is.



## XVIII.

They rise, and all the wood explore,  
 And right and left they wind them ;  
 Duke Milon boldly rode before  
 And Roland rode behind him.  
 Unto the spot they came amain,  
 Where by the hand of Roland slain,  
 The giant in his blood lay.

## XIX.

Young Roland looked, the giant's head,  
 His hand, no more were found there ;  
 'Tis strange, he thought, I know I laid  
 Them both upon the ground there.  
 No more I see his sword, his spear,  
 No more his shield, his corslet here,  
 His trunk alone lies bleeding.

## XX.

Duke Milon saw the trunk, quoth he,  
 The instant he beheld it,  
 ' This must have been a goodly tree  
 Before the lightning felled it.  
 It is the giant, sooth to say,  
 Mine honour I have slept away,  
 And ever must bewail it !

## XXI.

Before the palace-door one day  
 King Charlemain was sitting ;  
 ' What keeps my lordlings brave, they stay  
 Much longer than is fitting.  
 Yet, as I live, one cometh near,  
 'Tis Heimon, and upon his spear  
 The giant's head he beareth.'

## XXII.

Sir Heimon deep obeisance made,  
 Full sad and melancholy,  
 And at his liege-lord's feet he laid  
 The giant's head full lowly.  
 ' I found this head far in the wood,  
 And saw the huge trunk drenched in blood,  
 Some fifty paces further.'

## XXIII.

Next came the Archbishop Turpin,  
 (There scarce had passed a minute,)  
 And in his hand a glove was seen,  
 The giant's hand was in it.  
 ' I bring thee, sire, a relic rare,  
 The giant's hand with hide and hair ;  
 I bring it as I found it.'

XXIV.

Next came Duke Naims—his shoulders broad  
Upbore the giant's cudgel;  
From dark Ardennes with such a load  
I ween he did not trudge ill.  
In sooth, liege-lord, my work is hard,  
A glass of beer be my reward,  
A glass of good Bavarian!

XXV.

Count Richard came a-foot—his horse  
Came with its weary lord too,  
It bore the giant's heavy corse-  
let and his heavy sword too.  
'Whoso will seek within the wood,  
Shall find more armour strong and good,  
What I could bring I brought it.'

XXVI.

Next with the shield Graf Garin came,  
And in the distance waved it;  
'He has the shield, he has the gem,  
His happy hand has saved it!'—  
'Good sirs, 'tis true the shield is mine,  
But where the gem is may divine  
Some God, 'tis more than I can.'

XXVII.

Then in the distance came to view  
Milon, he rode full slowly;  
He hung his head as mourners do,  
He hung his head full lowly.  
Young Roland travelled at his side  
And bore his heavy spear with pride,  
And eke his heavy buckler.

XXVIII.

But when, where Charles a-waiting stood,  
With all his lords, they enter,  
Young Roland from the buckler screwed  
The boss that graced its centre;  
And in its stead the gem so bright  
He placed; it shed a flood of light  
Around, like very sun-beams.

XXIX.

And while the gem with magic blaze  
Upon the shield was burning,  
Quoth Charlemain, in glad amaze,  
Unto his lordlings turning:  
'My brave Duke Milon bears the bell,  
His hand hath slain the giant fell,  
His hand the gem hath taken.'

## XXX.

The duke had turn'd, and saw the light  
 That clearer shone and clearer,  
 'What may this mean, thou little wight,  
 Thou tricky armour-bearer?'  
 'Dear father, make me not to rue  
 That I the clumsy monster slew,  
 The while that you were sleeping!' "

In the following piece—an allegorical sketch of the rise, decline, and revival of German literature—there is also much ease, cheerfulness, and a faint blink of humour:—

## A TALE OF GERMAN POESY.

There was a lovely lady, the tale ye know full well,  
 That many a hundred year slept within a woody dell,  
 But how that lady hight was, I wot well, know not ye;  
 I only knew it lately—'tis 'German Poesy.'

Two mighty queens of Fairie the princely infant sought,  
 And to its smiling cradle rich birth-day gifts they brought;  
 The first she spake full smartly, 'Smile, infant, while thou may!  
 A speedy end I give thee, a spindle shall thee slay.'

The other spake full sweetly, 'Yes, smile and smile away!  
 The blessing that I give thee shall charm black Death away;  
 My blessing shall preserve thee in slumber sweet,' she spake,  
 'Till years four hundred pass, when a king's son shall thee wake.'

A stern command was publish'd both far and near that day,  
 And whoso disobeyed it with life his crime should pay;  
 The stern command was published to dames in house and hall,  
 To burn in public bonfire their spindles great and small.

The child grew strong and healthy, not nurtured fond was she  
 In gentle ladies' chambers where spindles use to be;  
 No! in the rosy gardens, in forests fresh and free,  
 With merry laughing playmates, there fresh and strong grew she.

And with her years advancing a lovely dame she grew,  
 With flowing golden ringlets and eyes of deepest blue;  
 Chaste was her every motion, her every word was true,  
 Each maiden handicraft well, save spindle-work, she knew.

Full many a haughty Ritter did to her train belong,  
 Heinrich von Ofterdingen and Wolfram, sons of song;  
 They went in iron and steel clad, with golden harps in hand;  
 Right happy was the princess that could such knights command.

To shield her stood they waiting in arms both night and day,  
 And sang to win her favour full many a rival lay;  
 They sang of gentle *Minne*, of battle's bold array—  
 They sang of knights and ladies, and of sweet bloomy May.

From ancient cities' ramparts the merry echo ran,  
The sons of plain and mountain a gleesome song began.  
The shepherd on the height sung, as mid the clouds he went,  
And from the miner's dark home a merry voice was sent.

One May-night when the starlets were shining bright and clear,  
And seemed to say, 'Fair lady, come up and meet us here,'  
The lady clomb the turret high, she clomb up all alone,  
Where in a narrow chamber a flickering light there shone.

There sat a grey-haired old dame, her wheel full loudly birred;  
The law against the spindles, I ween she ne'er had heard.  
The princess, who had never yet seen the spinning trade,  
Came in, and 'With permission, whom see I here?' she said.

'My name, since you must know, is Blue-Stocking Poesy,  
Beyond my study's thick walls did none me ever see;  
I have a blind old gib-cat that sits upon my knee,  
And helps to spin the threads of Blue-Stocking Poesy.

'Long, long didactic poems to heal your moral sores,  
And goodly hempen epics, I reel you off by scores;  
My cat has tragic mewing, my wheel has epic fire,  
And comedy my spindle plays to your heart's desire.'

'My spindle!' shook the princess, and pale grew at the name,  
She sprang away full deftly, the spindle after came;  
She fell upon the threshold—had ceased to birr the wheel,  
Behind her came the spindle and pricked her on the heel.

Alack! alack! to-morrow how many wail and weep!  
In vain they try to wake her from out her magic sleep;  
Around her couch are waiting her knights in dire distress,  
And gold and silver deck it, and roses numberless.

Thus slept the lovely princess yclad in rich array,  
Anon the knights around her in like deep slumber lay;  
The minstrels in their dreamings still touched their trembling lyres,  
Till in the castle's wide halls the last faint tone expires.

The grey-haired dame sat spinning within her chamber lone,  
With her the busy spiders kept spin and spinning on:  
Around the princely windows the tangled wild wood grew,  
And through the cloudy sky shone no spot of sunny blue.

Four hundred years passed over, the king's son brave and good,  
Came with his merry hunters a-hunting through the wood;  
'What is this ancient castle, what turrets do I see,  
That through the tufted forest rise strange and solemnly?'

Close by the road was standing an ancient spindleman:  
'List, great prince, while I warn thee, as warn thee best I can!  
Barbaric knights romantic, fell Anthropophagi,  
That castle lone inhabit, great prince, be warned by me!'

Not mickle recked the king's son the ancient spindleman,  
He and his merry hunters to hew their way began;

They passed the waiting drawbridge, the gate wide open lay,  
A stag sprang out and left them a free unhindered way.

The castle's spacious court was as wild as native wood,  
And on the fresh green trees sung the birds in merry mood;  
The huntsmen press them onwards, their heart is full of glee,  
Till through the bosky shade thick the pillared door they see.

Two giant-shapes lay sleeping beside that pillared door,  
They held their halberds crosswise the entrance wide before;  
Still fearless press them onwards the hunters one and all,  
And go with steady paces into the castle hall.

In lofty niches lying all rich yclad were seen,  
Full many lovely ladies, and minstrel-knights between;  
In solemn beauty sleeping, they moved nor hand nor head,  
Like statued forms that watch o'er the tombs of ancient dead.

And in the middle rose up a gold-embroidered lair,  
There rich yclad lay sleeping a virgin wondrous fair;  
With roses fresh and blooming that lovely maid was dight,  
And round her rosy cheeks played a tender rosy light.

Much marvelled the king's son if living she might be,  
And with a wistful kiss twice her rosy mouth pressed he;  
He felt it with rejoicing, her breath was sweet and warm,  
And tenderly she clasped him, yet sleeping, with her arm.

Her golden ringlets flowing from off her face she threw,  
And lifted, sweetly startled, her eyes of lovely blue;  
Straight in the niches rose up the knights and ladies all,  
The ancient songs awoke loud, and shook the princely hall.

A morning rich and golden hath brought us back the May,  
The prince hath led his daughter forth to the blithesome day;  
The ancient Minnesingers march solemnly along,  
Like spirit-shapes gigantic they sing their solemn song.

The valleys at the sound shake their drowsy dreams away,  
And wake in youthful bosom the spark that sleeping lay;  
'Blest be the morn,' they shout all, in merry jubilee,  
'That brought us back our long lost, our German Poesy!'

The ancient lady sitteth within her chamber lone,  
And through the roof the rain drops her hoary head upon;  
An apoplectic shock sad took all her strength away,  
May God to her be gracious until the judgment-day!"

We think we have now been sufficiently copious in our translations to give the English reader—so far as such an imperfect medium admits—a pretty correct idea of the general character and style of Uhland's poems. Perhaps some may be inclined to express surprise how works, by no means characterized by any peculiar originality of conception, or grasp of mind, should have attained such a wide-spread popularity as to have run through

ten editions in the course of twenty years. But these things are done in Germany, not in Britain; and besides, we must bear in mind that Uhland, besides being a pretty poet, is a man most universally beloved and respected, both as a private individual and as a public character.\* If Byron's poetry owed perhaps one half of its *vogue* to the circumstance that he was a lord, and (we speak it with all respect) somewhat of a wild character, shall we wonder that Ludwig Uhland's poems are more popular than they otherwise might have chanced to be, because he is a stanch patriot and a good man?

We have only further to mention that, besides lyric poems, Uhland has written two plays, the names of which will be found heading this article. With regard to them we shall say, in one word, that we agree entirely with the generally-expressed opinion, that they are complete failures. The genius of this gentle singer is very very undramatic. The pomp and spectacle of historic show have helped him on a little; coronations, conferences, and imperial knight-dubbings, are useful aids to a writer whose forte is not to give either energy to character or interest to action; but such a writer should never attempt the drama. Formal declamation is not impassioned speech; solemn show is one thing, scenic effect is another.

We shall now bring these remarks to a close, by shortly characterizing two poets who are generally classed with Uhland, and who seem to recognize him as their head, in the great work of reviving the lyric poetry of the middle ages. These two are Justinus Kerner and Gustav Schwab. The most *Uhlandic* of Uhland's followers is decidedly Justinus Kerner. This man has been much praised by a critic, for whose opinions we in general entertain no small respect; but in this case, we are sorry to say, that party feeling, and, what is worse, local partiality, seem to have led his strong manly judgment astray. Indeed it has always grieved us much, to think that a writer of such high powers as Wolfgang Menzel should, by standing forward continually as the champion of a party and a school, have narrowed and distorted

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\* We feel much pleasure in here transcribing Professor Wolfe's kind remarks on Uhland, from the *Athenæum*, May 30, 1835.—“ I could write of him through whole pages, and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction, for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never has a man been so universally beloved and revered in Germany; and I never read or heard his name mentioned without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection.” This is cheering; and we will add, that this is not the only passage of that admirable discourse on German literature, in which Professor Wolfe has shown a heart as kind as his head is clear. We must say, however, that his estimate of Uhland's *literary* merit goes far above any thing that an English taste will ever be willing to allow.

his views so much in some important matters of literary opinion. That he should have consistently followed up his vocation to beat down the idol of *Göthelatria*, before which he found his country in shameful prostration, was to be forgiven; but the fact that Göthe was an anti-romanticist, and Schiller a Swabian, should not have led him into a canonization of Tieck, much less into a foolish bepraising of such a puling Werther of romance as Justinus Kerner. But we are willing to make every allowance for the Stuttgart critic. The warfare of literature in Germany stands somewhat in the same situation as the political warfare of our own country. Impartiality is out of the question, where parties are judges in their own cause. We can see these matters much more clearly in England. We are Adam Smith's impartial spectator, and have moreover the peculiar advantage, that we do not look at any thing, (as people in Germany are wont to do,) not even at poetry, through a mist.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, in accordance with the spirit of the remarks which we have had already occasion to make, that the poems of Justinus Kerner are of no value whatever to the English reader, except as a mere psychological curiosity. Kerner is merely a sort of dripping from Uhland's reservoir; a melancholy straining, where every thing bad comes out, and every thing good is left behind. Uhland, however he wants strength and nerve, has at least one indispensable qualification of an ancient minstrel—he is, in spite of his pious moonshine, habitually cheerful and blithe, a genuine disciple of the "*gay saber*," a "*gleeman*," in the *bonâ fide* old Saxon meaning of the term. But Kerner is all tears; scarcely one blink of fitful joy is sent, at distant intervals, through the misty waters of that woe. He has not merely a wicked trick of painting foreign sorrows as a sort of agreeable foil to his own spiritual self-complacency (as we have seen poetesses with a step like winged Mercury, and a verse as slow as a death-march); he lives in the very atmosphere of poetic woe, and has joined himself, by anticipation, in mystic wedlock, to death and the grave. It is needless to say to a sound-hearted Englishman (however gravely a German might Kantianize or Hegelize upon the theme), that this whining and whimpering in verse is a thing in every way most unnatural and most unpoetical. The disease is not in nature, but in the sicklier vision of those spoiled children of whim that gaze upon her. For—

"If the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,  
Being a god kissing carrion,"

why should not the spirit of nature's glee, passing through the watery souls of these men, be distilled into tears by the act of

versifying, and each solid and substantial body of existence be evaporated into a cloud? But it is useless to speak of such things. We make one remark only on the wo-begone piety with which Kerner, and other such pitiful poetlings, choose to garnish out their puling sentimentalities. There are many in these times (not in Germany only), who, like our poet, cradle themselves in the consolations, but gird not themselves round with the strength, of Christianity. With them religion is a nerveless elf, misbegotten between a sigh and a dream. These men will sing with David, when he calls forth in wailing, "De profundis clamavi," but they will not act with him when he goes forth in faith to smite the giant of the Philistines. Their life is an eternal rainbow of tears; and Christianity is—not the sun—but the moon, that casts a sickly rainbow of hope upon its span. They have changed the soldier of Christ into a weeping damsel; and, instead of God, they worship only the Madonna. Their soul can be compared to nothing but a sponge, that sucks in the sorrows of existence; and, when these are squeezed out again, they call it devotion.

Besides lyric poems and ballads, Kerner has written what he calls "Flittings of Travel," a sort of irregular wandering sketches in poetic prose. Menzel has praised this silly phantasmagoria very much, and he has compared the writer of them to Jean Paul! Kerner like Jean Paul! an honest likeness truly! as like as a cloud is to a whale; and there may be some people who, like Polonius, do not think there is much difference. But Wolfgang Menzel is no dotard; and we can only account for this striking aberration from his usual sound sense on the principle stated before—that he is the living head and champion of the coterie of Swabian romancers to which Kerner belongs.

For ourselves, after much reflection, we have been unable to find any classical English word by which the character of most of these strange compositions can be expressed. *Twaddle* is too good for them; they are sheer and absolute *drivel*. We do not deny that there are a few dreamy imaginings here shadowed forth; some strange voices and sounds of unearthly music are here heard; but Fancy has evidently been drinking intoxicating gas, and it is impossible to shape either man, god, devil, or beast, out of her fummy creations. The most cunning hand of the harper cannot bring forth an intelligible melody out of these lisplings and gaspings of preternatural tune. But we will not waste words on such a theme. We declare, once for all, an unmitigated hostility to this truly *German* madness. Away with these substanceless shadows of existence! these misty, bodiless anticipations of an undefined something, and a definite nothing! these abortive imps of an unstable fancy, begotten between the wish to be every thing, and the incapacity to be any thing! Give us a solid earth-



based poetical existence, that can bear to be looked upon by sunlight;—no *οναρ ημεροφανρον*—no day-walking dream—but a flesh-and-blood reality of life, weighty with all the mass of earthly being, but pregnant also and buoyed with something which is nothing less than divine.

Gustav Schwab is another poet who has manufactured many ballads; and to him our principal objections are, that he has manufactured so many, and that he has *manufactured* them. He has, however, some virtues, and these all his own; for he is by no means a mere imitator of Uhland, as Kerner must be held to be, but has a style and fashion of his own. Swabia owes much to him, for he has hung a tale by almost every one of its old castles, and turned whole sections of its history into verse. This prosiness, this dilution, this smack of the old chronicler, is his great fault. He wants the neatness, the point, the elegant simplicity, the happy tact of Uhland. He has a most fatal facility of rhyming; and, like a good easy pedestrian, he jogs along without counting the mile-stones, happily assured that, by putting one foot regularly before the other, he must sooner or later arrive at his journey's end. The babbling brook of a summer-day does not run on with more pleasant self-complacency than the narrative verse of Gustav Schwab. But this is a vice of all your ballad-mongers. Scott himself could not escape it; Uhland alone has known to be short. Scott, however, knew how to sustain interest, and he could paint both gorgeously and truly. Not so Schwab. Many of his ballads are merely histories turned into verse; in our opinion, a mongrel species of composition that ought altogether to be discouraged. It is a something that stretches itself out more formally than a ballad, only to court curious comparison with an Epos—an easy arm-chair Iliad, that a weary old harper, half asleep, might hum over to a drowsy congregation of heavy boors and listless boys.

We must not omit to mention one great virtue of Schwab, which places him far above Kerner, and even gives him a superiority over Uhland. He does not indulge in poetic tears; he has thrown aside that aspect of sadness which so many romancers think essential to the complete minstrel; he shows his pictures by daylight, and the sun shines even upon his cloisters. He is healthy, and sound, and natural, so far as a German romancer can be so.

In conclusion, we take the liberty to offer one word of advice to our poetical friends beyond the Rhine; and, if our humble voice reach so far, we hope they will take it as kindly as it is meant. Let them study *reality*; let them seek for poetry neither in the world before the Flood, nor in the world before the Reformation, nor in the peaceful millennium of Roman Catholic unity

that is to succeed the present strife and war of the Protestant church, but in the living actual luxuriance of existence before their eyes. A poetical tree is not of more slim and fairy fabric than any other tree; its leaves are not made of silk; it is not tinted in gold or silver; nor vocal with Dodonean prophecy; it is merely a sound, healthy tree, more exuberant in vitality, more symmetrical in form, than its leafy brothers. A Gainsborough does not require to go beyond the precincts of his native woods to paint the trunk of some venerable oak, which every one shall instantly recognize as a piece of the most beautiful vegetable poetry. Why should the artist who paints with words have farther to travel in search of the poetical? Is there no religion except before the altar of a Madonna?—no love except in the songs of the Troubadours?

It is no doubt true, that we English are deficient in the higher or ideal department of art; but that is our affair. To the Germans we say, study reality, keep your eyes open, and be not afraid to look at things exactly as they are. This your great master Göthe was continually inculcating on you; and yet, such is the influence of national atmosphere—so deeply rooted is the disease of mystification in the German mind, that even he—even the clear, calm, most anti-romantic Göthe—was continually deviating from his own rule, till at last he made it a matter of systematic boast, an exoteric doctrine which he was not afraid to promulgate to the uninitiated, that “the world of art is essentially distinct, and ought to be kept, as much as possible, apart from the living world, in which common men dwell.” The secret working of this great fallacy is to be traced in many even of his earlier works; but in the Second Part of *Faust* it has celebrated an ovation which future ages will look upon and wonder. In this work we are puzzled throughout by an utter want of reality; the very same fault, though in a different shape, which we complain of so much in Ludwig Uhland, and in the whole school of German romancers.

We say therefore again, to these poets, study reality, study human life, study human interest. There is a bracing strength in this atmosphere, for which no artistical gymnastics, no rubbing with the sacred oil of the Muses, can compensate. We are not called upon to write poetry for angels, or even for saints, but for men. We have no vocation to vapour it with eagles and condors; terra firma is our sphere. And if Ludwig Tieck and his disciples will allow us to crown our admonition with an allegory after their own most approved fashion, we shall give them a very cheap one. Poetry is like the wonderful bean-stalk in the fairy tale, the top of which mingles with the clouds, but the root is firmly grown into the earth.

IV

ART. III.—1. *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris.* Par A. J. B. Parent Duchatelet. 2 Tomes, 8vo. 1836.

2. *Hygiène Publique.* Par le même. 2 Tomes, 8vo. 1836. Paris.

WHEN the fathers and founders of medical science first began to investigate the nature of disease in the structure and organization of the human frame,—when they sought the causes of the ills “that flesh is heir to” in a minute examination of its morbid forms,—a general outcry was raised against them;—anatomy was denounced as an unhallowed and useless violation of decency;—the anatomists were stigmatized as despoilers of the dead, and shunned as denizens of the charnel-house. Those who investigate the evils and diseases of the social system, the moral and physical causes that deteriorate humanity in the mass, must be prepared to suffer similar reproach; the nature of their studies in itself sufficiently repulsive, while it brings them into contact with all that is shameful and loathsome in society, must expose them to the calumny of seeking such associations from choice; they will be accused of revelling in vice and delighting in infamy, depravity of taste will be the least serious charge against them, a thousand tongues will be ready to proclaim their obliquity of intellect and perversion of feeling. It is true, that no one charges the physician studying in our hospitals with an abstract love of fevers, admiration of cholera and the plague, or a decided affection for leprosy; but the moral physiologist, who tries to find out a sanitary regimen for thievery and prostitution, and, in consequence, seeks the haunts where these pestilences are developed, cannot escape from the imputation of finding pleasure in the contemplation, if not in the actual practice of vice. Serious injury to society has arisen from this unworthy prejudice; if, while anatomy was unknown, physicians prescribed at hazard for organic disease,—if the nature of the malady has been ever found a necessary preliminary to the discovery of the remedy,—no less true is it that legislators are mere empirics, when they have not anatomized society, and that laws aggravate the evil they profess to cure when they are based on loose and imperfect analysis. It is with feelings of repugnance that the enlightened philanthropist enters on the preliminary inquiries essential to his noble purpose, but he is sustained by a high sense of public duty, for he knows that a time will come, when his motives will be appreciated; when it will be confessed that he searched the sources of national woe to work out the problem of national weal.

There were doubtless many wise and well-meaning persons who shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders when, first

they saw the benevolent Howard searching the public prisons, descending into the dungeons where disease and death held divided empire with profligacy and crime;—there were those who pointed at him as the companion of thieves, and shunned him as the associate of felons, while even the more enlightened wondered that he should dream of directing attention to a class of beings whose crimes were deemed to have excluded them, not only from the pale of society, but almost from that of humanity. He lived down the prejudice; ere his course closed, he saw his harvest of reward ripening, he heard it acknowledged that the proper object of penal legislation was the suppression of crime, not the venting of vengeance on the criminal; and he beheld plans for the reformation of offenders taken into serious consideration by the legislature and the government. If these plans have not produced all the good that was expected, the partial failure must be attributed to the want of perseverance in the investigations which the great philanthropist commenced.

The name of Parent Duchatelet has long been familiar to scientific readers; *Les Annales d'Hygiène Publique* bear honourable testimony to his exertions in investigating those questions connected with the public health, which must ever form an essential portion of the civic economy of large cities; but he has not limited his attention to physical evils; in one of the works at the head of this article, he has examined a moral disease interwoven in the frame-work of society, and pointed out the means by which its baneful influences may be diminished.

Before entering on this delicate and difficult subject it is necessary to point out a great error to which philanthropists are peculiarly liable, and which has produced many calamitous results. It is simply, that many aim at extirpating an evil which can never be wholly removed, and that from their failure in finding a specific cure they infer it to be idle to attempt alleviation. Poverty may be taken as an illustration; it is unnecessary to prove that the rights of property cannot be maintained without necessitating the condition that one man shall have much and another little or nothing. In this, as in most of the problems engendered by the existence of society, there is a balance of evils; if industry accumulates the profits of its labours, those who cannot or will not work must suffer destitution; there will, therefore, always be causes in operation producing a mass of misery and all that the utmost efforts of benevolence can effect is to prevent its accumulation. We claim for the other evils that afflict humanity the same enlightened tolerance that is bestowed on poverty; let us alleviate where we cannot heal; let us prevent the increase where we cannot extirpate the root; let us not in despair of perfect cure hazard the destruction of the patient.

Prostitution is a vice inherent in the social system ; it always has existed, it always will exist, until society takes some new form revealed to us neither by history nor by experience. Shall we allow it to grow until, like a moral gangrene, it saps the vitals? or shall we tear away the veil that shrouds its progress, apply sanitary influences where cure is possible, and the actual cautery where sound parts are threatened with contamination? The common sense of mankind supplies an immediate answer to the question thus stated ; it is not only matter of prudence but matter of duty, to study this portion of moral anatomy, and not to be repelled either by the unpleasantness or the unpopularity of the subject.

Statistics supply the moralist with materials similar to those that anatomical facts afford the physician ; conjectural information leads both into dangerous errors, and we shall have occasion to observe that the faults of civic economy, both moral and physical, which Duchatelet laboured to amend, arose from the neglect of the peculiar science that should have guided each specific inquiry. We shall begin with the moral evils, because they are the most urgent in their nature, and because they have been hitherto the most neglected ; and, to avoid the dryness of mere statistical detail, we shall generally suppress calculations, and give the results, indicating the means by which they may be verified.

The extent of prostitution is the first subject that engages our attention, and there is scarcely any example more striking of the exaggerations that result from the neglect of statistical accuracy. There have been frequent guesses at the number of the unfortunate beings engaged in it, both in Paris and London ; in the former capital it has been publicly stated that the number exceeded sixty thousand, and they were accounted very moderate indeed who reduced the number to one half that amount ; but the registers of police, which have been very accurately kept during the last twenty years, prove that there were never so many as four thousand at one time engaged in this profligate course. Colquhoun's *Police of the Metropolis*, a work possessing more authority than it has any title to claim, estimates the number of prostitutes in London at fifty thousand, but the investigations instituted by Mr. Mayne led to the conclusion that there are not more than from eight to ten thousand, and that the smaller amount is more probable than the larger. This is a point of great importance, because it shows that the mischief is within the limits of management, and that we need not be daunted by the common error of its overwhelming magnitude.

The mistake of the amount of prostitutes is so common, and so injurious, that we think it would be useful to indicate the sources

of the error. The first of these is, the fluctuating nature of this portion of the population; the superintendents of our metropolitan police have frequently noticed the rapidity and the suddenness with which many of those on whom they have kept a watchful eye disappear from the stage, leaving no trace by which their further progress could be followed. The registers of Paris contain ample proofs of the same fact; and if anything could afford gratification in the view of this melancholy topic, it would be, that repentance appears to be more frequently the cause of their removal than disease or death. A second cause of error is, that persons estimate the amount for the entire city from the numbers found in certain localities, and this was the source of Colquhoun's enormous estimate. Finally, we have been informed by some intelligent police officers, that the same persons haunt different parts of the metropolis at different hours, and are consequently counted many times over.\* It must, however, be confessed that there are no means for estimating the amount of depraved women in London with anything like accuracy; the nearest approach we can make to it is, that their number is not much more than double that of the same class in Paris.

The next point that we have to determine is, the causes that have induced these wretches to enter on a course of depravity and degradation, and this will save us from the necessity of investigating the divisions of society by which they have been furnished. It must, however, be stated that Duchatelet's researches, and the inquiries made by some English statisticians, lead to the result, that sedentary occupations, liable to interruption from change of season, caprice of fashion, or irregular demand, are those which produce the most pernicious effects on female morals. Out of five thousand one hundred and eighty-three prostitutes, the causes of whose fall it was possible to discover,—

1441 were reduced to this state by sheer destitution;

1255 were either orphans, or had been abandoned by their parents;

37 took to this course in order to support aged and destitute relatives;

29 sought support for younger relatives;

23 were widows endeavouring to bring up families;

280 came to Paris to conceal themselves;

404 were brought to Paris by soldiers, students, &c.;

289 were servants seduced by their masters and turned out;

1425 were mistresses, deprived of their protectors or abandoned by them.†

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\* In one instance which we had an opportunity of tracing, the same person was counted seven times in less than as many hours.

† It is commonly remarked by all those who have paid attention to the subject in

Let us examine this precious register more closely; the first remark that suggests itself is the great influence of misery in driving unfortunate women to guilt; the sempstress or milliner out of work, the servant unable to procure a situation, girls without parents or friends, for the most part imperfectly educated, and subjected to the influence of bad example, cannot resist the pressure of hunger. Duchatelet declares that

"One of these unfortunate beings, who still retained feelings of honour, struggled to the last extremity before she adopted such a disgraceful resource, and when she came to have her name inscribed on the police register, proof was obtained that she had not eaten a morsel for three days!"

We have here a conclusive answer to a certain school of moralists, who insist on the complete depravity of prostitutes, and ridicule every effort made to reclaim them; but we shall have a more favourable opportunity of dwelling on this part of the subject; at present we must continue our examination of the register.

More than one-half became guilty from the pressure of want; idleness and vanity seem responsible for the greater part of the remainder. Those who came to Paris with protectors, those who lived as concubines, those servants who were seduced by their masters, seem to have been in most cases the victims of a hatred of work and a passion for dress. Duchatelet declares that libertinism is so rarely a cause of degradation, that he could not find one authentic instance of it.

The influence of seduction, as a cause of prostitution, cannot be traced, because few, if any, women become thoroughly depraved by the first lapse from virtue, and cause must be given for public scandal before there is a necessity for entering the name on the books of the police. But though the latter circumstance presents some difficulty in investigating the cause, it produces little error in determining the amount of prostitution, for the system in Paris is so perfect, that there is rarely occasion to have recourse to compulsory registration. Out of 12,544 enrolled during a space of sixteen years,

7,388 presented themselves at the office of their own accord;  
4,436 were brought by "dames de maison;"

720 were registered by the police.

From this it appears that restrictive legislation would not present the difficulty of identifying its objects, which many English writers on police have anticipated.

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Paris, that a mistress is rarely abandoned until she betrays her protector, and that the more unfortunate beings of her class are constantly anxious to reduce kept ladies to their own degraded level.

But though these hapless beings may be identified, and though the causes that have urged them to enter on such a horrible career are not such as to destroy the hope of their amendment, it may be supposed that the circumstances of their life,—the constant indulgence in vice,—the continued presence in scenes of profligacy,—the actions witnessed, and the language heard—may so indurate the feelings, that there are no elements left in the head or heart, on which the process of reformation can be brought to operate. Were we to form our estimate indeed from what is seen and heard in the streets, we should at once conclude that the wretches are thoroughly depraved, and that all human means must fail to convince them of their guilt, or turn them from the iniquity of their proceedings. But it is in the solitude of the prison, and the sufferings of the hospital, that their real character must be studied, when compassion unlocks the secret stores of hidden thought and smothered emotion. It was in these haunts of misery that Duchatelet examined the character of this unfortunate class, and collected the information most essential to effecting any amelioration in their condition and conduct.

They are conscious of their degradation, and are a subject of horror even to themselves; it would almost appear that their contempt and loathing for their abject state is more intense than what is shown to them by the innocent and the virtuous. They suffer the punishment which Persius declares to be the most appropriate for the worst of criminals—

“The haunts of virtue meet their anxious sight  
In all their glow of loveliness and light;  
Madly they feel no home for them is there,  
And turn away in anguish and despair.”

We shall extract a few anecdotes illustrating this important fact:—

“Whilst I was employed in these researches, a nurse, a respectable matron, was engaged in the gaol; this woman became in some degree familiar with the imprisoned girls of the town, and used to converse with them in the yards; but she soon incurred their contempt. ‘What,’ they exclaimed, ‘she treats us as if we were honest women; it is quite abominable!’ . . . . Being one day in a ward of the hospital, unperceived by its inmates, I heard an unfortunate girl exclaim, as she looked upon the clear blue sky, ‘How good is God, to send such lovely weather to us! He treats us better than we deserve.’ And all in the ward exclaimed with one voice, ‘That is very true!’ . . . . Mere reflection on their degraded condition has driven many of these unfortunate beings to insanity. Some time ago M. Pariset directed my attention to one in such a state at *l’Hospice de la Salpêtrière*; this girl never speaks in public, but when she believes herself alone, she incessantly repeats, ‘How wretched am I to have forsaken the paths of virtue!’

A A 2



How can I bear universal contempt? How can I live in this state of humiliation?' . . . . . In general there is nothing that these unfortunate beings dread more than a meeting with those who have known them before their degradation. I saw several in the hospital, whose sickness was occasioned by the sudden oppression of the heart, which these interviews produced. I shall hereafter refer to the case of one who became insane from the impression produced on her mind by the accidental sight of one of her countrymen.

The records of the lunatic asylums in this country confirm the assertion, that remorse in these unfortunate beings frequently produces mental alienation; an intelligent physician connected with one of those institutions, assured us that they formed more than one-half of the female cases in the asylum over which he presided. He added an observation, which we do not find in Duchatelet, that, in a very large proportion of instances, he found that this class of lunatics had a strong tendency towards suicide. Every person that has searched the records of the *Bureau des Mœurs*, and those of the prefecture of police at Paris, has noticed the frequency of the observations "*faiblesse de tête*" and "*l'état voisin de l'aliénation mentale*," in the registers of unfortunate women. The researches of Esquirol and Cullerier, published in the 32d vol. of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, confirm the frequency of this tendency to insanity in the class of prostitutes, and also the fact that it is owing to moral rather than medical causes. We have been informed by several superintendents of police, that they are constantly struck by "the childishness" of the unfortunate girls brought to the station-house, and they declare that in many cases it almost amounts to idiocy. Pride is not destroyed by feelings of self-degradation; on the contrary, it becomes intensely anxious and jealous. An insult is never forgiven by one of this class; respectful tenderness is rarely forgotten. Mrs. Fry's experience in Newgate showed that it was through their self-love that depraved women were most susceptible of beneficial impressions; and Duchatelet mentions a physician who restored order to one of the most troublesome hospitals in Paris, by simply touching his hat, as a salute to the inmates, whenever he entered a ward.

Both in England and France, all who have inquired into this subject agree that these degraded beings are almost utterly ignorant of religion. Several anecdotes are related to show the wondrous extent of this ignorance, but perhaps that which we are about to relate is one of the most striking. Some short time ago, a girl of the town was seized with consumption, and, as she approached the last stages of the disease, she became anxious to procure some information on religious subjects. She

sent to the circulating library to which she had been for years a constant customer, to procure a religious book, and obtained an imperfect copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She could make nothing of this sublime allegory, and at length sent for the clergyman from whom we had the anecdote. Her letter was a very creditable production, both in style and composition; it proved that she possessed considerable powers of mind. The benevolent clergyman, one of those who do good in secret, who never turn away from any opportunity of exercising true Christian benevolence, obeyed the summons, and found that she had mistaken John Bunyan's work for one of the Gospels, and regarded it as an authentic history.

But, though ignorant of religion, these unfortunates frequently display great fanaticism and superstition. It is a very old remark, that in catholic countries they form the most bigoted portion of the population, and were always remarkable for their steady attendance at an *auto-da-fé*; a similar remark was made during the No-popery riots in London, and the Church and King disturbances at Birmingham; these wretches were the loudest in proclaiming their attachment to a creed of which they knew nothing but the name. Duchatelet declares that they are remarkable for outward observances in Paris, making the sign of the cross whenever they meet a funeral, and struggling to secure a portion of the branches distributed on Palm Sunday. We have heard the same observation made by a catholic priest in Dublin; he added, that they generally seek out monks and friars to prescribe their penance, and sedulously avoid coming in contact with the secular clergy; from the same authority we learned that a crucifix forms frequently part of the furniture of a brothel, and that its inhabitants desire to sleep under the protection of holy water.

Duchatelet declares that the instances in which all feelings of delicacy disappear are exceedingly rare, and his observations are confirmed by the inspectors of our prisons and hospitals. It has been also remarked, that ostentatious vice is on the decline; indeed, there are few denizens of London who are not aware of the great improvement in outward decency that has resulted from the institution of the new police. A reference to the reports of the superintendents has convinced us that the real improvement is of much greater amount than is usually suspected, and that it is steadily progressive; though, for reasons sufficiently obvious, the proofs cannot be exhibited in a statistical form. But it is an encouragement to those who hope to devise measures of repression and reformation, that there is a vicissitude in the forms of

vice, and that no specific crime is sufficiently obstinate to resist a general improvement in the morals of the population.

M. Duchatelet investigates the manner in which these unfortunate beings employ their leisure time, and comes to the conclusion that nine-tenths of them do absolutely nothing. A few work with the needle or read romances, and still fewer practise music. All, he says, are very fond of dancing, and they have balls in different parts of Paris, which are crowded every evening. On this subject it would be difficult to gain precise information in London, but an inspector of police declares that he has remarked the abundance of small circulating libraries in suspicious localities, and he had the kindness to furnish some particulars respecting the class of literature most in demand in these places. Tragic romances of the wildest and most improbable kind are the greatest favourites—one called the *One-handed Monk* was always sought for with avidity; fashionable novels were rare, and the entire *Waverley* school out of favour; strong passion and violent excitement were the qualities most popular. But what may appear singular is a remark made also by Duchatelet, that obscene and licentious books seem to be studiously avoided. They are the instruments of corruption, and probably are therefore shunned by those who are the victims of their pernicious influences.

The observation that loose women are negligent of cleanliness is old and common; indeed, the most difficult regulations to enforce are those that have been devised by the Parisian police for a compulsory attention to neatness. It is even said that those who are most luxurious in the outer dress, and most ostentatious in the display of ornament, are the most negligent in the more important cases. There is more truth in the common aphorism, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," than is usually imagined. Gluttony is also a frequent vice, and drunkenness is still more common. Duchatelet declares that, in almost every instance within his knowledge, strong liquors were sought as a means of stifling reflection; but the habit of indulgence increases with frightful rapidity, and proves to be the most serious obstacle to reformation. The sin of lying is carried to such an extent, that, even in matters of indifference, falsehood is systematically preferred to truth; and this is one of the difficulties that has most frequently tried the patience and perseverance of the humane. Violent bursts of anger, and an uncontrolled fury of language, are of ordinary occurrence, but these seem to result more from a childish weakness of intellect than from natural depravity. We must add, from the criminal records of England, a special evil that Duchatelet has left unnoticed, the tendency of

prostitution to generate an enmity to all social law, and to place the wretched individuals in the position of patronesses of crime. Excluded from the pale of society themselves, they feel naturally attached to those who are banished from other causes, and seem disposed to form a federative union against the system from which they are exiled. The superintendents of police have averred that they are forced to keep a strict watch over many of these women, who would not on any account join in a theft, because they are always ready to afford shelter and protection to the shop-lifter and the pickpocket.

It is probably to the same feeling of exclusion from society that we must attribute the mutual charity and benevolence for which the class of prostitutes is especially remarkable. The French and English accounts agree that this is one of the most marked features in their character; instances have been known, in some of our prisons, of wretches almost depriving themselves of necessaries to aid in clothing one of the sisterhood, who, when the period of her liberation arrived, found herself nearly in a state of nudity. Duchatelet declares that their benevolence is by no means confined to their own class:—

“ My attention has been directed to several of these girls, who in seasons of distress allowed the aged, the infirm, or large families in their neighbourhood, a loaf per week, and sometimes per day. I have already mentioned instances of girls, who, unable to support their aged parents by their daily labour, had recourse to the wages of prostitution to supply the deficiency; I have been assured that the number of these unfortunates is very considerable, but I have no means of estimating the amount.”

Our author maintains that these unhappy women are distinguished by the strength of their maternal feelings:—

“ I have met with several who were disconsolate at not having children; they declared, with extraordinary energy, that the attentions which these little beings would require, would afford them pleasure sufficient to drown the memory and the pain of their degradation. One of them, with tears in her eyes, said to me, that the dignity of a mother would elevate her in her own estimation above the abject state into which she had fallen, and that she felt herself capable of acquiring the respect of those who should witness the zeal with which she would fulfil the duties imposed upon women by the laws of nature. . . .

“ It follows from this, that there are no better nurses than prostitutes, whether we look to the care or the attachment they show to their own children and those entrusted to their charge. One of them, having lost a boy, about a month old, would have gone mad with grief had she not been engaged to suckle a foundling. Another, a lodger in a small room, having been committed for some delinquency to La Force, felt her separation from her child so keenly, that she pined away from day to day, and, in order to save her life, it became necessary that she should be liberated before the term of her imprisonment expired.”

These few particulars respecting the general character of licentious women are equally valuable to the legislator and the philanthropist; reform can only be effected by operating on the moral feelings, and we have therefore laboured to render those traits prominent which are at once the most strongly marked and the most influential.

But we should greatly err if we supposed that prostitution is limited to the registered frail ones of Paris, or to those known to the police in London; it assumes the more dangerous form of a "pestilence that walketh in darkness;" it is shrouded in such secrecy that there are many who do not even suspect its existence. The horrors of the state we have already described, great as they are, sink into insignificance when compared with the evils that result from clandestine prostitution. The young and the immature are its chief victims—those for whom monstrous licentiousness offers its highest price, those in the procuring of which there is the greatest risk and the greatest gain. The arts by which these atrocious criminals endeavour to baffle the vigilance of the police in Paris are vividly described by Duchatelet, and he seems almost to despair of any regulations being devised that would secure their extinction. It has been proved, that a system of domiciliary visits and extensive *espionage* only generated a new system of artifices, while it harassed and vexed the innocent, whose characters were at the mercy of every malicious neighbour. But one important observation has resulted from the experience of Parisian commissaries; they have had reason to believe that clandestine crime rapidly increases when severe measures are taken to repress ordinary prostitution; and they infer, that a judicious tolerance of those already depraved is necessary to the security of the virtuous. We are aware that this delicate topic has excited the attention of some of our most enlightened philanthropists, and various plans for establishing a rigid scrutiny have been laid before the authorities of the Home Office. The great difficulty is to provide a tribunal proper for deciding the perplexing questions to which repressive measures would give rise. There would be an absolute necessity for two of the greatest evils in criminal jurisprudence, unregulated discretion in the judges, and perfect secrecy in their proceedings. Without both, any attempt at regulation will only aggravate the evil; the tribe of procuresses and go-betweens must ever baffle fixed laws of repression; their forms of guilt are perpetually changing, and, unless the restrictive measures vary just as rapidly, all statutes on the subject will be a mere waste of ink and paper. It is unnecessary to dwell on the evils that would attend publicity in such proceedings; there are few parents or guardians who do not

know the danger to which youth is exposed by the gratification of prurient curiosity; there is no statistician ignorant of the effect of the imitative principle in extending crime. We know that one of the chief reasons why English statesmen have shunned legislative interference in this perplexing matter is their dread of the consequences that may result from publicity. It is sufficient for us to point out the nature of the difficulty; the remedy could only be found by a diligent investigation of the evil, and commissions are yet too unpopular for us to hope that the inquiry will be taken up by government unless there be a decided expression of public feeling on the subject. But, as our investigations have established that some elements on which a reforming process might be brought to work exist in the most degraded of these classes, and that their condition is susceptible of amelioration, we trust that enough has been said to call the attention of the humane and the intelligent to the importance of the subject.

We have said that abandoned women form a very fluctuating part of the population, but it is exceedingly difficult to discover the fate of those who suddenly disappear from the profligate herd. Yet the inquiry is one that must not be avoided, for if it appears that any considerable portion return into the general mass of the population, if we daily run the risk of entrusting to them our dearest interests, there arises a strong argument for subjecting prostitution to some *surveillance*, and counteracting, as far as possible, its peniculous influences.

Of 5081 individuals erased from the registries in Paris during ten years, it was possible to trace the fortunes of 1680, or about one-third, to a certain extent.

972 obtained employments of different kinds; among these we found that 392 became mantua-makers or sempstresses; 17 went on the stage, and 13 became midwives:

242 obtained or set up shops, generally in some small retail trade:

461 became servants in different houses; 28 of these were employed as nursery-maids; 14 became housekeepers to old and infirm bachelors, and *five* were engaged as assistants in boarding-schools.

We cannot follow the remaining 3401, but we can form some conjecture by examining the reasons assigned for their erasure from the register of the police.

28 died;

239 were sent home by charitable persons;

1206 took out regular passports for different places, where they proposed to establish themselves permanently;

319 were placed in penitentiaries;

254 were taken back by their parents;  
 185 were claimed by the criminal law;  
 177 were incapacitated by various maladies;  
 138 were claimed by the *gendarmerie*;  
 121 were married;  
 114 proved that they had means of subsistence;  
 101 were taken as mistresses;  
 91 were sent to the *depôt* of St. Denis;  
 28 were taken back by husbands they had abandoned.

Out of the 121 marriages, we find that in 56 cases the profession of the husband was not ascertained: 27 belonged to the lower classes of tradesmen; 17 were labourers; 11 small shopkeepers; 5 owners of public houses; and 5 belonged to an elevated rank of society!

Also, out of these 121, there were 88 who gave proof that the wedding was on the point of taking place; 28 presented the certificate of their marriage, and in 5 cases the husbands came to claim the erasure of their new spouses. Duchatelet insinuates that these five who showed such absence of shame belonged to the higher classes of society! He adds—

“ I know, from the mouths of physicians and inspectors, that they have frequently recognized in select society, and even in the highest circles, girls of the town who in former years had been subject to their *surveillance*.”

Need we give a stronger proof of the necessity of discretion and secrecy in all matters connected with the judicial regulations that may be established to control or correct this evil?

Of those who disappeared from the streets without formally demanding their erasure, about one-half were afterwards detected in the practice of their former guilt.

5443 were unheard of for three months;

2126 were again detected by the police, and of these 1415 were discovered in the first year.

These tables sufficiently prove that a much larger mass of the population is affected by the practice of prostitution than is usually imagined, while at the same time they afford grounds for hope that measures of amelioration would produce beneficial results.

Two means of amelioration have been tried in England, a union of emigration and transportation, and a system of penitentiaries. The former is now generally confessed to be injurious; the state of morals in Sydney has been seriously deteriorated by the precious cargoes sent thither by mistaken benevolence. If the population of New South Wales had been like that of the American back-woods, spread over a wide surface, and engaged solely in agricultural pursuits, it is probable that the results

would have been very different; but in a penal colony the population is necessarily concentrated, and all the pernicious influences of contaminating example necessarily flourish. Archbishop Whately justly remarks:—

“ The convict is shielded as much as possible from the chance of reformation, by unrestricted intercourse with multitudes who are setting him, in every possible way, the worst possible examples : who do know his delinquency, but whose sympathy he must earn,—nay, whose ridicule he must escape—by a display of expert roguery and of hardened profligacy; and again, the terror of disgrace is as much as possible done away, by the offender's removal from the presence of any reputable persons for whom he may feel respect, and placed in a society in which there are abundantly enough to keep him in countenance; in which not only vice, but convicted criminality is the rule, and innocence the exception.

In fact, this system has ended not in the reformation of the depraved, but in the ruin of the virtuous. But we are not thence to infer that emigration may not be made an efficient instrument of amelioration, though it must not be to a penal colony, or one in which a town population is formed. It is indeed a matter worthy of consideration, whether the establishment of a judicious system of voluntary emigration to some part of the Australian territories not yet colonized would not relieve our streets and our prisons from many who are forced to crime by mere destitution.

On the subject of Magdalen Asylums and Penitentiaries we shall be brief, because their merits have no need of being enforced by eloquence or argument. Their utility is incontestible, but there is a further inquiry—Have they effected all the good of which they are capable? Duchatelet answers in the negative, and in his account of the asylum of Bon Pasteur, which is superintended by charitable nuns, he intimates some causes of failure which may be read with profit in this country.

“ There is too great a difference between the life of the prostitute and of the nun who has passed through a long noviciate; the latter has her thoughts constantly fixed on heavenly things; the former is often ignorant that a God exists, or that she has duties to fulfil. The prayers, meditations, and austerities which are the necessary results of the nun's belief, appear to the Magdalen wearying forms and an unmeaning ritual. It is only by slow degrees that the persons admitted into an asylum can be brought to appreciate religious instruction and devotional forms; virtue must be rendered agreeable, self-respect must be inculcated, and care must be taken not to daunt or terrify those who are admitted. The earthly advantages of virtue should be placed before them in the first instance, rather than the rewards of a future world. They should be taught the nature of their duties to God and society, their failure in the performance, the necessity and the manner of expia-



tion; why they are secluded from the social system, how they may return within its pale. When once they have tried their strength and formed a hope that their restoration is not impossible, they will of their own accord direct their attention to the religious exercises, to which at present they accord only compulsory submission, and we shall not so often see the gates of refuge closed upon those who, weary of discipline, turn hopelessly back to their former disgraceful practices.

The cause why so many plans of moral reformation have signally failed is, that the contrivers never thought of the nature of the materials on which they had to work; they proceeded as if they had a "tabula rasa" ready to receive any impression—a fallow-ground prepared for seed. Religious instruction was the first, and in many cases the only means on which they depended for success. We have shown that the character which the practice of prostitution forms is precisely that on which simple instruction operates least effectually; the very first lesson, the invitation to repentance, increases their sense of degradation and wounds their feelings of self-love; the confinement of an asylum is wearisome to wretches who are the most restless of human beings, and the authority claimed by a teacher provokes discontent. Employment is the first great requisite; it generates the sense of self-exertion, and it changes the former current of thought. But this employment should be varied in its nature,—millinery and fine work should be all but excluded; some field labour, washing, making and mending coarse garments, and those branches of industry which do not require association, and which do not interfere with any regular trade. We must take into account the state of the Magdalenes when they come into the asylum, and their probable destination when they leave it. In most cases their chief resource will be the lower grades of menial service, in which, to use a common phrase, they will be required rather to make themselves "generally useful" than to show remarkable skill in any particular branch. There should be a provision for daily instruction in religion, but each lesson should be brief if it is designed to be impressive. Above all things, it ought to be impressed on those charitable persons who visit these asylums, to beware of encouraging flaming pretensions of penitence and religion. A clergyman, who was for many years a chaplain to one of these institutions, and whose piety is as remarkable as his prudence, assured us, that ladies who suffered themselves to be duped into the belief that they had made converts, often raised the greatest obstacles to real reformation. They gave little comforts to hypocrites who derided them behind their backs, and they subverted the first rules of moral discipline by giving to words the rewards that should only be merited by actions. Before we quit the subject,

there is one observation necessary, and that is, the necessity of a special *surveillance* on the part of the government over all establishments, whether purely sanitary or designed for moral reformation. It is unnecessary to enter on a subject so large as the abuse of charities, and it would be painful to point out the pernicious results of misdirected philanthropy; but we feel assured that no beneficial effects can ever be produced unless private benevolence be directed by those who have capacity and opportunity for observing the tendency of measures, which, in the present state of our knowledge, can only be regarded as experimental. We do not expect that any means can ever be devised to extirpate the evil we have been describing. But what moralist hopes to banish vice from the universe? What legislator expects to remove crime completely? What physician professes to cure all disease? In society we must be content to alleviate where we cannot change, and to do a portion of good even where we cannot wholly remove evil.

We have bestowed so large a space on Duchatelet's account of the moral evils in the European capitals, that we must run lightly over the physical disadvantages. The subject of the watering and sewerage of cities, however, is one of such universal importance, and has recently occupied so large a share of public attention, that we must not pass it over too lightly. The source of the evils to which attention must be directed is simply that every body expects more from a river than it can possibly perform without artificial aid. No one is ignorant of the state of the Seine and its inadequacy to the purposes of Paris, but few seem to know how much the noble Thames is abused, or how great is the inconsistency in the objects to which its streams are applied. From the earliest ages the cleansing of lay-stalls and sewers has been an important part of civic economy, but it is only in recent days that any thing more has been regarded than the immediate removal of noxious matter. Two very important considerations, however, are now beginning to force themselves on public attention; the pollution of the waters which are made the final receptacle of the sewers, and the waste of matters available and useful in agriculture.

A moment's thought will be sufficient to convince any person that the water of the Thames, into which so many common sewers, so many washings from manufactories, and so many impurities of every kind, are conveyed, must contain various matters in mechanical suspension, or chemically combined with it, which tend to render it unfit for domestic purposes or internal use. Its deleterious and disgusting properties were proved beyond contradiction before a committee of the House of Commons ten

years ago, yet the water companies continue to supply this fluid, only taking care to remove the coarser sediment, which, after all, is the least injurious. To the amount of impurities must be added the influence of the tide; the stream of the Seine, as Duchatelet has shown, is adequate to the removal of Parisian impurities, and the Thames would assuredly supply a sufficient force of water for cleansing its own channel; but, owing to the tide, impurities are not carried down the river, they oscillate for a considerable time in the tide-way, and, as far as ordinary observation goes, it would appear that the actual change of waters in the river is a process far more slow than is usually imagined.

The methods by which the water companies have tried to remedy these evils are subsidence and filtration. The inadequacy of the former may be shown in a few words; though animal impurities, held in mechanical solution, would be deposited as a sediment, soluble salts would be still held in suspension, and, as Dr. Bostock has proved, they would be increased fourfold in quantity. Filtration is a more effective process of purification, but numerous experiments prove that it is not a complete cure even under the most favourable circumstances, and that adequate filtration would entail a greater expense than the measures by which the evil could be effectually prevented.

Mr. John Martin, the celebrated painter, has proposed the following plan, which will at once be seen to be both practicable and adequate.

"I propose that, on the north bank, and for the western extremity of London, a receptacle should be formed above Vauxhall Bridge, for the purpose of receiving the King's Scholars' Pond sewage, and all the other minor drainage of that quarter. For the body of the city, a grand sewer must be formed, to commence about the bottom of College Street, Westminster, near Millbank, running parallel with the bank of the river, and receiving all the drainage from the north part of the metropolis, which now enters the Thames. This grand sewer should be constructed of either granite or iron, the top forming a quay, or line of wharfs, which should be above the highest possible tide, so as to secure the houses upon it from inundation, where the banks are now so low as to subject them to it. The sewer should also increase in depth as it continues its course towards the Tower, where it should turn off, using the moat if permitted. In the event of that not being allowed, it would pass round the moat, behind the London Dock, along Ratcliffe Highway, Brook Street, and the intermediate street, to the first convenient space near the Regent's Canal, where the grand receptacle should be established for the whole drainage.

"For the south side of the river the same plan should be adopted, commencing near Vauxhall Bridge, passing along the bank of the river to Pickle-Herring Stairs; then branching off through Rotherhithe to any

convenient spot adjoining the Grand Surrey Canal, where the grand receptacle for the south side will be constructed, on the same plan, and for the same purpose, as the receptacle near the Regent's Canal on the north.

"Provisions will be made for preventing the choking or bursting of the great sewers, particularly that on the north bank, during extraordinary land-floods—and also for clearing their interior from any obstruction that may occur. The first object is to be accomplished by having, in the side of the great sewer, next to the river, and at the upper part, opposite the end of each great street drain, a flood-gate, nearly six feet in length; so that if the sewage should ever rise so high, it would at once escape into the river. To afford facility for cleansing each great covered sewer, there should be large flood-gates to the depth of the sewer, to be opened when necessary.

"The second object will be effected by the erection of a light iron gallery, about three feet wide, and six feet and a half from the top of the drain, to be supported on one side by the wall towards the river, and on the other by suspending light iron rods from the roof. A man would pass along this gallery, carrying a safety lamp, to see and remove any obstructions that might accidentally have occurred in the sewer. The entrance to this gallery should be through the smaller flood-gates before mentioned, in the side next to the river, and they should be left open while the man is in the sewer, to admit some portion of light and air.

"The depth of the great covered sewer would be twelve feet from the highest high-water mark known to the base of the sewer. The declination should be twelve inches in the mile generally, and eighteen inches where, by its course, it takes one or two turns. By this arrangement the bottom of the great sewer will be sixteen feet above low water."—p. 21.

The first objection to the adoption of this plan is its cost; but we are persuaded that the supply of manure to the agricultural districts would very soon repay the original outlay. The manufacture of *poudrette* at Paris has been found very lucrative, and Duchatelet has shown very clearly, that it may be prepared and transported, not only without danger but without producing any sensible inconvenience. In fact, those who are engaged in the manufacture at Montfaucon enjoy more average health than the ordinary class of labourers, and are proverbially less exposed to the influence of epidemic disease.

In the transportation of this manure, however, there are some dangers to be dreaded; it is a substance that rapidly absorbs moisture, and when once partially saturated with wet, it ferments, and disengages deleterious exhalations. Duchatelet thinks that these evils may be in a great degree remedied by a mixture of carbonate of lime from the gypsum quarries with the *poudrette*, a mixture actually used in the manufacture of urate, one of the most active manures known. But Mr. Martin's plan

affords means for a more efficacious remedy; the liquid portion may be removed without danger or inconvenience by a system of moveable tanks with air-tight covers, and the transport either by canal or cart would be manifestly very easy. The solid portion, when desiccated into poudrette, might be subjected to heavy pressure until it was totally deprived of air and moisture; in this state it might be removed either in casks or cubic cases to any distance.

Countless experiments prove that no manure is more fertilizing than that which is daily wasted in enormous quantities by the neglect of sewerage in London; it is notorious, that what now produces disgust and disease might be made a source of wealth and growth. We have permission to insert a letter from an eminent agriculturist, who has made a long series of experiments on soils and manures; his name we are not at liberty to mention, but our readers may be assured that he is one of the few who has made a fortune by farming, and in the present state of agriculture we could give no better proof of his ability.

"My attention was first called to the subject by observing the effect of manured water in my flower-garden. The drains from the glebe and charter school fall into a ditch that runs at the lower end of my garden-wall, and forms a pool farther down the hill. My boys, weary of going to fill their watering pots at the pump, broke a hole in the wall, and made a dam across the ditch, from which they got all the water required for the garden. I had soon the best flowers and vegetables in the country; yet there was nothing offensive to the smell, for the practice had been continued several years before it was even suspected by myself, my wife, or my daughters, who are, as you know, enthusiastic florists. . . . .

"I applied liquid manure by carts similar to those used for watering London, and found it far superior to bone dust, especially for the turnip and rape crops. If used in large quantities it will make the ground too rich for corn. . . . . Solid animal manure is best used in the form of 'poudrette,' but the drying is no easy process; I have tried some experiments with compression, and as far as my defective means went, I found it efficacious. . . . .

"Pure urate is not as valuable as stercorate, or lime saturated with liquid manure of every kind, but either is superior to powdered bone, and equal, at least, to the best supply from the stable. . . . .

"Lime soon destroys all unpleasant effluvia, and where this cannot be easily had, the manure may be ploughed in as fast as it is spread.

"The fertilizing effects of the liquid manure does not continue more than a season, but the beneficial effects of the solid matter continue for several years."

We have now shown, that what has been generally regarded as the chief nuisance of the metropolis, may be made the means of

effecting benefit to the country, and we have pointed out the urgent necessity of immediate attention to the subject. Both the moral and physical evils incident to large towns require early and constant watchfulness, but remedial measures can only be efficacious when they are the result of long and careful observation. We have taken the most prominent moral evil and the most marked physical evil, and we have seen that to both the same observation applies, namely, individual interference without a fixed plan aggravates the evil it professes to cure, or suggests a remedy worse than the disease. We want a board of health and morals, to superintend this vast metropolis; until that is established there can be no systematic operations, one set of men will be working in direct opposition to another, charity may diffuse poison instead of food, and benevolence produce the worst effects of satanic misanthropy.

There is no use in dwelling further on subjects so repulsive as those to which we have been now compelled by our strong sense of public duty; the evils are inherent in society, they are extensive in their influences, and, when uncontrolled, they are fatal in their consequences; but while we have not disguised their magnitude, we have shown that there is nothing either in the moral or the physical peril that need daunt the philanthropist or the legislator; we have shown to both the elements of good in the midst of evil; we have intimated the means of redress; but again and again we must repeat that accurate and minute investigations are the only sure guides to remedial measures, and that in nothing so much as in the social constitution is the Baconian aphorism more strongly exemplified, that **KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.**

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- ART. V.—1. *Sagen und Romantische Erzählungen.* (Legends and Romantic Tales.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 3 vols. 12mo. Berlin, 1825, 1829.
2. *Algier und Paris, im Jahre 1830.* (Algiers and Paris in 1830.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 3 vols. 12mo. Berlin, 1830, 1831.
3. 1812. *Ein Historischer Roman, zweite Auflage.* (1812. An Historical Novel, 2d edition.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 4 vols. 8vo. Leipzig. 1836.

WE have, as occasion offered, made our readers acquainted with divers new German novelists, and nearly as many new styles of German novels, if not with all those styles enumerated by one of them (for which we refer to our 36th number, page 439.) We have now again to introduce a new German novelist to the English public, but one who does not, like our last friend, Baron Sternberg, confine himself to a single species of the many recently discovered or invented, classed, named, and registered, in the literary peerage. Far otherwise. In the ten volumes of Rellstab's, the titles of which head the present article, we find the ordinary romance, the fashionable artistic novel, the obsolete—obsolete by a full half score of years—supernatural romance, and the historical novel, after the fashion, however, not of Sir Walter Scott, but of Tromlitz, in which a very little love, and somewhat, though not much more of individual interest, serve as means of developing and displaying history and national character, as modified by times and circumstances. Of all of these we must speak in turn, according to their relative merits, importance and popularity.

The preternatural legends must needs, in our enlightened age, be utterly disdained; and we are further bound to confess, that they are the most common-place of Rellstab's writings. Upon them, therefore, we shall not waste another word.

The artistic novels are, to us at least, so far original, that they are uniformly musical, and offer a somewhat extraordinary commixture of critical disquisition upon fugues, cadences, discords, and their resolution, melody and chromatic science, or shall we rather say upon the comparative excellencies and defects of Mozart and Rossini—with metaphysically romantic schemes for musically ascertaining the moral and intellectual standard of a lover—with the actual poisoning by a highly admired composer of a promising and talented young competitor, his rival in love as well as in musical glory. We doubt if either the disquisitions, or the investigations of character, would be interesting to the general reader, or perhaps even intelligible to the unprofessional.

The romantic tales are neither more nor less than romances; though we must say that one of them, the Augsburg Goldsmith, is as pretty a story, and we apprehend, as faithful a portraiture of the German free-Imperial citizens of the fifteenth century, as we have met with. We should like well to give an abstract of it with ample extracts,—but as Rellstab's reputation rests upon his more considerable productions, it is to them that we are bound to devote our attention; and first to that which was first published, although latest in date of story.

*Algiers and Paris in 1830* consists of what the author is pleased to call two novels, although a novel in two parts would be the more correct designation, if indeed one series of adventures, utterly incomplete until the end of the last volume, may properly be capable of even so much division. Some of these adventures occur in Africa, immediately prior to, and during, the siege of Algiers,—others, integrally connected with them, in France, the catastrophe being partly brought about by the conflicts of the three July days; in which conflicts the triumphs of the people appear mainly due to an outlawed Napoleonite veteran, who returns at the critical minute from Algerine captivity and thralldom. We will extract one of the African scenes.

Two French brigs have, prior to the landing of the French besieging army, been wrecked upon the Barbary coast. The crews have got on shore, and, after some deliberation, made up their minds to repair to Algiers, and there surrender as prisoners of war to the Dey. They set forward on their melancholy expedition.

“ They had reached the foot of a low rising ground, when Jean, who with the merriest countenance possible, but sad ill-boding heart, walked close behind Victor and Adolphe, touched the latter, and, pointing to the hill, said, ‘ See you that, lieutenant? That looks something like a chamois outpost, but I fear will hardly whistle the herd to flight.’

“ The brothers looked; upon the hill stood a man, who, by the long white cloak fluttering down from his head, was, although at least six hundred yards distant, at once recognized as a Moor. He seemed to be gazing anxiously around. Suddenly he turned, and disappeared behind the hill.

“ Presently other heads peeped, here and there, over the top of the sandy, billowy ridge, which was in a few minutes crowned with Arabs. The shipwrecked wanderers soon ascertained that, should the Moors meditate an attack, resistance was out of the question, the foe being armed with long guns, and at least ten to one in number.

“ ‘ These Arabs are rapacious,’ observed Captain Bruat; ‘ if promised a ransom they would possibly themselves conduct us to Algiers. But how can we make them understand us?’

“ A young, slim, adroit, and bold-looking sailor now stepped forward,



and said, 'I am a native of Malta, sir, where the Moors often come. I have sailed with them for years, and know their language. If you will give me authority to treat with them, I have good hopes to insure our safety. But then you must do punctually, as I shall direct.'

"The captains looked at each other, ascertained each other's approbation, and then Captain Assigny spoke. 'So be it, my lad; if thou canst play the interpreter, go to them. But be cautious, and recollect that the lives of all thy comrades hang upon thy words.'

"'Never fear, captain,' exclaimed the Maltese, boldly, 'I think to get us all out of the scrape, for well do I know this tricky and malignant race.'

"With that, he took out a handkerchief, wound it in token of peace, about his left arm, and rapidly and with an easy air, walked towards the foe. The rest halted to await the result of his mission.

"When the interpreter came near the Moors, many of whom were on horseback, he bowed low with crossed arms, then lifting his right hand, pointed to heaven, as a sign that he desired to be a messenger of peace. Three surly-looking greybeards, with wild countenances, alighted and approached him. The Maltese shouted to them in the Moorish-Arabic dialect,—'I come in peace; I solicit protection for myself and my friends of the magnanimous Moors, the sons of the Prophet. We are shipwrecked sailors.'

"'Of what country art thou, Frank?' questioned the Moor imperiously.'

"'We are all English,' answered the Maltese impudently. 'See, there the wrecks of our stranded vessels, in which we were bringing you, the True Believers, means to assist you in driving away your French enemies.'

"The mistrustful Moor examined the Maltese with piercing gaze. Suddenly he drew his dagger, sprang upon the humbly bending suppliant, grappled him fiercely by the neck with his left hand, and set his pointed blade upon his breast, with the words, 'Thou liest, vile Frank! Confess, thou art not one of those islanders!'

"'As true a Briton as thou art a Mussulman,' replied the Maltese, audaciously, whilst the Moor keenly watched him, to ascertain by his anxiety whether he spoke truth or falsehood.

"The stout-hearted interpreter looked him coldly, almost carelessly, in the face.

"'Dost not tremble, Christian?'

"'Not I. For I am certain thou wilt not kill me. No one will give thee money for my dissevered head; nay, the Dey, thy master, might, like enough, punish thee for cutting it off. Whilst if thou takest me and my comrades safe to the great town, our King, be assured, will give thee many piastres for every head.'

"The Moor beckoned his two companions. They drew their sabres, brandished them over the head of the Maltese, and exclaimed, 'Confess, Christian! Thou art cheating the sons of the Prophet.'

"The Maltese laughed loudly, and repeated what he had said.

"'Thou art undaunted, and we believe thee. But if thou provest to have deceived us, we will tear out thy dissembling tongue, and fill thy

lying mouth with molten lead. Now go, tell thy comrades that the maguanimous sons of the Prophet grant them their protection.' "

This promised protection, although in the end it commits a good number of the shipwrecked sailors to the Algerine bagnio, does not prevent their previous plunder and ill usage, or, upon a sudden alarm of a French landing, the murder of many. Amongst the scenes with the Arabs, a few are striking; but as we entertain some doubts of our author's perfect familiarity with Beduin manners, the specimen already given may suffice, the more especially as the larger share of our time and space must be allotted to the last and the most esteemed of Rellstab's publications.

His historic novel, 1812, gives us much of Count Segur's history of the French campaign in Russia, individualized and partially novelized, if we may be allowed the expressions, by connecting the discouraging success of the advance, the sanguinary battle of the Moskwa, the conflagration of Moscow, and the unspeakable, sickening horrors of the retreat, with the patriotic enthusiasm and energies of a Polish hero, and with the fortunes of a couple of German youths, the nominal heroes, whom the Pole protects from the malice of two subordinate French civilians. This historic novel, published in 1834, had last year reached the second edition, of which is the copy before us, and has been translated into Dutch and Danish, if not more languages. The immense influence exercised by the results of the Russian campaign over the destinies of the Continent might alone, perhaps, account for the popularity of a novel, recalling and reproducing, under the attractive garb of fiction, the most impressive incidents of that campaign; and this our author has done with much effect. But his volumes possess other merits. Many of the characters are well conceived and drawn; Rasinski, the experienced, daring, and ever self-possessed warrior, the patriotic Pole, anticipating the resuscitation of his country from Napoleon's triumph over Russia, takes a strong hold upon the affections; the fantastic nature of the nascent loves of Ludwig and Bianca pleases the fancy; the sort of Richardsonian reality given, according to the now prevalent German fashion, to the persons brought forward, insensibly engages our interest as for our living acquaintance; many of the martial scenes are vividly portrayed, and powerfully is the gradual demoralization of the soldiery, amidst the disasters and sufferings of the retreat, depicted.

Yet, whilst allowing all these merits, we must confess that, as a whole, 1812 does not please us. As a work of art it is faulty. We apprehend that Segur's graphic history of that dreadful cam-

paign is still too fresh in our memory for effective repetition, for admitting the tint of ideality indispensable to our pleasure in fiction. Thence an insane lover and a fugitive *inamorata* appear woefully out of place amidst, as out of keeping with, the horrors, physical and moral, of the retreat; while all our romance revolts against Marie, who, after nobly sacrificing the mutual attachment between herself and Rasinski to patriotism, transforms her hopeless passion for the magnificent Pole into a commonplace second love for that personification of German *burschenschaft*, Bernhard. Moreover we utterly dislike the sort of obscurity thrown over the fate of Rasinski, who, being last seen with Prince Poniatowski at the battle of Leipzig, is supposed to have been drowned with him. This is the third recent hero thus disposed of; Mr. James's Gipsy, and Signor Niccolini's Nabucco-Napoleon making up the *trio*. We would fain hope we are not yet too old to relish novelty; but, even at the hazard of incurring that fearful imputation,—fearful in this age of juvenile ascendancy,—we must confess our decided preference for the old fashion of elucidating all mysteries at the end of a narrative, which enabled the reader to lay down the last volume of a novel with a mind perfectly satisfied of the death or happiness—at least during the honey-moon—of the several parties.

But whatever be our objections to Rellstab's 1812, both its popularity and its merits require that we should give our readers some extracts from it, as also some general idea of the story.

Ludwig Rosen, the son of a widow, living in narrow circumstances at Dresden, has, whilst travelling in Italy, been fascinated by the casual apparitions of the beautiful daughter of a seemingly wealthy family, whose very name and country he knows not. At Duomo d'Ossola he again accidentally lights upon his *incognita*. He now sees her, unaccompanied, except by a seeming duenna and one old domestic, amidst a crowd, pale and agitated, and in apparently anxious expostulation with the French officer on guard at the town gate.

"Ludwig, pressing hastily forward, stepped out of the throng. Her eye fell upon him, and the sudden emotion of joyful surprise that passed over her features bespoke her recognition of him. He was about to accost her, but, as his lips unclosed to speak, she exclaimed in French, with manifest precipitation, 'There is my brother!' and hastened towards him. The astonished Ludwig apprehended some mistake, but, before he could sufficiently recover himself for a word of explanation, she addressed him in Italian, loud enough to be heard by all the spectators: 'God be thanked, brother, that you are come!' then half-whispered in German, 'I am lost if you disown me!' She now turned suddenly to the officer, took the paper he held out of his hand, and gave

it to Ludwig, saying in French, 'This gentleman would not allow our passport to be valid, because you were not with us. See the consequence of your romantic fancy for by-paths, dear brother! You are Count Wallersheim, added she, softly, in German.'

"Confounded and amazed as Ludwig was by this strange adventure, he quickly understood enough to see that he had the power of rendering an essential service to the bewitching being, who stood anxious and tearful before him. Unhesitatingly therefore he entered into the stratagem, and rejoined, 'Be easy, sweet sister, I will speak to the gentleman.' He then turned to the officer, and in order to gain time and acquire some knowledge of the state of affairs, said, 'May I request you, sir, to repeat your objection to our passport, as you know that ladies are too inexperienced in such matters.' 'From this moment,' returned the officer, 'I have not the slightest. You are named in the passport as the companion of the countess, your sister, and you were not present. Hence it appeared incorrect. The countess explained, indeed, that you had alighted to ramble along a romantic by-path, and would rejoin the carriage beyond the town; but our orders are so strict for frontier towns, like Duomo d'Ossola, that I could not have avoided requesting the young lady to wait until you, lord count, the proper owner of the passport, should appear. Be assured, however, that I should have deemed it my duty to send to seek you.' \* \* \*

'Ludwig stood speechless with surprise, the rather that the old servant, getting down from the box, took his travelling bag from his arm, laid it in the carriage, and inquired whether he would not be pleased to step in. In confusion he gave his hand, with a few civil words to the officer. The polite Frenchman handed the young lady, closely wrapped in her green veil, into the carriage; Ludwig followed, assisted by the servant; the officer bowed, repeating his '*Bon voyage!*' Ludwig found himself seated by the side of his enigmatic unknown beauty, and the carriage rattled through the streets. \* \* \*

"Ludwig was about to repeat his question respecting this extraordinary incident, when his fair companion thus addressed him: 'You may well be amazed at what has befallen you: but the political vicissitudes that are now convulsing kingdoms and nations often bring individuals into strange and eventful situations. Such a one is mine. I had given myself up for lost, I trembled for what is dearer to me than life, when Heaven sent you as my deliverer. But will you afford me further assistance?' 'To my last gasp!' exclaimed Ludwig, passionately. 'Promise nothing,' said the unknown, interrupting him, 'till you know what I have to entreat of your generosity—it is, that you would remain my brother, and as such accompany me, without a moment's rest, till we are on German ground; and it is not unattended with danger to you.'

Ludwig haughtily and indignantly disclaimed the idea of recoiling from any sort of danger. The unknown resumed—

"That I knew; for that I gave you credit; but I have yet a more painful confession to make. I must appear ungrateful, mistrustful; for

while I implore your aid, I must withhold my secret from you ; I must, for it is not my own. I am bound by the strictest, the most inviolable duties. Scarcely may I reveal any thing beyond what you must already have divined, for that I am not the Countess Wallersheim, not even a German, cannot have remained undiscovered by you.

“ ‘ But by what name am I to address you ? ’ asked Ludwig, in accents of pained disappointment. ‘ And is your history to be for ever veiled from me ? ’

“ ‘ No, I hope not at least,’ rejoined the young lady ; ‘ and meanwhile you must be content to call me sister Bianca.’ ”

Various agitating incidents heighten and strengthen the tender interest of Bianca and Ludwig in each other, during the brief period of about twenty-four hours that they continue together. He manages to mislead the pursuer from whom she is thus mysteriously flying ; and then an accident parts them as abruptly, and as ignorant of each other's name, condition, and country, as they had met.

Upon this adventure the whole story turns. The seeming servant is an intriguing Russian count, a secret caballer against Napoleon ; the pursuer a French police underling, who had sought to use his knowledge of the father's conspiracies to the daughter's dishonour ; and who, enraged at being foiled, virulently persecutes her deliverer Ludwig, upon whose head, as an accomplice of the Russian, a price appears to be set. He, with his friend Bernhard, a painter, so far falls into the power of this underling, Beaucaire, that his powerful friend, Count Rasinski, can no otherwise rescue them than by receiving the two young men, as volunteers and under false names, into the regiment of Polish cavalry that he is raising for the Russian war. Thus the civilian patriotic Germans reluctantly form part of the colossal host which invaded Russia in 1812, and henceforth the novel becomes a history of the campaign, taken, as the author avows, from Ségur.

And here occurs one of the faults to which we alluded when we said that 1812 was defective as a work of art. Our author, even while professing to consider the Russian as the just cause—how indeed could he do otherwise ?—enlists all our sympathies on the side of the invaders. Nor let it be supposed that very extraordinary skill would have been requisite to awaken simultaneous sympathy with the Polish hero, Rasinski, and with the Russian nation, both of whose causes are just. A few scenes of high patriotic enthusiasm amongst the Russian nobles, of simple patriotic and religious enthusiasm amongst the peasantry, with a sketch of their sufferings from the invaders, would have sufficed. Rellstab has given us nothing of this ; he talks of the justice

and enthusiasm of Russian resistance; but the individual Russians to whom he introduces us are degraded and brutalized Russian serfs, or yet more degraded and brutalized petty tyrants, the proprietors of their fellow-creatures; all of either class who display any better qualities proving—with the exception of the frail peasant girl Axinia, and the truly excellent parish priest Gregor—to be born Germans.\* We ascribe this great fault of the book,—in a French or Polish author we should not deem it such, but in a German, writing of a period when all Germany was enthralled by a foreign sovereign, we hold it a heinous fault to interest us on the side of aggression,—not to want of skill in the author, but partly to his unbounded admiration of Napoleon's genius, and partly to an unconscious bias resulting equally from the political disappointments that, in many parts of the continent, have followed the French conqueror's overthrow, and from fear and dread of the present preponderance of Russia in Europe.

We will now select an extract or two illustrating the gradual demoralization of the French army during the retreat, and connected both with the pictures of Russian barbarism and with the story. At Smolensk we find the disorder begun. Rasinski, after establishing the remnant of his regiment, about a fourth of the number he had led into Russia, in the quarters assigned him, sends his two officers, Boleslav and Jaromir, with their men, severally to receive his rations of provisions and forage. At the provision magazine Boleslav finds a frightful scene:—

“The hungry soldiers and stragglers had crowded round the doors, like ravens round a corse, filling the air with moans and yells. Some had broken in, notwithstanding the guard, and flinging themselves in blind ravenousness upon the provisions, devoured them raw. It was evident that they had found only death; and what should have preserved the lives of hundreds was flagitiously wasted to glut the insane appetite of a few. Hence arose the necessity, shocking as the measure might seem, of opposing lawful force to this unlawful violence. The superintendents of the magazine were compelled to employ soldiers to repel their own comrades with sword and bayonet. They did not immediately succeed, inasmuch as famine appeared more horrible than a sudden and soldier-like death; and the troops were ordered to fire upon the throng. This dispersed them, leaving the ground strewn with bleeding corpses.

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\* In proof that it is solely to a German's interesting us in the cause of anti-German aggression we object, we must observe that, much as we individually abhor Napoleon as the enemy of all liberty—civil, political, and intellectual, we can, in “*Reilstab's* Algiers and Paris in 1830,” fully sympathize with the veteran of the imperial army, in his passionate love for his master, and detestation of the pacific Bourbons. It is appropriate. By the by, our author makes Ney, whom he praises to the skies, premeditatedly a traitor, in league with Napoleon, when accepting the confidence of Louis XVIII., instead of, what we believe him, merely a weak man, incapable of resisting the Emperor's cajolery.

"Through such an horrific tumult had Boleslav to make his way, and steadily but sadly he effected it. But so great were the numbers of those entitled to rations, that hours passed in struggling and crowding, ere he could receive the provisions allotted him. His men were still obedient, and carried what they had received untouched to their comrades, to be shared together. No easy task, however.

"Close pressed, man to man, and with cocked pistols, was Boleslav compelled to lead his troop through the yelling, complaining multitude, defending themselves as against a band of robbers. Thus they at length, with great difficulty, reached the quarters of their regiment.

"Jaromir's had been a much less arduous office, as there was little pressure at the forage magazine.

"Rasinski shook his head on hearing Boleslav's report, and said, 'These are ominous signs! We shall not stay long here, but probably press forward with all speed to the Russian frontiers. In our present condition, with such utter dissolution of all discipline, a bold attack would be our annihilation. I sent Ludwig and Bernhard to receive ammunition; there they found few claimants. When the soldier forgets his means of resistance, what can we look for? Nay, even at the pay office, hardly a third of the regiments had applied, though all are in arrears.'

"They are as yet stupified with hunger, cold, and the other calamities of the retreat,' said Boleslav apologetically. 'Think how hardly have even we preserved our courage; we who, under thy conduct, have been so much better off than the rest.'

Next day Ludwig and Bernhard are despatched to see if they can procure boots or shoes for the regiment.

"They seemed to know one another again, having now, for the first time since leaving Malo-Jaroslavez, had the power of changing their clothes, and effecting a complete purification of their persons.

"Upon my word,' said Bernhard, as they went forth, we look quite magnificent. You are really a handsome fellow, now that your beard does not make an overgrown stubble-field of your chin; what a pity that there is no one here to fall in love with us!

"Already all levity again,' observed Ludwig with a smile; 'but in truth it is something not to disgust one's-self; at least I feel comfortable now.'

"They walked on, trusting more to chance than to any fixed plan, for accomplishing their object, and took their way towards the hospital of the army of reserve in the lower town. In front of a large, half ruinous, but still habitable building, they saw two men cloaked in furs; they were evidently issuing orders.

"Doubtless a brace of scoundrels,' exclaimed Bernhard, with gestures of aversion, 'who make money by our double starvation, and look sneeringly on, in their comfortable *pelisses*, when the piercing cold wrings bitter tears from the poor soldier.'

“ ‘They may, nevertheless, supply our occasions,’ said Ludwig; ‘let us try if we can get what Rasinski wants from them.’

“ ‘They approached the fur-clad men, whose backs were towards them. At the sound of steps, the strangers turned round, and the features of both parties expressed their surprise.

“ ‘Do we meet again?’ said the younger of the strangers, whilst his lips contracted to a repulsive smile. As he spoke, Ludwig, with a sensation as if he were falling into the chasm of a *glacière*, recognized Beaucaire, and his superior, St. Lucès.

“ Beaucaire, ere Ludwig could speak a word, or form a resolution, called out, ‘*Gens d’armes*, arrest these men and confine them in the strongest prison; they are traitors, sold to Russia!’

“ Ludwig looked at the serjeant who, with three men, was guarding them. He wore the cross of the legion of honour, two scars adorned his brow, and his eye bespoke noble sentiments. ‘You are a soldier,’ said he; ‘you will not refuse a comrade’s request.’

“ ‘Not unless it be contrary to my duty,’ replied the serjeant gravely.

“ ‘We are guiltless; we are victims to revengeful spite, and are irredeemably lost unless our colonel, Count Rasinski, be informed of our arrest; give me your word to make it known to him.’

“ ‘Willingly, if I be not enjoined secrecy.’

“ ‘He will reward you liberally, and meanwhile accept my thanks,’ exclaimed Ludwig joyfully, and endeavoured to place his full purse in the serjeant’s hand.

“ But the serjeant drew back, and retorted, ‘No bribes! I will do my duty as a soldier and a comrade, but away with your gold! Nay, what good should that do us here? we have more than enough of such trash!’

“ ‘You are a man of honour! At least take a squeeze of the hand for your good will.’

“ The serjeant gave his hand in silence, but with a look of good nature.”

Our young friends are now thrown into a horrible dungeon, then taken out for separate examination, and Bernhard is brought back alone to this den of wretchedness. The soldiers express their unwillingness to leave a comrade for the night in a place that, in such weather, must be his death.

“ The serjeant deliberated, then spoke with sudden determination: ‘No, I cannot leave you in this vault, the cold is too severe, and grows sharper and sharper. A murderer they shall not make me, especially these knights of the quill, who never smelt powder, and know not what the soldier has to bear, while they sit in well-filled magazines warmly wrapt up in their furs! Whatever crime you may have committed you must not perish here of cold and hunger. You look like a brave chap, and I must say the pride you showed under examination pleased me; it



became a soldier ; something, therefore, I am willing to risk for you, but you must pledge your word as a comrade to obey me.'

" ' If I cannot comply,' said Bernhard firmly, ' I will tell you so beforehand, that you may bring me back hither.'

" ' Then you shall go with us to the guard-room for the night ; but you must not speak a single word to any one.'

" ' I will be silent as these walls—but my friend ?'

" ' Upon the same conditions he too shall pass the night with us.'

" ' There is my hand upon it in his name.'

" ' Come along then.' "

In the guard-room Ludwig and Bernhard are kindly treated—though strictly as prisoners—by the serjeant and his men, who give them a share of their own comfortable meal. But their only protector, Rasinski, had been ordered out of Smolensk, and their situation is hopeless. Next morning they are again brought before their covetous, malignant, and therefore relentless enemies, sentenced to be shot, and conducted, for execution, to a spot without the walls. Here, by sudden concert, they break from the soldiers, and make for the shelter of an adjacent forest. Bernhard succeeds in reaching it, but Ludwig is recaptured, and bound to a stake ; a handkerchief is tied over his eyes, and he proceeds to give two or three testamentary commissions to the kind-hearted serjeant.

" Some shots were fired near at hand.

" ' Already,' exclaimed Ludwig, as the serjeant, who was standing behind him, let go the secured handkerchief.

" But he heard the serjeant exclaim, ' The devil ! what is that ?' and spring away. A confused outcry and tumult now arose ; many shots were fired so near, that one ball whistled close past Ludwig's ear. At the same instant he heard galloping horses, and a mingled uproar of words of command, confused shouts, clashing weapons, and firing. Then sounded the serjeant's voice, ' Forward ! close your ranks ! fire !'

" A platoon fire rang close to Ludwig's ear ; he fancied the muzzles pointed at himself, and a death shudder irresistibly convulsed his limbs ; but he felt himself alive and unharmed. The impenetrable darkness that enveloped him, the bonds that confined him, the strained excitement of his nerves and senses, drove floods of imaginations through his mind. As he heard horses' feet and sounds of assault, he for an instant fancied that Rasinski, with his cavalry, was about to rescue him. But he heard the Russian battle-cry. A wild ' Hurrah ' rang through the air. The masses stormed past him ; the powder scorched his face ; yells, groans, the clash of weapons were around him ; he was in the very midst of the conflict's tumult, yet vainly he strove to burst his bonds, to tear the fillet from his eyes ; all was night and darkness. ' Is it all a frightful dream ?' burst at length from his convulsed breast, as he raised his face towards heaven ! ' Will no one wake me, and end this terrible agony ?'

"But no hand touched him, and the tumult died away in the distance.

"Some minutes elapsed in indescribable expectation. Ludwig struggled in his bonds. He felt that could he break them he might escape; but break them he could not. Now he heard confused voices approaching; rapid steps resounded beside him, a rude hand snatched the bandage from his eyes.

"Wondering, he gazed around; three men with long beards, whom he at once knew to be Russian boors, stood before him, looking at him with mingled surprise and contempt. \* \* \* \* One of the men lifted his musket, to strike the prisoner with the butt-end; he, in his shackles, could only twist away his head—not raise an arm to ward the blow. Suddenly a hand grasped the arm uplifted to smite; the form was that of a venerable old man, who, wrapt in a fur cloak, had advanced from the forest. His aspect acted upon Ludwig as the soft beam of morning dispersing the gloom of night with its images of dread. The grey-bearded elder, in a soft but earnest tone, spoke some words of admonition. The men took off their skin caps, crossed their arms upon their breasts, and reverentially bowed to him."

This deliverer is the priest Gregor, of whom we have made honourable mention. Ludwig is now conducted to the forest lair of this Russian troop, where he finds his French enemies, Beaucaire and St. Lucas, prisoners like himself. Here his captors prepare to plunder and strip him; he attempts to resist, and again his life is endangered.

"A gigantic boor raised his club, and aimed a deadly blow. It must inevitably have crushed Ludwig's head; but a female shriek was heard, and at the same instant a dignified form, enveloped in costly furs, but with veiled face, broke through the encircling throng, and caught the uplifted arm of the Russian. Wrathfully he looked round; but when he saw who had stayed his hand, his rage was turned to abject submission, and he drew back with bows of slavish veneration. \* \* \* The lady stood, as though overpowered with terror; she tottered on her feet, breathed painfully from the depths of her chest, and raised her hands as in thanksgiving. At length she threw back her veil, and in accents faltering with emotion, said, 'Do you recollect me?'

"It was Bianca!

"Trembling he caught her hand in both his, bowing his head upon it; his tears streamed; it seemed as though his life must end in this excess of joy.

"'I have then been able to repay!' said she, as she raised her blue eyes, swimming in tears, to heaven. 'Thy hand, oh Almighty Father, guided my steps! But had I been too late!'

"All present gazed upon the group in speechless astonishment.

"Suddenly a harsh, masculine voice, asked 'What is the meaning of all this?' Ludwig awoke from his trance of rapture, and started from his knees. A horseman had galloped into the circle, whose gallant steed and rich dress bespoke the leader. It was Count Dolgorow.

" 'Oh, my father!' ejaculated Bianca passionately; 'behold our preserver!'

" 'How? who?' asked the Count, as he fixed an inquiring look upon Ludwig. But suddenly he interrupted his expressions of surprise, with the exclamation, 'Thou here, miserable villain!' And springing from his horse, he dashed amidst the groupe of prisoners, seized Beaucaire, whose knees sank under him with cold and terror, and dragged him from amongst the rest. Dolgorow, to whom vengeance was more congenial than gratitude, forgot the latter emotion, to gratify the former. \* \* \* \* \*

" 'Gracious God! how fateful!' cried Feodorowna (the proper name of Bianca), as her eye fell upon the wretch haled forward by her father.

" Beaucaire now saw her, and, bursting with the energy of desperation from Dolgorow's hold, he flung himself at her feet. Convulsively he grasped her knees, and screamed 'Mercy! Countess, do you obtain my pardon! My frantic passion for you was my destruction!'

" Bianca trembled, and raised her anxiously-imploping eyes to her father. But he, with savage fury, shouted, 'Seize him, and fling him into those flames, that every Russian may see how a traitor is punished.'

" Bianca stood a marble statue. Beaucaire, in the agony of despair, clung to her knees, striving to hide his head in her bosom. She must have fallen, had not Ludwig, springing to her side, supported her.

" 'Execute my orders!' again commanded Dolgorow. 'Tear him from the Princess!'

" At this reiterated command two men, bounding with barbarian joy from the mass, grappled the despairing wretch by the hair, two others seized his feet, and a Cossack, snatching his knife from his belt, cut him over the hands with which he clutched Bianca's knees. Only when the sinews were severed did his arms drop. Amidst a hideous roar of exultation he was half carried, half dragged away. His piercing screams of agony rang through the shouts and tumult of the blood-thirsty band, who, stimulated by a savage desire for the atrocious spectacle, rushed in a black mass to the fire.

" 'Watch the rest of the prisoners!' shouted Dolgorow, and, passing through the crowd that respectfully gave way, he walked rapidly to the spot where his frightful orders were to be executed."

On the way from the forest to the castle, then inhabited by the Dolgorow family, Bernhard, nearly dead with cold and fatigue, is picked up; and Bianca now proves to be his sister, stolen, and passed for their own daughter, by the childless Count and Countess Dolgorow, in order fraudulently to evade some testamentary condition, by which their want of offspring would have debarred them from an inheritance. The young lady flies with her newly-found brother and her lover from the violent and nefarious designs of the plotting Count, to the French army; and thus a Russian Princess,—she is the widowed bride of a

Prince Ochalskoi, whom she had consented to marry, as the price of the rescue of a victim, her father's serf, from the knout,—becomes a sharer in the increasing disasters of the retreat, in the calamitous passage of the Beresina, &c. &c. Gradually she loses sledge, horses, servants, and proceeds on foot with Bernhard, Ludwig, and the equally dismounted Rasinski, with his daily decreasing remnant of a band. Even in this extremity, Bianca perseveres in burthening herself with a forlorn orphan, whose desertion is one of the striking scenes that illustrate the demoralizing, unhumanizing influence of prolonged physical suffering. A vehicle of some kind, loaded with women and children, as well as with sick and wounded soldiers, is overthrown and broken by the falling of the worn-out horses, in struggling to climb the ice-covered side of a hill.

"Suffering, and the imperative necessity of self-preservation, had so blunted all sense of humanity, that the passengers in the carriages remaining behind, rejoiced more in the removal of an obstacle to their own progress, than they sympathized with the lot of their comrades and of the helpless women thus left destitute. These last soon recovered their feet, and seeing their own conveyance disabled, hastened, baggage in hand, to the carts, waggons, &c. nearest to them, upon which they endeavoured to climb. Almost everywhere they were forcibly repulsed, as indeed there scarcely existed a possibility of further loading the carriages.

"Boleslav (himself wounded and in one of these carriages), felt his heart pierced by the sight of wounded warriors cruelly repulsed, and helpless women driven away with the whip. He rose and said, 'Friends, let us not desert our comrades! Come hither, old one,' addressing a severely wounded, grey-headed grenadier, 'we will take thee in, and one of us will walk turn about; I myself the first.'

"So saying he alighted, and assisted the wounded soldier into his own place. The example worked influentially, and every carriage took up one. But there were more candidates than conveyances; and a young woman closely muffled in fur, seemingly the wife of an officer, with a child about three years old in her arms, was refused admittance.

"Boleslav shuddered at the thought, 'Shall the mother be left here to perish, because incumbered with her child?' But colder was the shudder that shook his frame when he saw the wretched woman fling the child down in the snow, and rush to the nearest conveyance, screaming in tones of anguish, 'Take me in alone then! Save one life at least!'

"This unnatural act of a mother awoke horror even in warriors inured to the miseries and atrocities of war. \* \* \* 'Bring us the child, the poor child, we'll save that,' cried a *chasseur*, leaning from the waggon that Alsette was attempting to climb, and driving her away with blows.

"[By the way, the mother being now recognized, we beg to state that she was not the wife of any body, although she had managed to pre-

serve her reputation.] Boleslav did so; and the rough, bearded warrior kissed and caressed the deserted infant. Alisette, meanwhile, ran in frantic agony to another carriage, and weeping and wringing her hands, sought to excite pity. But aversion filled all hearts, and a grey-headed serjeant answered, 'Away, she-wolf! Trudge afoot, as you can, through the snow!'

" 'Oh, have pity on my youth!' moaned Alisette, and flung herself on her knees in the snow, and wrung her hands in despair. \* \* \* 'What, must I perish in this wilderness!' With these words, starting passionately up, she darted upon the carriage where the trembling child was nestled in the *chasseur's* bosom. Before her purpose could be conjectured, she snatched away the little innocent, hurled it again upon the ground, and cried, 'Leave it there! She knows not how delicious is life, how terrible death here. Me, save me! I know how beautiful this world is, for I have seen better days!' As she spoke, she strove, with spasmodic efforts, to scramble into the waggon, unheeding the hard blows inflicted by the *chasseur's* heavy fist. 'Away poisonous serpent! Away viper!' he cried in exasperation. 'To take thee in were to invite the wrath of God. Let the wolves devour thee, thou worse than a wolf!' And, assisted by his neighbour, he forced away her convulsively clutching hands, and threw her back. She fell stunned on the hard ground."

We have not room for the detail of her frantic despair, her clinging round the feet of Boleslav, whose endeavour to encourage her to walk, supported and guided by him, she scarcely seems to hear; but will briefly state that, when she is torn from his feet, she clings to the wheel of the last carriage. The exhausted horses are unable to overcome this obstacle to their progress, and a wounded cuirassier presents his pistol, threatening to fire if she persists.

"Paralyzed by the sudden fright, she loosed her hold, and lay whining and moaning in the road. So Boleslav saw her as he looked back, and he hesitated whether again he would not return to her aid; but his comrades forcibly hurried him forward, and the young soldier who supported him, (in his weakened state he was exhausted with the scene and the struggle,) exclaimed, 'Leave her, leave her! Touch not the mother who could kill her own child, lest the curse of Heaven fall upon us. Leave her, she meets with her fitting punishment!'"

Of the child thus thrown upon the mercy of strangers, Bianca afterwards takes charge; and, after the dreadful passage of the Beresina, Bernhard is carrying it, following at a little distance his sister and Ludwig.

"At this moment a voice bellowed to him from behind, 'Stand, dog! Give me thy fur cloak, or I fire.'

"Bernhard started and turned round. A soldier, covered with miserable rags, of burly figure, with bewildered aspect, long, rugged beard, a

face begrimed with dirt and smoke, and wildly rolling, inflamed, blood-shot eyes, stood before him with levelled musket.

" 'What wouldst thou, unhappy man,' exclaimed Bernhard, as horror-stricken he recoiled a step. The child screamed in terror, clung to him, and buried its little head in his bosom.

" 'Thy warm furs, or I shoot thee !' yelled the madman. 'There's no comradeship here ; I have as good a right as thou to provide for myself.'

" Bernhard saw himself alone with the exasperated murderer ; and though thousands were within call, the desperate wretch's shot would have prevented their aid, even should any individual yet have sufficient sense of another's danger, to prolong his way and his sufferings by a few steps in order to avert it. He had no choice but to submit, although he well knew that with his warm clothing he should give his life.

" 'Wilt thou prolong thy life through the murder of a comrade ?' he rejoined, with the dignity of resolution. 'Be it so, but 'twill not be for long. Thine hour is at hand.'

" 'Hasten ! or death will gripe me !' cried the frantic wretch, still presenting his musket, whilst his blood-shot eyes rolled wildly in their sockets.

" Bernhard set down the child, in order to pull off his fur cloak, when he heard a loud shriek. He looked up, and saw Bianca throw herself in tears at the maniac's feet. 'Take this gold, take these jewels,' she cried, 'take my warm mantle, only spare my brother !' With the hurry of agonizing fear she had torn a valuable chain from her neck, flung off her costly fur pelisse, and there she knelt, with slightly covered arms, exposed to the freezing cold, before the ruffian.

" He gazed at her with wide staring eyes, then his arms sank slowly, his firelock dropped upon the ground, he covered his face with both hands, and broke into whimpering tears. Ludwig had now joined the groupe, and with Bernhard raised Bianca, who still knelt, tendering her gifts with outstretched arms.

" 'And could I become such a wild beast ?' suddenly exclaimed the stranger. 'No ! this disgrace I cannot outlive. Forgive me ! You once knew me a different creature. These dreadful sufferings have maddened me ; but I know what I have to do now.'

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Where have I known you ?' asked Bernhard, gazing at him with perplexed and indistinct recognition.

" 'No wonder you do not know me. I should not have known myself,' he replied gloomily. 'Of this order I can no more in my life be worthy,' and tearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour from his rags, he tossed it on the snow, 'so I will try to deserve your laying it on my grave. I judge my deed as it deserves.' He set the butt end of his firelock upon the ground, leant his breast upon the muzzle, and trod upon the trigger. The piece went off ; the wretched man fell.

\* \* \* \* \*

" As his eyes closed Bernhard recognized him. He was the very same serjeant whose humanity, mingling with his undeviating strictness

in his military duty, had saved the lives of both Bernhard and Ludwig when imprisoned at Smolensk."

We will now close our extracts with a single *bivouac* scene. The fire, judiciously located by Rasinski for his own little party, —soldiers he no longer has—gradually attracts as many straggling soldiers as can crowd around it; and all are fast asleep, except the broodingly remorseful lover, Jaromir, whose turn it is to watch and feed the flames, upon the kindly warmth of which the lives of all depend.

"Suddenly Jaromir heard in his immediate neighbourhood a loud laugh. He started, as though a cold lightning-flash of horror had blasted him; for the sounds, in such awful circumstances, seemed positive blasphemy. He endeavoured to shout, 'Who's there!' but his voice died upon his lips, and his eyes gazed doubtfully into the darkness, as though to discover the spirit of the abyss who must be lurking there.

"At this moment, a ghastly figure stepped forth from the shadows of night into the fire-light. It was a gigantic cuirassier, wrapt in a tattered cloak, his head bound with a blood-drenched handkerchief under his helmet. He carried a young fir-tree in his hand as a walking staff.

"In a hollow voice he accosted Jaromir, 'Good evening, comrade, good evening! Merry doings here! Ha!'

"'What wouldst thou here?' cried Jaromir, horror-stricken. 'Away with thee, phantom.'

"The cuirassier glared upon him with his hollow eyes, distorted his mouth into a hideous grin, and gnashed his teeth, like an enraged animal. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed he harshly. 'Sleep ye so sound, ye sluggards?' and he stamped upon a stiffened corse, that lay beneath his foot. 'Wake up! Come along with me!'

"He stood a minute, as if listening, then staggered towards the fire.

"'Back!' cried Jaromir. 'Back, or I fire!' He drew a pistol, but the hand that grasped it trembled, and he could not raise or present it.

"'Huh! I'm freezing!' yelled the maniac, shaking himself. Then, like a sportive child, he caught at the flames, reeled nearer and nearer, till he stood close behind the ring of sleepers, over whom he stretched his arms towards the fire. Now first he appeared sensible of the warmth. A low whine issued from his breast, then, half-laughing, half-moaning, he suddenly cried, 'To bed! Quick, into my warm bed!' and staggering over his recumbent comrades, plunged madly into the flames.

"'Help! help!' shrieked Jaromir, his hair on end with horror, and grasping Rasinski, he shook him with convulsive strength.

"Rasinski started up, asking, 'What is the matter?' Jaromir with difficulty stammered out, 'There! there!' and pointed to the flames in which the poor yelling maniac writhed frightfully.

"Rasinski rather divined than understood what had occurred. Reso-

lately he sprang forward to snatch the poor wretch from destruction. Too late! Already the heat had suffocated him."

But the sight of frenzy has with a strange, though not very uncommon sort of sympathetic contagion, enkindled the spark of incipient insanity lurking in Jaromir's gloomy remorse. He suddenly breaks into raving, whilst Rasinski and Bianca, whom the disturbance has awakened, strive in vain to soothe him.

"He stared fixedly into the flames. Suddenly he burst with overpowering strength from Rasinski's arms, cried, 'That is the burning pit of hell! The powers of darkness hurl me into it! Quick! quick!' And with a fearful gesture he attempted to dash himself into the blazing fire. Rasinski clasped him with the force of agony. Bianca threw herself at his feet, and clung about his knees, shrieking, with her utmost powers of voice, 'Help! help! brother! Ludwig!'

"Roused by her voice from lethargic sleep, Ludwig started up, exclaiming, as he saw Jaromir battling against Rasinski and Bianca, 'Heavens! what means this?' Bernhard likewise awoke, and sprang up. It was time. Rasinski's whole manly strength could no longer control the frantic Jaromir's efforts to plunge into the fire. 'Help, friends!' he cried, 'help me to master him, or he is lost.'

"Jaromir's frantic struggles were succeeded by complete prostration of strength. He sank down helpless, but, as though racked with pain, broke into heart-rending cries and groans. These sounds, following the preceding tumult, at length awoke all the sleepers.

"'Who is that madman?' surlily grumbled a colossal grenadier. 'What wants he? Is he to rob us of the few precious minutes of sleep we can enjoy? Toss him out of the ring, let him freeze, and not disturb us.'

"'Throw him out! Out with him!' chimed in the boisterous cry of his awakened comrades, and several sprang up to execute the savage deed.

"Bianca uttered a loud shriek of terror; Ludwig caught her on his right arm as she sank, whilst with the left he kept off one of the threatening barbarians.

"Rasinski, who at once appreciated the imminence of the danger, dropped Jaromir into Bernhard's arms, and sprang with flashing eyes into the midst of the circle. With quick determination he snatched a blazing brand from the fire, brandished it over his head, and in that lion's voice, which could rule the thunder of the battle, spoke in accents of command, 'Back, wretches! This burning brand shatters the head of him who advances a step.'

"The exasperated assailants paused, confounded, overpowered by Rasinski's moral ascendancy. Only the one bearded warrior, who had first spoken, drew his sword, and furiously shouted, 'What, dastards? Are ye all cowed by one man? On! on! Down with the Polish dog!'

"'Wild beast that thou art!' thundered Rasinski in retort, and rushed like a lion upon the raging barbarian. 'Down with thee, bru-



talized monster !' With powerful adroitness he at once grasped the wrist of the hand that brandished the sabre, thus rendering the weapon useless, and struck him on the head with his burning club, which, splintering, scattered a shower of coal and sparks around. But the grenadier's thick bearskin cap weakened the blow. The enraged soldier was not stunned, and his fury was increased even to foaming madness. Built for an athlete, and taller, by half a head, than his antagonist, he dropped his sabre, and, grappling with Rasinski, endeavoured to hurl him into the fire. A moment they wrestled; the Pole slipped, reeled and sank upon one knee. He was lost! Reckless, brute force was about to destroy a hero! But with the rapidity of lightning, Ludwig sprang to his aid. He grasped the savage from behind, and dragged him back so violently, that together they fell to the ground. Rasinski now snatched up the dropped sabre, with his left hand tore the bearskin cap from his fallen adversary's head, and with his right dealt a blow at his forehead that clove his skull. Haughty, commanding as a monarch, he now upraised himself, stood majestically amidst the astonished and terrified circle, and authoritatively said, 'Fling the carcase out into the snow, then lie down again and sleep on. Trouble yourselves no more than though I had slain a wolf.'

"As though no longer needing it, he disdainfully tossed away the weapon, ruling the multitude solely by his loftier soul. No one dared to stir. A couple of men obediently took up the bleeding body, carried it a few paces from the circle, and flung it down in the snow."

And again the whole bivouac company, save the appointed watchers of the fire, Ludwig and Bernhard, go to sleep!

At Wilna, the calamities of the retreat end. There Jaromir dies in the arms of his tenderly forgiving bride, who, accompanied by her guardian, Rasinski's noble sister, and her friend Marie, Ludwig's sister, has come thither to soothe and recover him. The reinforced French repulse an attack of Cossacks, then evacuate the town, when Rasinski insists upon his non-military friends remaining under the protection of Bianca, as a Russian princess; and Marie, for the first time avowing her love, flings herself into his arms, and hangs upon his lips, at parting.

After such potent calls upon our sympathies, who can care about the commonplace, conjugal happiness of a couple of German households? Yet more: who can endure Marie's abandonment of a passion thus openly and despairingly acknowledged, to accept Bernhard, before she even knows that Rasinski is probably drowned? Our romance cannot stand it, and we lay down the pen.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Vergleichende Darstellung Griechischer Bau-Ordnungen.* (Comparative Examples of the Greek Orders.) Von J. M. Mauch. Folio. Potsdam.
2. *Elements of Architectural Criticism, for the Use of Students, Amateurs, and Reviewers.* By Joseph Gwilt, Author of a Translation of Vitruvius, &c. 8vo. London, 1837.

VERY remote was it from our intention to return thus speedily to any topic connected with architecture; nevertheless we are relieved from the necessity of making any apology for so doing, neither will our readers feel the slightest surprise at it. Rather would there be surprise on their part, and apology be due on ours, were we not on so very peculiar and extraordinary an occasion, to deviate from our usual course, not merely as regards our prompt recurrence to this particular subject, but also our speaking chiefly of an English publication. That, in this latter respect, we are not intermeddling with what in nowise concerns this periodical, is evident enough, Mr. Gwilt's "Elements," as he is pleased to call his book, being neither more nor less than a direct attack—how able and judicious a one will presently be shown—upon the architectural articles that have appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly*, and on the opinions therein propounded. Although by no means so intended, it is certainly complimentary to us that a professional writer should have composed a volume expressly for the purpose of putting down what he considers very mischievous doctrines—doctrines particularly disagreeable because completely at variance with his own; yet not contemptible, idle babblings; else, wherefore should he, while evidently disposed to sneer at Reviewers in general, confine his remarks exclusively to this journal, and, after the lapse of three years, bestow such very particular attention upon the paper on the "Present School of Architecture in Germany," printed in our 27th number?

No; the reason for his hostility is sufficiently obvious: he feels that, as it has happened, we were mainly instrumental in being on that and a former occasion the first to call the attention of our countrymen to the merits of Schinkel and others, who were previously hardly known among us even by name; consequently he regards us—not unjustly—as particularly obnoxious, and active in disseminating a taste most fatally opposed to that of his own favourite Palladian style. Perhaps, too, he has been alarmed into the determination to take up thus tardily his pen against us, by finding that, although their writer "should have confined his opinions to his own circle," the architectural papers in this Review have attracted no small degree of notice among those who are

tolerably competent to judge whether they are written with any ability. Nay, one of them has actually been referred to not without commendation in a note in the volume of the "Transactions of the Institute of British Architects," and again in a pamphlet by Mr. Hopper; while another has been quoted no less flatteringly in an essay read at the Architectural Society. We may be forgiven for what looks so much like egotism and vanity in alluding to these testimonies in our favour; since, at all events, they justify the very special dislike Mr. Gwilt has taken against us, and which, by the by, is not the very least of the compliments we have received.\*

Far be it from us to deprecate such notice as that which the author of the "Elements" has bestowed upon us, or to maintain that we are perfectly irresponsible for our opinions; at the same time it is a duty we owe both to ourselves individually, and to the journal for which we write, to defend them, and, if possible convict our volunteer critic and *amateur* reviewer of being strangely at fault in nearly all he says. Our only regret is that we must be far more brief than we should be did we consult only our own inclination. Still, though we are compelled to pass over many things in his book which would afford us matter for remark and comment, we trust we shall be able to make out a tolerable case against him, and with fewer blunders† and contradictions than he has fallen into.

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\* In his recently published volume, entitled "Temples, Ancient and Modern,"—which is, by the by, one of the oddest farragos yet produced in this book-making age,—Mr. Bardwell has also paid us the compliment to take, without acknowledgment, a few things from us, wishing, no doubt, to have all the credit of them himself. For instance, from the very paper which is so obnoxious to Mr. Gwilt, he has taken a passage quoted by us from Menzel, whom we suspect he would not greatly relish, had he read his book; however, whether he has read it, or is able to understand the original, most certain it is, that he did not care to try his hand even at a short translation, the one given being verbatim our own. He has also pilfered the last paragraph of our translation from Klenze's preface, working it up into his own text, without hinting that it is borrowed from any one! This may be very ingenious, yet certainly not particularly ingenuous, nor always safe; for, perhaps, many others, besides ourselves, may be able to claim what has been similarly purloined from them.—As an amusing proof, too, how much the doctors in the profession disagree among themselves, we find Mr. Gwilt quoting the very same passage from Menzel, and adding that, although there is nothing new in the doctrine itself, conclusions may be drawn from it very opposite to those adopted by ourselves, and, as it would seem, by Mr. Bardwell likewise, to a certain extent, to say nothing of those at which Menzel himself has arrived.

† At page 15, we meet with this very startling specimen of Mr. Gwilt's acumen as a reader:—"The reviewer before referred to, says, he has looked at the principles of the ancients, 'after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets; the spirit of their works is with him a very secondary consideration,' &c." It would be difficult to hunt up any where a more diverting blunder! Now, if the reader will refer to page 94 of our 27th number, he will undoubtedly find the words, "We have looked at them," (namely, the works of the ancients, not their principles, as Mr. Gwilt reads it,) "after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets,

The first accusation against us is that—very absurdly, it would seem—we have fancied architects to be somewhat jealous of amateurs: now it certainly does look very much like it when we find, as of late has been the case, so many uncivil, not to say fiercely angry taunts levelled by professional men against those who at least pay compliment to the art itself, by looking upon it as one which deserves to engage the attention of persons of taste, and who cannot be suspected of being attached to it out of any mercenary motives. As individuals, amateurs—or those so styling themselves—may be both ignorant and officious—mere dabblers and pretenders—consequently not at all to be upheld either by ourselves or others; yet that is no reason wherefore they should be decried and run down as a class; especially as that is not the way to encourage men of education and fortune to turn to architecture as an elegant and liberal study, although it is obviously for the interest of the art itself that they should do so, because, unless persons in that sphere of society possess both taste for, and intelligence of, it, their want of both the one and the other must operate to its prejudice and discredit. We have no doubt there are many ignorant pretenders among those who call themselves amateurs; certain we are, that there are some eminently tasteless bunglers among those who call themselves professional; yet, as we would not stigmatize the whole profession on account of these latter, so neither do we see wherefore the other class should be sweepingly censured, because many will be found in it quite undeserving of the name. Happy should we be to discover that we have been mistaken, and that the profession do not bear that ill-will towards amateurs, even if they do not entertain positive jealousy of them, which we now cannot help imagining they do; yet there is, certainly, nothing in Mr. Gwilt's book indicative, we will not say of friendliness, but of courtesy towards them. So far from it, that he professes his con-

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&c.;" yet any one—except, indeed, one gentleman, must perceive from the context, that the "we" here means not the reviewer himself, but we moderns generally. Besotted, indeed, must we have been to make the egregiously silly confession Mr. Gwilt imputes to us. Again, a few pages further on, he either most ignorantly or most perversely misunderstands us, and is astonished to find us speaking of "accidental forms applicable to the art in the abstract;" and that, too, after quoting the passage itself, which proves that we said no such thing, the words being, "— theoretical principles, independent of conventional and abstract forms, and applicable to art in the abstract." Surely the "and," if nothing else, points out sufficiently clearly that it is the theoretical principles which are applicable to art in the abstract. Here our ingenious opponent has cut off from himself all possibility of retreat on the plea of hurry and inadvertence, since, besides quoting the original, he has actually printed in italics his own mistake! Yet, no doubt, he hugs himself up in the idea that in these very two instances he has contrived to make us appear guilty of most arrant blockheadism; and that he has effectually stopped our mouths, which henceforward will be employed only in chewing the cud of bitter shame and mortification.

tempt for them by implication, asserting that, whenever such men as Aldrich and Burlington, who were "practical amateurs," shall appear, "they will be hailed by the profession as welcome intruders." As far as his own feelings are concerned, we will not question Mr. Gwilt's sincerity; but we are pretty certain that few of his professional brethren will thank him for the observation, or at all relish *designing* amateurs who should tread in the footsteps of Burlington, and lend their services gratuitously to their own friends and the public.

Reviewers generally, as well as ourselves in particular, come in with amateurs for a share of Mr. Gwilt's splenetic hostility; it being arrant impertinence in them to set up for "instructors of the public in matters of architecture." Are we to understand by this that architecture ought to be peculiarly privileged, and exempted from criticism, save what may be promulgated *ex cathedra* by the professors of the art themselves? or that no one should be allowed to write, in quality of critic, on that or any other branch of study, unless known to the world as a person practically conversant with it? Certes, Mr. Gwilt would thin the ranks of criticism prodigiously. It is a wonder he did not propose that henceforth none should exercise the office of critics or reviewers without having previously obtained a diploma of licence and being duly registered—a scheme not more extravagant than that of a certain Mr. Bell, who, a year or two ago, proposed that no one should be suffered to practise as architect without a diploma, and actually published a letter to that effect, addressed to the then Professor of Architecture:—how such credentials were to be any guarantee for taste, or what quantum of taste would satisfy a board of examiners, he forgot to point out; which may have been one reason why so very notable a project fell to the ground.—As to Reviewers, although we ourselves belong to the craft, we scruple not to admit that they have no right to expect the public to pin their faith upon all they say, or give implicit credence to them. Like other authors, they write at their own peril, and are in their turn amenable to a tribunal quite as high as their own, namely, the opinions of those who are able to judge whether their reasonings and decisions be sound or the contrary. For aught, too, Mr. Gwilt can tell to the contrary, some of those who have favoured the public with their comments on architecture may be professional men; and he himself has the credit of having contributed anonymous criticisms to periodicals; one in particular, wherein, out of a determination to vilify the portico of the London University, he actually compared the columns to "a row of skittles or Dutch nine-pins"!

If architects wish to rescue their art from the impertinent cri-

ticisms, and futile babblings, as we must suppose them to be, of reviewers; wherefore do not they themselves undertake to inform the public taste by giving, not anonymous vituperations, but sound, discriminate, and impartial observations on the productions of architecture, as well as mere general opinions on points of doctrine, which, unless illustrated and enforced by specific criticism, are apt to be vague and unsatisfactory? Criticism, however, does not appear to be the forte of architects themselves. Perhaps, there is no class of men who, while their studies require them to be tinctured with some degree of literary taste, and while their art would, if pursued *con amore*, supply them unceasingly with matter for disquisition and inquiry, are so incommunicative, or have, apparently, less to say upon what we must needs suppose interests them. In proof of this, we may remark that, whenever they publish any of their own designs, they very rarely enter into any explanation of them, and least of all as regards those particulars, as to which information is more especially requisite. We do not mean to say, that those belonging to the profession are incapable of writing, or that they never write at all: on the contrary, several of them have lately put forth books and pamphlets as well as Mr. Gwilt; yet, rather as if to perplex the public and each other, for so very conflicting are their tastes, their opinions and their theories, as to convince us that if one be right all the rest must be wrong. And we suspect that the views entertained by that "preterpluperfect Goth," Welby Pugin, or by Hosking, or by Savage, must appear to the author of the "Elements," quite as heretical, as mischievous, and manifesting as much "ignorance of the first principles of the art," as any thing ever uttered by a Reviewer. That Mr. Gwilt, however, does not hold every "anonymous author" to be an ignoramus is apparent from his giving a long quotation from one, to whom, he says, he is indebted for some valuable hints. Now we happen to know who that writer is, and we can assure Mr. Gwilt that he is, perhaps, of all persons in the world, the very last of whom he would have chosen to say aught complimentary. Poor Gwilt! There are certainly practical blunderers now-a-days in the world, if the race of "practical amateurs" be extinct.

In the "Postscript"\* to his Preface, our opponent charges us

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\* In the same place he taxes us with manifesting want of feeling or bad feeling in our note upon Sir J. Soane, to which he has very maliciously directed attention, saying that, but for that he should not have noticed the article at all. When we say "maliciously," we do not mean as regards ourselves, but Sir John; because with that admirable consistency of which his book affords many striking, not to say ludicrous, instances, instead of attempting to vindicate the late Professor, or showing any disposition to do so, Mr. Gwilt actually says *ditto* to our animadversions, confessing that he

with having spun out our "very heavy" article on the "Influence of Construction on Style" into a sort of treatise with the titles of some German books at the head of it. It is not for us to decide whether that paper be a more than ordinarily heavy one—we cannot object, in return, that Mr. Gwilt's arguments are particularly weighty—but the reproach that it is not exactly what it professes to be, that it is "a sort of treatise" rather than a review, does not come with the best possible grace from one who entitles his book "Elements of Architectural Criticism," when it consists almost entirely of strictures upon ourselves, eked out with historical abstracts of Grecian and Italian architecture, together with fragmentary and desultory remarks. He sails under false colours, for his title—a very clever bait in itself—is a complete misnomer, there being nothing whatever of a system of criticism in his book, nothing even in form amounting to a connected treatise on its elements: but, we beg pardon, Mr. Gwilt does not relish "treatises." By way of saving appearances at the outset, the first section is upon the Laws of Proportion; which would lead one to expect that the same method would be pursued with regard to other principles. These, however, are the only ones which, while professing, as far as his title goes, to furnish the public with a useful digest of the canons of architectural criticism, the writer has thought necessary to inquire into; consequently we are at liberty to suppose that he considers the whole code of æsthetics as applied to architecture to be comprised in them; notwithstanding that others, as well as ourselves, may be of opinion that a knowledge of those laws alone will go but a very little way towards enabling any one either fully to understand or to relish all the various qualities and merits which enter into the produc-

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does not admire his buildings, and not only censuring his "unforgiving disposition," but leaving it to be inferred that his moral character was in other respects not the very best, although, as he is now gone "to answer for his deeds done in the flesh," it ought to be exempted from reproach. We raked together, he says, all the bad points in Sir John's character: now, in drawing a character, it is usual, we fancy, to rake or bring together all the prominent points and traits in it; and was it our fault if, as was the case with King John's, those of our Knight John's were bad ones? Could it have been urged against us that we had falsified or overcharged them, it would have been a different matter: yet Mr. Gwilt does not even pretend to say we did so. He virtually admits that the portraiture is substantially correct, although he is willing to take credit for being shocked by it. So far from at all exaggerating, we actually suppressed much, and not a few instances, that would have directly confirmed what we said. But enough:—if any one can contradict what we have asserted, let him stand forward and do so; or if it can be shown that the principle laid down by us is incorrect and immoral, let it be fairly declared to be such.

As for Mr. Gwilt, his tenderness for the dead does not extend to the living; since, not content with railing at—we cannot say criticising—the National Gallery, he actually adds a most sneering note against the present Professor of Architecture; and that, too, after having a page or two before excused himself from adverting to the works of his contemporaries. This is both delicacy and consistency with a vengeance!

tions of architecture,—qualities, moreover, that are sometimes adjusted to each other with so much nicety, and combined with so much skill, that, however powerful may be their joint result, they themselves are apt to be overlooked, or are not to be detected, except by careful analysis. On the subject of form, as distinct from proportion, this book of “Elements” contains nothing; on that of Congruity and Fitness, nothing; on Unity, on Composition, just as much; on Composition and Harmony, ditto; on Simplicity, Richness, Contrast, Variety, Character, Expression, Quantity, Quality, Detail, Effect, Light and Shade, &c. ditto and again ditto,—that is, positively nothing.

These, it must be owned, are rather numerous—we leave it to Mr. Gwilt himself to judge, whether important—omissions; and, for our own part, we cannot help thinking that he has treated those who shall apply to his book, with the view of learning from it how they may become all at once adepts in orthodox architectural criticism, scurvily and stingily. At the same time we are ready to admit that, unless he could have furnished them with something more to the purpose and less fanciful than what he says on the subject of proportion, the loss is not very great, and consequently the omissions we have pointed out altogether immaterial. According to him—and, coming from so thorough and stanch a partisan of the Italian school, the doctrine is doubly startling—it is doubtful whether there be really more than one order, as genus, which is subdivided into five, or three, species. By way of elucidating the general principle of proportions as practised by the ancients, he gives a diagram of an hexastyle portico, of which the six columns are equal to the five intercolumns, and also to the entablature and pediment; that is, measured superficially by the elevation, the supports, the voids between them, and the parts resting on the supports, all agree as to quantity. Yet, since he immediately afterwards confesses that in practice this principle admits of infinite variety, we do not perceive that it amounts to much more than a curious speculation, because the latitude with which it is applied is likely to be no less infinite than the variety. It allows of, after all, and relates merely to one particular kind of proportion, which has very little to do with what is generally understood by the term, else would the Parthenon and the Pantheon differ very little from each other in regard to it,—and that, too, according to Mr. Gwilt’s own showing, for in a note at page 13, he produces some comparisons of the kind taken from ancient buildings, by which it appears that in the Parthenon the supports are to the weights, as 1 : 1.19; and in the Pantheon, as 1 : 1.10. Surely he has brought forward this fact somewhat inadvertently, because it rather makes against the value of his own theory,



limited as it is to nearly proportion alone, since it proves how very much besides remains quite unaccounted for by it. Nay, it may unluckily mislead some to imagine that between the two buildings mentioned there exists as slight a difference in regard to taste, expression, and effect, as there does between the decimal parts set down against them. Now, if his work was really intended to correct the public taste, Mr. Gwilt does not, by any means, understand what kind of elementary knowledge the public require, for while he goes into nice and abstruse points, into which persons in general can hardly be expected to enter at all, he omits all that can properly be termed elementary information, imagining, perhaps, that his readers will have provided themselves with it beforehand, elsewhere.

But, leaving others to search for that information which may serve them as a clew of criticism, and help to direct them aright, where ignorant and presumptuous reviewers have led them astray, let us attend to the lesson which in this place Mr. Gwilt addresses to ourselves. We had observed that, "supposing the attention bestowed by us upon Greek architecture to have been to any purpose at all, we must surely have been convinced, ere this, that the doctrine so long maintained in regard to proportions ought to be discarded as untenable, or at least, requires to be amended and remodelled;" whereupon Mr. Gwilt affirms that we exhibit a very slender knowledge of the philosophy of the art. Whether it be through ignorance or perverseness we do not know; but he certainly puts a very odd construction upon our meaning, although taken with the context it is obvious enough; namely that, contrary to the laws laid down by Vitruvius and his modern followers, who would establish a fixed standard for each order, to which they assign certain undeviating proportions, the ancients allowed themselves great freedom in this respect without violating the character belonging to each distinct class or order. What says Mr. Gwilt himself?—"Two examples—than which, in appearance, it is impossible to produce specimens of greater apparent dissimilarity—will show how the ancients were guided by certain laws, which, notwithstanding the restraint which the reviewer wants to shake off, admit of a variety which, on comparing them, will be obvious to the least educated. These are the orders (both Doric) used in the Hypæthral Temple at Pæstum, and the Portico of Philip. In the former, the columns are only  $4\frac{134}{1000}$  diameters, in the latter  $6\frac{435}{1000}$ , and yet the heights of the whole entablatures in terms of their diameters vary only  $\frac{1}{100}$  of that diameter." Most assuredly Mr. Gwilt is a very extraordinary person; for he quarrels with us for holding the same doctrine, and to convict us of absurdity, actually brings forward a very strong instance proving

that the ancients did not put upon themselves that restraint which modern lawgivers in matters belonging to the orders have imposed on themselves and their school. He is correct enough in saying, that we wish to see such restraint shaken off; but all the rest appears to be a piece of mystification; because, although in both the examples he refers to, the columns and entablature may be nearly similarly proportioned to each other, every one, himself excepted, will be of opinion, that a column only four times as high as its lower diameter, is not of the same proportions as one which is six times as high. Nevertheless, he will have it that the proportions of both are virtually the same, although the difference between them is so obvious—that is, the difference occasioned by the proportions themselves. Surely this is merely playing at cross-purposes, and childish holding out on the strength of a term to which he chooses to assign another meaning from that usually understood by it, rather than not seem to make out something of a case against us; for we really cannot believe but that he himself sees that his own view of the matter does not at all affect what we said; or if it does, it must also upset nearly all that has been written upon the subject by professional men themselves. In fact, notwithstanding that it may serve his purpose on this particular occasion to confine himself just to that particular view of proportion, he would find it rather awkward to be obliged to adhere to it invariably, to the entire exclusion of all proportions of detail; which are precisely those which constitute much of that variety in different examples of the same order, and which may be very dissimilar, although the general proportions are the same. Of two columns, for instance, of the same order, and precisely alike in regard to height as measured by the lower diameter of their shafts, there may be a striking dissimilarity in the proportions of their component parts and details. Not only may the base and capital of the one be in this respect very unlike those of the other, but the proportions of the details of these subdivisions may likewise vary materially. Or, we may illustrate the matter more effectually by referring to the pediments of the Parthenon and Pantheon, two buildings which, as already seen, differ very little as to that particular ratio upon which Mr. Gwilt's theory is founded; and ask whether there be not a most prodigious discrepancy between the proportions of their pediments?

Perhaps we are bestowing too much notice on this particular point—a very prominent one, however, in these “Elements”—there being so much else that has equally strong claims upon our notice. Had we space for such purpose, we should very willingly discuss—whether the arch and dome be really so incompatible with Grecian composition as Mr. Gwilt considers them.

That he should do so is all the more strange, inasmuch as it is difficult to reconcile such very strict scrupulousness in maintaining the Grecian style within its original limits with his predilection for Italian architecture. We rather suspect that his preciaeness in this respect is occasioned chiefly by the desire to keep the arch and dome as the peculiar property of the Roman and Italian styles; and, by depriving the Grecian of the advantages that might accrue to it by a judicious appropriation of those features, to render it comparatively ineligible—at least for many purposes. This conjecture on our part grows almost into certainty when we read that, “the truth is, the arrangements which Greek architecture requires, in order to produce effect, are unsuitable to modern habits.” Most assuredly, if we are not to be permitted to aim at other effect with it than that belonging to its own temples—if all its spirit and character must inevitably evaporate unless presented to us in the express forms to which it was restricted by those who originated and perfected it; then, indeed, Grecian architecture must be discarded by us almost in toto, as by far too scanty and limited for our present wants and purposes. Scarcely can it be employed for modern churches, without forfeiting more or less of its original expression; even windows infringing upon the atticism of its idiom hardly less than the dome and arch would do, perhaps in some instances far more than these latter would; because, although authorities for windows and their forms are to be met with in Grecian architecture, it furnishes no precedent for the frequency, nor for the same arrangement, of such apertures as the nature of our own buildings renders almost unavoidable. The truth is, even where we aim at being exclusively Greek, our buildings are, for the reason just mentioned, in a certain degree, Italian, with the Greek orders and Greek detail. It would, therefore, be merely stretching the point a very little more, to adopt the arch and dome likewise; on the condition, however, of their assuming the costume and external character of that style, and becoming what we may conceive the Greeks themselves would have rendered them.\* To such course, however, Mr. Gwilt is decidedly opposed; he insists upon our making our

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\* While we would admit the arch, we would restrict its application chiefly to interiors, suffering it to appear very seldom externally, and then only where its span would exceed that of an architrave from column to column. We therefore hold arched windows to be inadmissible in combination with columns disposed after the Grecian mode; the bad effect of which is apparent in the Bourse at Paris. Not only is it contrary to classical precedent, but likewise to reason; because, if an horizontal architrave can be carried from one column to another, surely the narrower apertures of doors and windows can be terminated horizontally also without difficulty. On the other hand, in the large niches within the portico of the Pantheon, the arch is had recourse to for adequate and obvious reason, those recesses being about equal to two intercolumnns.

election between Greek and Italian, and abiding by it. If, therefore, we choose to return to the latter, we must take it up again just as we left it, without attempting to infuse into it aught of Grecian taste, or correcting its details and profiles. We, however, would say, let us be Greek as far as we can,—not to the exclusion of Gothic, but whenever we employ columns and entablatures; yet not pedantically so, on the one hand reducing design to the mere copying of antique edifices; nor, on the other, affectedly classical in those features of our buildings which can be applied directly from the antique, while all the rest is offensively the reverse; but where we find the Greek stops short, and affords no direct precedents for our guidance, let us have recourse to Roman, or even Italian, for hints upon which we may work. It is not every one, we grant, who can attempt this successfully; but those alone who, besides having thoroughly imbued themselves with Grecian taste, as it displays itself in the works which have come down to us, are gifted with some degree of genius. Yet, if architecture be one of the fine arts as well as a science, such must be the case; for in none of the arts so called will plodding diligence, although it may raise a man to a passable degree of proficiency in it, supply the place of, or enable him to compete with, genius.

Although, being nearly all of one class and exceedingly simple and unvaried in their general plan, the Greek edifices we are acquainted with present little more than columns, entablatures, and pediments, that the style itself is exceedingly plastic, and contains within itself the germs of infinite diversity and inexhaustible combinations, admits of no doubt, when we come to study the different examples of the few ornamental features which their structures supply, and perceive how tastefully they are varied, apparently without effort, and always without contravening the respective fundamental types. By way of something like an instance, let us take *antefixa*, and we may boldly challenge any one to produce from Italian sources any kind of embellishment at all comparable either for the exquisite taste or the fertility of invention they display—all so varied, and manifesting a spontaneity for admitting fresh ideas. In those things wherein the Italian exhibits either wearisome monotony, or merely fantastic caprices, Grecian architecture manifests invention, directed by taste and study; and each architect appears to have treated his work in the true spirit of an artist; not like a mechanic, following an express pattern, but genially and consistently throughout, even to its minutest details. Few as the examples actually are which we have of the Grecian Ionic, they suffice to convince us of the great freedom and ductility of that style, and show more of true architectural invention than all the examples of the Italian orders put together.

To cite merely the Ionic of the Temple on the Ilissus, of the Erechtheion, and the interior order of the Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, what widely marked differences do we discern in them! Each possesses its own distinct character; for the difference is not confined, as in Italian varieties, to what is no more than an alteration of some one part, but it diffuses itself over the whole composition. It may, indeed, very fairly be questioned, if, previously to the discovery of the last-mentioned example, any one would have been able to devise aught resembling what is so unlike any other form of the voluted capital,—to go no further than that single member.

Leaving Mr. Gwilt, therefore, out of the question, scarcely any one else will think us very wrong in claiming for Grecian architecture the diversity we did, when we said that each of its leading classes or orders might be divided into subordinate ones: for, in addition to the masculine Ionic of the Ilissus,—as for distinction's sake, it may very well be called,—and the florid Ionic of the Erechtheion, we have this very peculiar Bassæ specimen, with its four-faced capital, and shaft sweeping down below to its widely extended base; in which last-mentioned member alone it differs from every other example yet discovered, the diameter of its undermost moulding being double that of the lower part of the shaft measured just above the sweep or apophyge;—yet, perhaps, the author of the “Elements” will say that this constitutes no difference in the proportions. And here we may remark that, should we learn nothing else from this very singular example—which, by the by, would itself admit of many further modifications—it might at least serve to convince us that it is not quite so impossible, as some have represented, to obtain, if not an entirely new and distinct order, something markedly original and *sui generis*.\* Neither can we be certain but that many other combinations as yet untried and unsuspected by us, may yet lie undetected, or else are irrecoverably lost, and may therefore be reinvented by ourselves, although of their having been

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\* So long as we continue to discountenance, and even reprobate as idle, or worse than idle, every attempt of the kind, arguing that what has never yet been done can never be done at all, and that none ought to try to succeed where those who hitherto have tried have failed, it is not indeed very likely that architects should devote much study merely to encounter prejudices. Yet, that the matter is not absolutely hopeless, is proved by the singularly novel and beautiful capitals designed by Schinkel for the columns in the sculpture rooms of the Berlin Museum; and that we may not appear reluctant, as Mr. Gwilt reproaches us with being, to admit the merits of our own countrymen, we may instance, among many other exceedingly happy and original ideas by Maddox, a most elegant and truly classical one applied to a Grecian Doric, consisting of a deep zone or band with small full-length female figures sculptured upon it, immediately below the capital to which it served as a continuation. We do not know whether it has ever been executed, but had its designer palmed it on the world as some fresh discovery or fragment of antiquity, it would probably have ere this been copied over and over again.

previously adopted we can have no assurance. As an Ionic composition, very distinct from any of the varieties above-mentioned, we may call attention to that which is conjectured to have belonged to the Temple of Eucleia, on the Ilissus.

While the Greeks, following the example afforded by nature herself, whose productions exhibit many modes of beauty belonging to the same class and so far allied together, yet specifically distinct from each other, appear to have aimed at individual character without departing from the general one belonging to the respective orders; the Italians have, as far as the orders are concerned, endeavoured to establish certain patterns, applied invariably or very nearly so on every occasion—a practice conducing to mechanical tameness and monotony on the one hand, and to capricious licentiousness on the other—as the only means of counteracting the sameness and insipidity of those features which are arbitrarily condemned to remain unchanged. Were the patterns thus rigorously established, by a kind of Procrustean law, of such superior beauty in themselves as to render any deviation from them a hazardous experiment, there would be some reasonable pretence for conforming to them undeviatingly; instead of which, they are, compared with the Greek originals whose names they bear, decidedly poor if not absolutely tasteless. This is more especially the case with the Italian Ionic, which can hardly fail to strike the most uneducated eye as meagre, harsh, and the very reverse of graceful throughout, in comparison with the voluted order of the Greeks, whose least praiseworthy specimens totally eclipse the other. Whichever of its two varieties we take, that with the volutes arranged diagonally, or the one with two faces, the Italian capital is decidedly bad, the whole crude and poor; the volutes themselves seemingly little more than undeveloped hints for, or imperfect reminiscences of, the perfected forms, without grace in their contours, and admitting of no change of expression—of greater richness or sobriety accordingly as the number of the spirals are increased or diminished. A corresponding kind of superiority, more or less in degree, manifests itself throughout all the Greek forms and details, and is radically inherent in them, since it arises out of the organization of the style itself, which is eminently favourable to the natural development of the primary elements of beauty. Therefore, as such forms are independent of those particular arrangements of plan and general outline followed by the Greeks themselves, we most earnestly recommend that they should be adopted as our models, and our taste be formed upon them, although it is hardly possible, nor indeed is it advisable, that we should adhere to ancient precedent in every other respect.

To such compromise, however, Mr. Gwilt will not listen: he objects to Grecian detail, unless a structure can be likewise Grecian in every other respect; and as he limits the epithet to that style where "the contours of the mouldings employed are confined to portions of conic sections," he must of course mean to exclude such contours, together with the taste emanating from them, and urge our return to the comparatively coarse contours and profiles of the Italian system, which certainly cannot boast of being equally susceptible of variety. Here, as well as in numerous other instances, he appears somewhat inconsistent and contradictory; for, speaking of Elizabethan architecture, as it is called, he asks what object is gained by its adoption? "does it afford an opportunity of disposing a plan more commodiously than Grecian, or Roman, or Italian architecture?" Thus it would seem that even Grecian architecture is not quite so unaccommodating and unmanageable as he is all the while striving to make us believe. And we, in turn, may ask what particular advantage is gained by following Italian in preference to Grecian authorities, in matters which are entirely those of taste? In fact, by moulding the Grecian style to our present purposes, adhering to it as closely as we can without pedantical, overstrained strictness, or sacrifice of convenience, and supplying whatever it is obviously deficient in for our actual use, we should be doing no more than the revivalists of the orders did with respect to Roman architecture; with this difference, however, that we should go to far purer sources of taste, and be furnished with a more abundant stock of materials; inasmuch as we should be at liberty to avail ourselves of Roman antiquity, likewise, for all that is really worthy of imitation in it and no more; since we should not be under the necessity of drawing indiscriminately from that quarter. We should, moreover, be in some degree assisted by Italian architecture itself, because, besides supplying hints which might easily be improved upon, it would teach us what we ought to avoid, and hold up to us by way of warning the abuses and solecisms in which that school so abounds.

Were it possible for us here to enter into such comparative examination of the Greek and Italian styles, as far as any kind of parallelism exists between them, as would sufficiently elucidate our views, and the course we recommend, most gladly would we do so; but it would occupy us very long to do it satisfactorily. We must therefore content ourselves with barely suggesting the idea itself, and with asking, by way of shaping out something like a direct application of it, whether Palladio's Villa Capra—which must be sufficiently familiar to most of our readers—would not have been infinitely superior to what it now is, had the order been Grecian and the other parts in conformity with it, although the

composition is not according to any Grecian precedent? To contend that it would thereby have ceased to be Italian without becoming essentially Greek, would be only idle bickering about mere words: the question is not whether what was so produced would answer either name, or neither; but whether it would have been good in itself. How this question would be answered by Mr. Gwilt we cannot for a moment doubt, he being, notwithstanding his professed feeling for Greek architecture, an extravagantly devoted admirer of Palladio and his school; consequently there is some reason to suspect that when he is complimentary towards the former, it is chiefly for "manners' sake;" otherwise, we should conceive that a relish for it must put him quite out of conceit with the works of the Vicentine architect.\*

Nevertheless, numerous and glaring as are the solecisms and inconsistencies with which the buildings of Palladio and the Italians generally abound, a person might entertain a predilection for them without compromising more than his taste, were such predilection, like that of the Italians themselves, exclusive. But when we find a man professing to venerate Grecian architecture, quite bigoted in favour of a style the very reverse in its feeling,—find him most pedantically strait-laced and hypercritical in regard to the former, wherein he insists upon the strictest adherence to every arrangement observed by the ancients themselves; yet tolerating under another name, not merely the use but the abuse of columns and orders intended by those who employ them to pass for classical;—when we meet with such contradictions, we say, we may very reasonably question, whether the person who advances them has really any fixed principles of taste, or possesses any sound elements of criticism. How orthodox the present champion of the Italian school is likely to be considered by it may easily be guessed, when he goes so far as to declare "that, compared with the extraordinary structures of the pointed style scattered over Europe, the most celebrated works of the Greeks sink into nothingness. Unity and harmony, symmetry and beauty of proportion, are not less discernible in the edifices of the middle ages than in the most celebrated temples of the Greeks." We need

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\* As Mr. Gwilt has thought fit to give an historical summary of Italian architecture, it is to be regretted that he should have broken off where the usual sources of information stop short, without condescending to bestow any notice on the late Marchese Cagnola or any of his immediate predecessors or contemporaries. Neither would it have been amiss, had he, while speaking of French architecture,—which, be it observed he rates very highly,—had he, instead of confining himself to things that have been repeatedly spoken of before, favoured us with his opinions and remarks on some of its recent productions. Yet, perhaps, although he is of opinion that France alone can compete with our own country at the present day, he does not particularly admire La Madeleine and some other structures, aping the antique to a degree which he must consider quite objectionable.



not tell our readers that in such opinion we cordially agree, but we must say, it is so directly opposed to the tenets of Italian writers and critics, as to tend to bring their doctrine into discredit, if not upset it altogether. For they have unsparingly reprobated every species of Gothic architecture, stigmatising it as a mere random chaotic fashion, the offspring of barbarism and ignorance; devoid of proportions, meaning, propriety, symmetry, elegance of form, or any good qualities beyond the effect resulting from size and multiplicity of work.

In spite, however, of the very liberal admission he makes in behalf of the Gothic style, he asks almost immediately afterwards: "What object is gained by the adoption of Gothic or Elizabethan architecture, as it is called?" Probably his meaning is, "the adoption of Gothic or of Elizabethan;" otherwise, as here expressed, we must suppose the two terms to be used as nearly synonymous, instead of indicating two such very distinct modes of building, that if we admit the latter to be only one remove from the former, it links Gothic and Italian completely together, the Elizabethan style partaking quite as much of the one as of the other; consequently, it would not be at all more improper to say Italian or Elizabethan, than Gothic or Elizabethan. It will be contended that, considered with reference to Italian architecture, Elizabethan is merely a corruption or awkward imitation of it, wherein its columns and entablatures are parodied. True, it bears precisely that sort of resemblance to the forms and details borrowed from Italian sources, as those of the Italian itself do to those of Greece; so that we, in our turn, may be allowed to ask: "What object is gained by the adoption of Italian or Elizabethan, when, for what regards taste, we may have recourse to the models furnished us by Greece itself?"—yet requiring models to be intelligently studied, instead of being, as hitherto, merely copied—transferred without any change, modification, or variation, to buildings necessarily dissimilar in many respects to those whence they are borrowed.

Now, however, when it might fairly be expected that we should begin to advance beyond the narrow, cramping, injurious system of professed copying, and turn all that we have been collecting to account, by applying the elements it furnishes us with to other modes than the particular one whence they are derived,—we are assured that we are "gradually returning to that school which, from the time of Inigo Jones to Lord Burlington, gave to the English rank among the nations of Europe." This is indeed startling, and should it turn out to be correct in point of fact, would prove how useless have been all those labours and researches in the field of Grecian architecture and antiquity, by which

the English have so eminently distinguished themselves, and of which they were almost first to set the example. Of course the less that is now said of the credit and rank they have thus gained among the nations of Europe, the better; since,—that is, in the opinion of those who consider such relapse matter for congratulation—such labours have been even mischievously directed, leading us astray so far that, as we perceive, it is little short of an actual triumph to find our way back again to the very point we had reached a century ago. If we are to believe Mr. Gwilt, there has not been a single felicitous attempt to adapt the architecture of the Greeks to modern purposes; which, as their attempts have been numerous enough, is not highly complimentary to the profession, although he would have us believe he does not, on that account, call their talent in question; but he is quite angry with us and others like us, who think that English architects might profit by studying the taste and skill with which some of their German contemporaries have appropriated to their purpose the forms and style of Greece. Except, indeed, it be that they are new intruders into the field, we do not see why the Germans, merely as foreigners, should be regarded with greater jealousy than either the French or Italians, nor wherefore we should be chargeable with want of patriotism in praising the former, more than Mr. Gwilt is for extolling the two last. Provided the art itself be but a gainer, what matters it from what quarter improvement comes to us, or where it originates? Yet it is we, forsooth, who are illiberal.

Happily such absurd jealousy and narrow-mindedness do not seem to belong to the juniors in the profession, as the following extract from a paper read at the Architectural Society will plainly testify.

“The study of the works of Schinkel impress the mind at once with the feeling that they are the offspring of genius, which is not confined to one branch of art; that they have been conceived under the conviction that the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, must be united in the architect who aspires to be something beyond a mere builder. The words remind me of a remark of the professor of anatomy, in his late elegant introductory lecture at the Royal Academy, when expatiating on the varied attainments necessary to constitute pre-eminence in works which demand creative imagination and genius: ‘We frequently hear talk,’ said he, ‘of a mere mathematician, of a mere engineer, of a mere anatomist; but a mere poet, a mere historical painter, a mere sculptor, are words without meaning, or mean only, no poet, no painter, no sculptor at all.’ A mere architect is, I am sure, quite as much a contradiction in terms, and might have been added to the list with at least equal justice.”

The writer then proceeds to notice one or two of Schinkel's principal works, where, unless he has been so far misled by our

estimate of them as to adopt our opinions too implicitly, what he says may serve to confirm them: and at least convince Mr. Gwilt, that a reviewer, one "evidently unacquainted with the first principles of architecture," is not the only person captivated by the "meagre display" of the colonnade of the Berlin Museum; which he affirms to be more like the composition of a scene-painter than of an architect. Such being his opinion, it is to be presumed that he considers it at any rate scenic; and yet he talks of "its want of variety, and of light and shade consequent," which "renders the mass uninteresting; it has no feature, all is sameness!"

For our description of this uninteresting piece of sameness, we must refer to the paper in our 27th Number; which description, if it is at all intelligible,—and that it is so we may presume from Mr. Gwilt's having made use of it himself,—will show in how eminent a degree it possesses those very qualities denied to it by him, who must surely all the while have been looking at the vile and paltry little wood-cut that he has given of it. We admit that it is deficient in that kind of variety which pervades most of the designs of the Italian school. There is no crowding together of all kinds of features, no confusion, no flutter. There is an ample colonnade backed in the centre by an inner one,\* consequently great variety not only of light and shade, but also as regards perspective effect—ininitely more so than in the usual Palladian style, where columns are engaged or attached to a wall, "to which they are generally more an incumbrance than an ornament"—at least so it is affirmed by no less authority than Mr. Gwilt himself! If a mere colonnade, let its background and accompaniments be what they may, is poor, and meagre, and unvaried, wherefore do we affect to admire Grecian architecture at all, unless it be that since the buildings themselves, are more or less imperfect, the fallacious picturesqueness of their actual appearance conceals the original meagreness, monotony, and want of interest in the design?

Perhaps it would have been as well for the decrifier of Schinkel to have confined himself to general remark, for, in venturing upon particular objections, he makes sad work, and unintentionally

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\* According to Mr. Gwilt, there is only a single one, though his own cut of the plan on the opposite page proves the contrary! And here, too, he talks of the columns and ceiling producing shadow on the wall, while he tells us there is a want of light and shade!! We may as well take this opportunity of showing also his candour, in calling our description of Moller's Church at Darmstadt a eulogy, when, in fact, so far from bestowing exaggerated praise on it, we spoke of it as having "a very unsatisfactory and unfinished appearance." So much for eulogy! Another remark may be added, namely that, admitting for a moment we actually merit, in regard to our opinions, all that Mr. Gwilt has advanced against us, we surely deserve some praise for the descriptions we gave of buildings then not made known by any previous account of them.

deals out two or three blows that rebound on his own favourites. He complains that the crowning member is frittered away by the row of eagles, although they are not much larger than antefixæ, and barely serve to break the straight line, which just before he seems to consider monotonous. Surely one of these two contradictory and neutralizing faults might have been omitted; for if there be monotony, there cannot be much fritter. But if such comparatively small features cut up the outline, and destroy repose, how can we at all tolerate the balustrades with statues, vases, pyramids, and other fantastical ornaments, hoisted upon them, which are of perpetual occurrence in the Italian style? Again, he considers the staircase to be, "according to all notions of propriety in art, a defect of the first order;" inasmuch as it destroys the unity of the composition, and shows the building to consist of two stories. This exceedingly hypercritical objection, started merely for the sake of picking out something like a specific fault, is not even tenable, because, bad as the cuts in the book are, they show at once that neither the staircase, the landing, nor the door leading from it into the gallery of the rotunda, can be seen over the screen, behind the second row of columns; and if it were as an ascent to such gallery, how could it possibly interfere with the unity of the composition? To insist that an order should invariably denote a corresponding division of the building within would be fatal to Italian architecture, where there are sometimes two or more stories included in one order; or else, as is the case with many churches, there are two external orders, with no upper floor within. This façade is, it seems, a mask; yet if it be, it is not singular in that respect, most Italian buildings deserving the term in a far greater degree. Again, the *victories* in the frieze of the Wacht-gebäude are carped at as no better than solecisms, being substituted for the usual triglyphs. Yet for such deviation from general practice, adequate analogous precedent may be found in the monument of Thrasyllus, where wreaths take the place of triglyphs. At all events, the fault is not greater than that of leaving a Doric frieze quite plain; or than that of giving a pulvinated one to the Ionic order; a favourite practice with the Palladian school, though it is totally at variance with meaning and due expression.

In speaking of the Glyptothek, the author of the *Elements* shows himself equally fastidious and hypercritical; for he is shocked by the impropriety of antefixæ being introduced as mere ornaments, where they cannot possibly indicate the extremities of tiles. Now although we did not censure, neither did we express any approbation of such an application of them, yet if it be unwarrantable to wrest from their original intention forms so purely

ornamental, and employ them as mere decorations, it becomes a task for the old defenders of the Italian system to show that there propriety is never violated; that it never has recourse to peditments, or columns, or balustrades, but where if not absolutely dictated by necessity, they at least do not appear positively extraneous and superfluous. The other special defect in the Glyptothek is, that there is not a perfect accordance between the exterior and the interior, the former being Grecian, the apartments themselves vaulted, and so far Roman. Well, let the same test be established *à la rigueur*, and fairly applied without distinction, and many other buildings besides the Glyptothek will be found equally or still more deficient. Are the interiors of the Florentine palaces in perfect accordance with their external aspect?—Does the portico of St. Martin's Church prepare us for the style adopted within? Is Cockerell's Chapel in Regent Street, "compared with which there is not a building either by Klenze or Schinkel worth notice, either for design or execution," perfectly unexceptionable, when, with a portico composed from the order of the Minerva Polias at Priene, it exhibits, even externally, a skylight dome of rather insignificant character? We leave it to our readers to answer these questions.

Although we have not touched upon one half of the passages and points we had noted for comment,—among the rest, the contradictory character given of Nash, the curious remarks on Schinkel's Gothic, and the comfortable doctrine that taste in decoration is an EASY AFFAIR!—being apprehensive that we may even now have exceeded the bounds allotted us, we must hasten to conclude, remarking that, in departing so widely in this instance—one likely never to occur again—from the plan and conduct of this periodical, we have been constrained to it by the choice between two alternatives. The one was, to take no notice of a publication which, as an English one, did not properly come under our cognizance; the other was, to waive regard to forms, take it up boldly, and meet a direct attack by a direct reply. Had the same remarks been given to the world in a less assuming form, we should probably have adopted the former course; but, being published in a volume with so imposing a title, and therefore likely to find its way into many libraries, where, unless met by some kind of reply, it would stand as a record of our presumption in advancing opinions we were afterwards either unable to maintain, or too pusillanimous to defend,—we have adopted the latter, as the one that will certainly be expected of us by our readers, who, were we to keep silence, could not interpret it but as an acknowledgment of defeat. Having determined to speak, we could not possibly refrain from dwelling upon the "Elements"

as we have done, because to have noticed it less at length might have been construed as evasive, and imputed to us as a desire merely to save appearances, and to escape from our antagonist as speedily as we could. Had he merely directed a bolt or two against us *en passant*, or against others as well as ourselves, we might have been contented with replying summarily, and to no more than immediately concerned ourselves; but affecting us exclusively and so nearly, and moreover involving so many opinions upon which we are directly opposed to him, we could not do less than refer to them continually. It is true that we have left ourselves no room for more general matter, or to bestow that notice on the other work at the head of this paper, which we should have been glad to have done under different circumstances.

In regard therefore to the work of Mauch, we can only say that it forms a most excellent and useful supplement to Normand's *Parallèle*, for which purpose it is intended; and that, while the plates are executed with equal care and taste with those in that work, the text which accompanies them is much more copious and instructive. Whatever may be the case in this country, there seems no disposition in Germany to desert the cause of good taste, by abandoning the Grecian orders and the elements of detail and composition deducible from them, in order to revert to Italian architecture; which latter could hardly have become what it did, had those who established it been acquainted with the same models as ourselves. Hardly can we bring ourselves to believe that Palladio, "with his eye constantly turned to the practice and the details of the ancients," would not have at least incorporated much of Grecian with Roman architecture, if he had had the opportunity of studying the former, as well as the latter. This is what we are now at liberty to do; and not to do it would be foolishly sacrificing to mere prejudice, and to a regard for names, a privilege which, we ought to rejoice in knowing, has been reserved for the present age.

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**ART. VII.—***Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst bis auf unsere Zeit. Mit einer Blütenlese aus zwey tausend zwey hundert Dichtern* von dem Freihern von Hammer-Purgstall. *Erster Band: von der Regierung Sultan Osman I. bis zu Sultan Suleimans, 1300—1521.* (A History of Ottoman Poetry down to the Present Time; with a Selection from two thousand two hundred Poets, by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall. Volume the First, from the reign of Sultan Osman I. to that of Sultan Suleiman, 1300 to 1521.) Pesth. 1836.

THE Baron von Hammer-Purgstall has been too long and too advantageously known to the public to render any detail of the services he has done to the reading world necessary to our countrymen, any more than to his own. We have ourselves been happy to allude to them on previous occasions; and it therefore only remains for us at present to specify more distinctly to our readers, that the nature of those services consists less in the researches of historical and archaiological curiosity, as respects the East, than in the transportation of its scarcely less known or less valuable treasures of the *belles lettres* into Europe. We are far from desiring to intimate that this learned writer has not, on the former grounds alone, considerable claim to our attention and gratitude. His History of the Ottoman Empire is a triumphant reply to any such supposition, if it still exist; and his opinions and suggestions on philosophical and philological antiquity, even though attended with that doubt which must of necessity rest on a question so totally unexplored to this day, deserve in general the respect which they have met with from ourselves in particular; as elucidating in some degree, and directing farther inquiry upon, topics which the vainest of the learned world confess as hopelessly beyond their reach.

It is, however, our province to enter here only upon the last of the points suggested above. If the philologist is useful to science, the linguist is not less indispensable to intellect, as its translator. He brings from every country and climate, not indeed the specimens of its geological strata and formation, nor the bases of its constitutional laws, to account for the existence of kingdoms, but he gathers, with a warmer and tenderer feeling, the riches that nature has loved to lavish on their soils; to pluck the flowers of imagination that embellish the surface of the earth, and bring home the gems of genius from foreign mines, to beam and brighten in the loveliness of his native land: nor is his labour thankless. If the *mere* philologist, in his slow but deep-endearing task, hears the cold voices of the past amidst silent ruins, and finds the very clay beneath his feet conserve the impress of a

lost existence ; if he rests satisfied with the praise of learning and the approbation of the wiser few, the *mere* linguist (must we so call him?) may well be content with the meed of more general applause ; with having caught the hues of feeling as they rose diversified through every climate, inhaled the breath of passion in its sultriest glow, and bared to sympathizing eyes the phases of the distant heart, as it waned or developed through every change of splendour, obscuraton, or eclipse.

But it is not restriction to the barren line of labour that, in either of these instances, can produce such results. However narrow may be the general range of the human mind, its powers are not necessarily contracted into single channels. Genius may be combined with study far more frequently than is always admitted ; and the spirit that could breathe over the profoundest philological investigations the soft and chastened yearnings of the Sanscrit muse, might receive from even a linguist and avowed translator, suggestions on philology, founded certainly in fact, however extravagant or fanciful some one deduction might appear.

To the Baron von Hammer-Purgstall belongs the high praise of having rendered some of the most celebrated Eastern works familiar to his own countrymen, and popularized them, through his native language, in Europe. Asia, with its acknowledged powers of voluptuousness and warmth, was till lately a source of mute wonder to our minds. It was the learned writer before us who first undertook, so far as we can recollect, to give us some specimens of those exotic powers, in their completeness and in their simplicity also. And, considering his poetical talent not less than his peculiar acquirements, it must be confessed that the Turkish poets could have desired no more efficient or favourable medium of introduction to the West.

Independent of its novelty, too, the subject before us possesses no ordinary interest as a source of comparison ; it is the very spring whence one of the last and mightiest of our own poets was stated to have drawn a considerable portion of his inspiration : that portion was assuredly much needed. The chastened and colder style of modern poetry, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, partook too much of the artificiality of the preceding stage. A variety of poets, in the best sense of the term, had purified it greatly, and were rapidly reducing it to a simple and natural form ; but it was a form corrected and restrained by the recollections of preceding ages. The spirit of Scott was infusing a preparatory but irregular vigour, when Byron burst forth with a success proportioned, not merely nor entirely to his own energy, but to the wants of the human heart ;



and hence the secret of his domination over the mind, abroad as well as at home; for foreign nations, like ourselves, had been, with few exceptions, quiescent, and led by precedents.

The Greek muse, consonant with her Oriental paternity, possessed an energy and warmth unknown to her successors. Pindar and Sappho may be adduced as evidence of this: but while they, like Homer, displayed the powers of the mind, and the passions and emotions of the body, which produced so strong an influence on their countrymen and followers, including the tragic poets, still the softness and purity of taste congenial with their climate and refinements, shed its Ionian elegance over their compositions, and prevented the full, stern, and muscular development of bardic energies. The colder taste of Rome followed its masters with a long interval of power, for which a more finished grace, a singular felicity, and a calmer majesty, were substituted. Barbaric wars and discoveries had gradually enlarged, for modern times, the sphere of national poetry: the wild romances of Ariosto; the elegant imagery and happy tenderness of Tasso; the concentrating gloom of Dante; the varied graces of description and sentiment lavished by the pen of Camoens, the poet of beauty; and the religious loftiness of Milton, breathing of that inspiration which, high and awful in itself, and corresponding to the sacred purposes that produced it, was, least of any, adapted to the expression of every-day life;—all fell confessedly short of our growing necessities. Shakspeare alone, from the ample stores of that wonderful mind, gave illustration to feeling, and a voice to thought; and he, with some fragments of Moliere, Boileau, and Pope, supplied the warm impulses and subtle definitions of genius and wit to the labouring bosom of mankind.

But a long, fierce, and desolating war, that shook society to its centre, and uprooted long-fixed and eternal principles, as the Pelion and Ossa of its gigantic strife, induced and left a sad change amidst the recent calm of civilization. Diffused with that very civilization, a spirit of excitement prevailed wherever the conflict had extended its influence, and accident (to speak humanly) confirmed its sway. A morbid, hereditary temperament, acting on a personal defect, and co-operating with early mortifications; enhanced, too, by tasting the very bitterness of profligacy, and elevated by accession to rank; all these adventitious circumstances combined at the moment to create a poet adapted to the time and the exigency. The dark spirit of misanthropy, brooding over the troubled waters, made it pregnant with a new and fearful creation, in which existing elements were enlarged to excesses. Restlessness became elevation of soul; hatred, magnificence; vengeance, sublimity; and love, the sole

representative of virtue. Passion was the atmosphere of this state; a moral globe, that knew but the torrid and the frozen zones. Unlike the strong and various picture-forms of Homer, and the lofty and varied picture-thoughts of Shakspeare, the subjects of Byron were single sculptures, peopling each its desert, and fixing the gazer's eye on itself. The mouldings of the human frame were held secondary, if not altogether disregarded, by the chisel of the poetical Michael Angelo; the scalpel removed the outer layers to develop the energy of muscular anatomy; and even beauty, in his hands, stood disrobed of all but her cestus. Circumstances create characters, but characters re-act upon circumstances. Whatever the fiercest passions might have wrought formerly was lost to the world of language beyond the dark hints of Dante. But in Byron they found at length their genuine poet. If the philosophy of life bears Homer's impress, and the philosophy of feeling is Shakspeare's, the philosophy of passion is unquestionably Byron's, in the might that gave shape to confusion, defined indistinctiveness, and portrayed the very void of the soul.

We have dwelt upon this for two reasons. In the first place, because it has become the fashion to consider Byron as the mere meteor of an hour, and his popularity factitious and accidental; while, in fact, on every youthful mind his power is as great now as it was in his and our day on our own; for he that gave feelings the shape and utterance they vainly yearned for before must live with the language of those feelings, at least till, with Homer and Shakspeare, they are driven out by mightier spirits of their own class and kind. Our second reason is more germane to our immediate subject; since the view we have taken of the great poet will prepare our readers for the conclusion that, the greater part of his powers being created by foreign circumstances, Turkey and her children, though the scene of many sketches, cannot be expected to supply the staple of a mind essentially northern, whether Gothic or Teutonic.

But while we, then, warn the reader not to expect that the bards of the land whence our great poet drew his warmest inspirations must necessarily possess similar powers of genius, or even a kindred turn of thought, we freely admit that, to a certain degree, the tones of inspiration must be the same. The intensity of atmospheric heat in tropical climates, while it produces a lassitude of body that communicates itself freely to the spirit, till existence becomes a weight, and the mind a mere interval; while it thus sublimates the intellect into an abstraction, it also rarefies similarly the material powers, and sublimates sense into sentiment. Feelings, therefore, are, from physical not less than moral causes,

divested of that robe which refinement spreads over the lower and less noble outlines of the human frame; and for which, in the intercourse of more polished life, the caution of the Turk has substituted a thick veil of imperturbability, and the art of the Persian a more showy tissue of falsehood. When not led astray by imitation of the literary models of the latter nation, the tone of Turkish poetry is, as we have already stated, earnest and warm; but it is certainly deficient in that highest attribute of genius, the judgment that concentrates, while it checks, the efforts of imagination for its noblest aims. This deficiency is least apparent in the nations most open to foreign intercourse; for the light of intellect, like that of the system, is but an intimate commixture of diversified and multitudinous rays, and we may exemplify the case with two neighbouring nations. The early refinement of France procured for her soil and literature an early influx—of foreign intercourse, indeed, but it was the intercourse of admiration the tribute of barbarism to refinement. A contrary effect attended the isolation of Germany, delighted so long with her own nationality; and the result abroad was apathy or depreciation. These were the two extremes of the case of nations. The error of excess rendered France severe even to classical affectation; more Grecian than Greece herself, and satisfied to lose a portion of her natural light rather than suffer the detection of spots upon the surface. The absence of foreign intercourse has affected Germany reversely; the shades of her disc were protruded, as affording light of themselves, till common vision ached with the contrast, and her nationality became peculiarity, irregular even to madness.

The rising importance of Turkey to Eastern Europe has excited so great a degree of interest towards that country, and removed so much of the indifference that previously existed as to its political and social condition, that some account of one, and this the most influential portion of her literature, may not be unacceptable to readers at large. The little that has been known, in England at least, on this subject, has been so imperfect in itself, and so blended with our notions of other eastern states, as to leave any thing rather than a distinct impression of Turkish attainments in poetry.

Before proceeding to offer to our readers some slight specimens of the most distinguished amongst Turkish poets from the volume before us, it may not be amiss to cast a previous glance at the early history of their literature in this department. Amongst barbarous nations, the first and strongest emotions are rapidly reduced to song; and the earliest poetry or national songs of the Tatar tribes were the relics of their earliest history; nor in

uncivilized life, where the passions predominate, could it be otherwise. The prolongation of tones, and the swell and fall of the natural voice in the various moods of passion or excitement, invariably producing the first elements of music, its lengthened notes and varieties of cadence; the music, consequently, presents but a softer and regulated impression of the excitement which the words tended to express; and hence arises that wildness, remarked in every national melody, presumably derived from the earlier ages of existence.

The words and tones, therefore, being but the expression of an actual feeling in the first instance, were necessarily united and indivisible in their origin, though afterwards divorced; and thus we find, as among the Arabs, who of all nations have most carefully cherished their early habits, that the most prominent of their leaders were also their greatest poets, and that every burst of feeling was originally uttered in song. The trace of this practice remains in the literature of the Semitic stock, who have best preserved the patriarchal habits of their ancestors. The Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian works alternate verse with prose in more modern, equally with ancient, times, and have thus retained, as a refinement of taste and an exhibition of fancy, the form which, in a ruder period, was simply the utterance of feeling.

We are justified in referring on this subject to the nations specified above, since, independent of the reasons assigned, it is well known that Turkish literature in general follows the same course; and that the compositions of both Arab and Persian, the latter more especially, have served in a great degree as the models of the Turks. In the irregularity of their latter nomade existence, these last appear to have altogether lost even the traces of that poetry which was originally so boasted in the deserts. Yet, from all we can gather now, they must have made a great progress in the art of poesy at that time, for the celebrated *Songs of the Tatars*, already referred to, appear to have been something more than the rudest and earliest of Arabic compositions that have reached our times, and in a greater degree connected and historical; probably, therefore, more like the romantic ballads of Spain and Germany; and further, in the days of Sultan Mahmoud of Ghazni, to have furnished a portion of the groundwork for the Persian poetical historian.

To the celebrity of the *Shah-nameh*, then, and the interest it excited beyond even the bounds of its own proper empire, we may attribute, in a great degree, the loss of the less finished Tatar efforts. Ferdousi's historic poem, embracing necessarily so large a portion of Tatar achievements, and preserving the fame of their Afrasiab from whom Seljouk boasted his descent, would not merely supplant the native romances of those countries

with their most learned and polished writers and courts, but also be the means of more widely extending any existing taste for the works of his great predecessors, contemporaries, and followers, in the Pehlivi and Persian languages. Such we know was actually the case; nor was this the only consequence of Persian fame; since the admiration thus awakened precluded all attempts at originality amongst the Tatar tribes, and the utmost of their subsequent efforts has been confined to imitation of their masters.

The Turkish literature springs originally from a double source, according to the best investigations. The Eastern or most ancient was that of the Ouighours, the original and pure representatives of the Turks, and whose traces ascend and are lost in the remotest antiquity. The western branch is far more modern, since it aspires only to the Seljoukian tribes, who, previously to the Ottoman irruption into Europe, inhabited the wastes of Turcomania, indifferently under the names of Kumani, Oghuzi, and Balbi or Valabi, which last may perhaps be traced in the Valabi dynasty of Guzerat.

The Ouighours, properly Scythians, appear to have been the most early cultivated of all the Tatar tribes of the East.\* The best account of their origin dates it nearly 3000 years before the Christian era. Slight and doubtful notices of their existence are scattered through subsequent history; but it is not till the ninth century after Christ that we learn with any certainty of their condition and historical relations. It appears that they were then possessed of a literature, and that the commencement of this might be referred to a very remote period; that they used a native alphabet, or character, as well as that of their Chinese neighbours; and that history and poetry were carefully cultivated in their schools; the latter retaining the so-called *Book of Oghuz*, the earliest name of celebrity in Tatar history, and whose reputed volume was a compendium of the wisdom of their ancestors, compiled in verse.

The letters and language of the Ouighours appear from the agreement of Eastern historians to have been the source of civilization amongst the neighbouring tribes from the earliest ages; and though the oldest existing relics of their literature can scarcely date beyond the 10th century, there seems no reason to doubt the existence of their annals at a period when even the Chinese and Persians were fain to borrow from them the traditions of their origin. The *Jama-al-tuarih*, compiled about the commencement of the 14th century by *Rasheed-Eddeen*, contains all that remained of those annals at that period, but confused with a mass of other and foreign traditions. The Ouighours,

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\* We use largely, though with corrections, the admirable dissertation prefixed to David's *Grammaire Turque*.

however, were clearly the most enlightened of the subjects of Jenghiz Khan, since they were the secretaries of the conqueror, and taught the use of letters by his command to the Manchou Tatars on the north-eastern borders of the Great Wall of China, as we learn from the historians of the latter kingdom. Their creed, if we may rely on Persian writers, was derived from Tangout or Tibet. When Jagatai assumed the empire, he gave his name also to the literature of the Ouighours.

Although containing some words apparently of Chinese origin, these are so few, and so much altered from the original, that it is evident the Ouighour language and race had a widely different source from the Chinese. As still spoken in the vicinity of Cashgar, the strength and simplicity of this dialect bear reasonable evidence of its antiquity; but the relics of their literature that have descended to us go back no farther than the 11th century at the utmost, and the manuscript that preserves the single specimen of that period is itself but a transcript, and of the 15th. A short extract from this can not be unacceptable or misplaced, since it may not be generally known to our readers; and it is singular that the conversational or dramatic turn of the work itself assimilates it rather to Chinese or Indian than Persian and Arabic composition. We would versify it thus:—

From Eastern skies the gales of Spring exhale,  
And Eden's fairest paths our footsteps hail.  
Earth spreads her carpet; through the Fishes' sign,  
Before the Ram, the Sun's full glories shine;  
Fresh, welcome foliage every trunk indues,  
And brightening nature robes in loveliest hues.  
See, with the caravan from far Khitai  
The verdure comes, the softest zephyrs play;  
Flowers crowd the earth; the rose its charm receives;  
Camphire and Ayât decked once more with leaves;  
The freshened branches bursting buds beset,  
The morning brings the breath of violet;  
The wild-bird, dove, kalkak, and parrot, spring  
For prey; or build; or ply the sportive wing.  
Shrieks the shrill crane; the gladdening partridge flies  
To the dark brows that shade Khan Ghazi's eyes;  
Oh! be his life prolonged to utmost age,  
As Locman's days, the favoured and the sage!

Of the Kirghiz, an ancient tribe, neighbours and rivals of the Ouighours in civilization, and who are often confounded with them, two short poetical specimens have been given to the world by the Baron de Meyendorff.

See yon tents, the rich man's place;  
One sole daughter boasts his race:

Still at home each burning noon,  
Wandering nightly with the moon.

Look on this snow;—more fair my bosom's rise:  
Yon lamb's blood vies not with my cheek's rich dyes:  
The fire-scathed tree stands blackening on the hill,  
Yet mark my hair—its hue is blacker still:  
Let royal scribes toil ceaseless:—canst thou think  
Mine eye-brows' lines not darker than their ink?

The most celebrated period of the Jagataian literature, which includes the commentaries of Timur, occurs however too late for our view of Turkish poetry, as it dates about the period of the taking of Constantinople, and consequently after the separation of the Turks from the Tatars.\*

The second source to which we have referred, that of the Seljoukians, appears, as already noticed, considerably later in history; though the preservation of the name of *Ghuz* or *Oghuz* as the lineal descendants of that renowned ancestor, and the extreme veneration for the volume that bears his name, would seem to claim for this race (and, joined with other causes, not improbably,) a derivation from the earliest times. We give one specimen from the Baron's volume in our translation.

The steed knows him who guides the rein at will;  
The sword knows him who teaches it to kill;  
Dominion, him who founded first its throne:  
And woman, him who made her first his own.

The language of the Kunen or Kumanen is generally considered derived partially from the Ouighours. The source might be common to both; but by writers in general the Kumani branch are derived, though doubtfully, from the Chinese Tatars, as some extant wrecks of their own narratives also inform us; and some trace of Chinese words in their language would tend to confirm the allegation. We know little beyond this, and their union with the Ghuz about A. D. 1000 and subsequent dispersion, but that they possessed a class of poets or minstrels, from whose works about *three* or *four hundred* scattered lines were preserved and collected about the beginning of the fourteenth century, by order of Sultan Walid.

Though the Seljoukian literature influenced the tribes as long as they remained in their native wastes, so soon as they entered upon that tide of war and conquest that brought them with such rapidity to the very heart of the falling Greek empire, the Turks emancipated themselves from the yoke of their earlier poetical teachers, and even in Asia Minor assumed a new tone. But

\* A volume of Poetry, in the Cashan dialect, now lying before us, deserves favourable mention hereafter.

this was merely an exchange of their models; and the rugged style of their ancestors was supplanted by an imitation of the Persian compositions that had so long excited their admiration. They even carried, as is not unusual, that admiration to the length of not merely imitating, but exceeding the faults of their new masters. As they afterwards carried into the graver style of history an affectation of methodical, sometimes puerile arrangement, and a finical nicety of precision, so in their earliest poetical efforts they adopted a tone of spirituality and mysticism far beyond even the Persians themselves, and which, as the distinguishing characteristic of the Turkish poetry, was preserved, followed, and, if possible, enlarged upon by their successors.

Unfortunately for the Turks, this taste for mysticism, which has so much and so deservedly contributed to keep their works and their authors from the general eye of readers, and to confine them to the obscurity they appear to have sought, was developed in Persia to its fullest extent, as concerns that country, about the middle of the 13th century, and just before the commencement of the Turkish empire. The Persian abstractions, therefore, of Jela-leddin Roumi and his son found minds eager to admire and imitate the extravagance of their novel aberrations. It was not confined, among the Turks, to a single channel. Ethic and didactic, panegyrical, lyric, romantic, heroic, and religious poetry, all followed the prevailing mysticism, from which translation itself was not kept free. Jasid-ougli, Elwan, Chelebi, Daji, Nesimi, Sheiki, Ahmedi, Aashik-pasha, and Sudr-Eddin, all stamped with mystical allusion the character of their national poetry, and Elwan transferred it even to his Persian originals, in the very first era of the Ottoman empire and literature.

The vulgar opinion that the Mahommedan religion is opposed to enlightenment and intellectual cultivation, and which our author confutes from the Koran itself, can only be excusable in the utter ignorance of historical facts. It could never need a refutation or a notice with those who recollect the life and labours of its founder, or recall the ardent admiration of the Arabs for the style of the Koran, and which they consider as a sufficient proof of its celestial origin. But the imputations that Arabia has so triumphantly answered have been suffered to prevail against the Turks, owing to the existing ignorance of their history, institutions, and literature. To say nothing, however, of the denunciations of the Koran, which are evidently directed against the elegant literature of erring creeds alone, and which are sufficiently counteracted by the Prophet's own example and that of his followers, the Turks, in embracing the Mahommedan religion, assuredly lost nothing of their native fondness for the refinement of science



and literature, as the most careless reader of history must be aware. The permission by the Koran of all sciences to the Moslemans was freely used in Nicomedia and Asia-Minor by the Turkish proselytes; and Othman, himself descended from the Ghuzi, and little likely to disregard or impair the fame of his countryman, the astronomer Ulug-Begh, gave, with his kingdom, his dying injunction to his son Orchan, to cultivate the arts and enjoyments of life; an injunction religiously followed by his successors, and echoed by the inscription of the conqueror in the library he founded at Constantinople:—"The study of science is a religious duty for all true believers." The encouragement given by Mahommed II. to literature universally is the best proof of the sense in which the precepts of the Koran are construed by the Turks.

It is a singular fact that the Ottoman literature boasts of not much less than *three thousand* poets, and numbers amongst them not only every class of men, from the humblest upwards to the Sultans themselves, but occasionally women also, and of no common celebrity. The diffusion of knowledge, therefore, was much more general amongst them than supposed; nor will this be surprising to such of our readers as have had personal experience how often, in Eastern countries, the attainments of women, even when indirectly acquired, have raised them to a par with the opposite sex. Some specimens of this kind we trust to lay before the reader in the course of our labours, and now turn to the earliest period of Turkish composition.

Mohammed Sudr Eddin, surnamed Abul Mâli, is claimed by the Turks as the first of their poets, though his labours were not confined to their language alone, for he wrote in Arabic also, and was in Persian, the rival and opponent of Nazir-Eddin. He was cotemporary with Jelaeddin Roumi and his son Walid, and died about the year 1270. He is not, however, according to Baron Von Hammer, strictly considered as a Turkish poet in general by his countrymen; but the mystic tone which he adopted from Persia, and which he was undoubtedly the first to impress upon the national mind, gives him, we think, an unquestionable right to the place assigned him. The names of his works, such as the *Seal of Perfection* and the *Key of Mysteries*, indicate the peculiarity of his taste and genius; but, amidst all the confusion of the style and thoughts, some passages of great beauty, and even simplicity, are found in his works. He is lost, however, in the fame of his successor.

*Aashik*, so named from the mystic tenderness of his writings (عاشق or, love), derives his epithet of Pasha also mystically,

from the celebrity of his learning and piety; a repayment at least in kind, and not unusual amongst his countrymen. He was, says Von Hammer, one of the richest sheiks of his time, but lived, nevertheless, the life of a simple dervise, from conscientious motives. He was born at Hirshari in Australia, in the reign of Sultan Orchan, the successor of Othman, and died at no very advanced age, in the reign of Amurath I. His Divan, or great work, in imitation of Jelaleddin's, is a collection of mystical poetry exceeding *ten thousand* distichs, and divided into ten books, each book into ten parts. As the work, from its size and expensiveness, is rare, even in Turkey, where it is considered as the standard of the oldest Ottoman tongue, we subjoin two specimens of its execution, by which the reader will be enabled to perceive how carefully it must be received as a commentary, which by some it is said to be, on the Koran itself.

Within our bounded limits it is, of course, impossible to enter into any detailed examination of the work; but, after the allusion we have already made to the mysticism of the Turks, it may be necessary for the full understanding of the system, to take a general glance at its probable source and the present application. As in the course of prolonged inquiry this mysticism assumes different forms in the hands of different writers, it will be easy subsequently to trace the changes of each phantasy wherever it may be deemed necessary; and thus we shall by a simple process reach the solution of much that is at present unintelligible in Eastern ideality and literature.

It will be kept in mind, that the first principle of religion was the Unity of the Godhead. Hence, the first portion of Aashik's volume turns upon unity, which, fortunately for the author, tallies with the first principle of numbers. The Eastern division of religion into a Duad, of the obvious changes of light and darkness, life and death, extending the first principle, left also its own impress strong amongst the nations in whose vicinity, or bosom, arose the system, commonly called, of the Magi. The Triad principle, as we have shown (No. XXXVII. pp. 215, 216), followed: and those systematic adaptations or tangible forms of belief spread an indirect and imperfect influence over the uncultivated tribes that wandered through the Asiatic wastes. Their descendants felt the effect without tracing the causes, and hence it is, probably, that we find the first numeral forms dwelt upon by the mystics where there is no obvious reference to a physical prototype, as was the case with the fourth, or number of the elements. Our author, devoting his three first books successively to the three principles alluded to, but in a manner that shows the second and third to have been but imperfectly under-

stood even by himself, expatiates with something more of distinctness upon the fourth, or elemental and cardinal number. The fifth book bears reference to five, the favourite number of cabalistic, or rather preterhuman—whether talismanic, demoniac, or magical—powers in the East. The sixth includes the several extensions of space, into above and below; before, behind; the right hand and the left. The seventh or *sacred* number, of planets, heavens, earths, seas, hells, prophets, and existences, affords ample room for expatiation. The eighth book accords with the number of paradises; and, to correspond with these, the poet has been induced to form eight gradations, or stages, of love; and farther to divide, in the same spirit, the devotees of this mystical emanation into eight classes of beatitude. Chizr or Elias, next to Mahomet the favourite Oriental prophet, figures at some considerable length in this portion. The ninth and tenth books are probably only arbitrary, to make up the requisite tale, though the numbers are dwelt upon with a pertinacity of fanciful ingenuity that could only be expanded or tolerated in the East; the last, as completing the whole, furnishing the poet with the image of perfection in the Godhead. The reader will expect little poetical merit in the two mystical specimens we give of this writer.

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Behold creation's frame,  
 How from the great Creator's hand it came.  
 Earth's living elements obey his call;  
 Cause begets cause; and He, sole cause of all,  
 On reason, first create, Four slaves conferred,  
 Who formed the world, as letters form the word.  
 Fire, Earth, Air, Water, the vast frame compose,  
 And ceaseless power the Godhead gave to those.  
 One shines in lights that heaven and earth illumine;  
 One spreads in mountain, plain, flowers, fruit, and bloom:  
 One seeks the stream; one sweeps along the earth;  
 The four give life to all of mortal birth.  
 Four living essences in rule combined,  
 And whatsoever exists by them designed.  
 These sway the world,—these regulate its course,  
 Preserve its laws, and give duration force.

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Man by four different paths to heaven ascends,  
 Himself a town towards which each traveller tends:  
 There throned, the Almighty Ruler sits apart,  
 His sceptre sense, his treasury the heart.  
 Four different paths yield egress from the state,  
 Eye, hand, and ear, and tongue: lo! each a gate:  
 Evil, and good, the soul, Intelligence,  
 All enter in, or issue forth from thence.

What the eye took, the hand, returning, quits :  
What from the tongue goes forth, the ear admits :  
What the eye sees, the hand will ever frame ;  
What the ear hears the tongue will still proclaim.  
Shadows that strike the eye, the hand's control  
Presses to shape, and fixes on the soul.  
And words, that feelings to the ear impart,  
The tongue communicates from heart to heart.  
Thus, what the eye receives, the hand returns :  
The tongue restoring what the ear first learns.

Of Eluan, the translator of Mahmoud Shebisteri's *Rosebed of Mysteries* into Turkish from the Persian, little is known; the niceties of dates and details being generally disregarded, or, perhaps, unattainable, by Eastern biographers, who have limited themselves, in most cases, to a meagre and imperfect outline of the writers, as wholly subordinate and inferior in interest to the works they composed. In the first period of Ottoman poetry, which extends, according to our author's division, from the reign of this monarch to the capture of Constantinople, of thirty-eight poets from whom the Baron von Hammer-Purgstall has given extracts, seven appear to have particularly distinguished themselves in the various walks of the muse: Aashik-Pasha in mysticism; Ahmedi in the heroic; Sheiki in romantic; Suleiman-Chelebi in panegyrical; Jasidji-Oghli in ethics; and Ahmed Daji and Nesimi, in lyrical poetry. The mystical spirit, however, on which we have remarked, so strongly pervades the specimens furnished by our author, that we shall at once proceed to the second portion, a period extending from the siege of Constantinople to the reign of Solyman, A.D. 1500; and that short space of scarcely half a century furnishes us with a list of 174 additional poets, amongst whom may be included three female writers of eminence: the last of these, Mihri the Second, as our author styles her, deserves in his opinion the title of the Turkish Sappho, from her writings. The biography of the first of these ladies would, in our opinion, alone entitle her to the same honorary distinction; but we must not take to scandal, and the Baron has omitted it and her life altogether.

Of the 2,212 specimens with which M. Von Hammer-Purgstall intends to favour us, only 212 poets are noticed in the present volume, the first of the series. We cannot help thinking that a greater fastidiousness might have had the double advantage of consigning some of these writers to deserved oblivion, and rendering us familiar with others who better merited the learned translator's notice. Of the poetical talents of M. Von Hammer we some time since did our best to afford our readers a specimen:

it cannot therefore be supposed, that his originals have suffered in his hands; but no judgment in selection nor skill in translation, could render tolerable that which unites in itself bad taste, extravagant images, false antithesis, and the cold platitude of far-fetched conceits, such as fill a large portion of the volume under our notice. Of others we can speak with more satisfaction; but in the few specimens we can in our limited space afford to our readers, our humble efforts must give an insight into the real character of Turkish poetry. We must commence with Djeem the unfortunate brother of Bayazid; and less remarkable, we suspect, for genius than as a traveller; at least, if this "*celebrated song*" is a fair sample of his powers of verse.

Drain freely the wine-cup of Djeemshid, Oh, Djeem!  
 For this is Franguistan:  
 And whatever the star of our fortunes may gleam,  
 We'll bear it as best we can.  
 Within the Kaaba's walls I have been  
 A pilgrim Mosleiman;  
 And Turkey have traversed, and Araby seen,  
 And wandered throughout Karaman.  
 Let me praise the Most-High that no illness have I,  
 In coming to Franguistan;  
 For, blest with health here, I need not fear,  
 To live like a sultan.  
 Twice nine youths are waiting around,  
 Each bears a flowing can;  
 Twice nine youths, and all of them found  
 The children of the Ban.  
 If the fittest employment of life is enjoyment,  
 Go, learn from Bayazid Khan:  
 He who says he is sure that his power will endure,  
 By G—, is a lying man.

This is, undoubtedly, *license*; *poetical* we will not affirm it to be.

In the next specimen, from Chalili, the eighth line of our extract vindicates Paul Richter's logical conclusion regarding the "fair Biribi," with whose beauty the Sultan was so struck, that "he thanked the Creator aloud for—*having made the world!*"

Even in the mosque, those charms of thine,  
 Heart-stealer! shone so brilliantly,  
 The Imam turned him from the shrine  
 To win another glance of thee.

• • • • •

Whilst gazing on thy stature tall  
I bowed adoring down to earth,  
And inly praised the Lord of All,  
The Power that gave Creation birth.

Thine eye turns me oft from truth,  
Is not a true believer's eye ;  
Too bright its glance ; and yet in sooth,  
It beams unmingled purity.

\* \* \* \*

From the poem of Joseph, or Yussuf and Zuleikha, by Hamdi, we are happy to take a far less common-place extract. At the well-known moment when the unfortunate fair had summoned her female neighbours and friends to behold the beauty of Yussuf as an excuse for her passion, they cut themselves with surprise at the sudden sight of his personal charms; and, after duly binding their own wounds we imagine, set themselves to assuage that of their hostess in the following strain :—

Love rules the subject soul ;—then, ah ! how vain  
To bar his entrance to his own domain.  
Even hardest rocks are scorching with desire,  
And, heated, crack in Yussuf's glance of fire.  
Nor seek on Love himself to cast the blame ;  
Through thine own eyes the fond enchantment came.  
Is there on earth one unsubjected soul  
That ranges free of his supreme control ?  
Say, then, what tongue on thee can charge the ill ?  
Not thine the fault, but his who chains thy will.  
With all its thousand eyes, the world may gaze,  
Nor mark a sun of such transcendent rays :  
With all its thousand eyes may Heaven behold,  
Nor find the stars of such etherial mould :  
Thy day, indeed, were hopeless, dark, and dim,  
If thou could'st live and sundered thus from him !  
Before the sweetness of his sugared lips  
Khosru might seem Ferhad in sad eclipse.  
Keen are thy pangs ; for we behold him now,  
And feel what tortures must thy spirit bow.  
Yet come ; take heart : our words thy soul shall stay,  
And rein that stubborn steed to beauty's sway ;  
Our voice shall win, our prayers his coldness move,  
And bend his heart of stone to thee and love.

We think there is still more of natural and picturesque beauty in the following passage ; and have ventured to divest it of the stateliness of heroic verse.

'Twas night;—the hour when dreams arise  
 O'er the heart's tablet clear to shed  
 Their picture-forming phantasies;  
 And Zuleikha's Narcissus-eyes  
     Had drunk the draught of sleep: her head  
     Upon the silken cushion lay;  
 Her hyacinthine ringlets wreathing  
 Round her flushed cheek like musk-balm breathing  
     O'er roses at the close of day,  
 Spread, wildly scattering in repose;  
 And all her couch one bed of rose;  
 When Fancy, on her courser fleet,  
     Hovering around that pillow, raised  
 A scene of love midst stillness sweet,  
 Chasing a sportive kid, her feet  
     Seemed straying far through silent bowers;  
     An Irem where the heart would dwell;  
 When lo! from forth the lavish flowers  
     Sudden Canaan's bright Gazelle,  
 Soul-hunting, sprang before the fair, and gazed!  
 A form of youthful beauty keeping,  
 With eyes of unabated fire,  
     Her heart awake while she was sleeping;  
     Till all her bosom's pulses danced,  
     And all her raptured soul entranced,  
 Drunk with that gaze of love, that wine of soft desire.

Our next quotation is a song from Mesti, who is distinguished by the respectable cognomen of *The Drunken*, and whose verse, it must be owned, savours much of its proper inspiration: nor is this impression at all lessened by the candour of the close, the moral gradually elevating the reader to the conclusion.

Know ye treasure of all treasures  
 Like the wine-flask's brimming measures?  
 Know ye such enjoyment sweet  
 As to kiss its very feet?  
 Every host with friendships old  
 Shall closest bonds of union hold,  
 When he finds each worldly token,  
 Like the cup, but once is broken:  
 Since the day I first began,  
 Wine has tried my inward man;  
 Since I steeped my soul in wine,  
 Racking head-aches have been mine.

We have only room for a few extracts from *Messihî's* beautiful verses on the *Rose-Season*: not very closely translated from the

Turkish into German by Wieland, whose version our author has quoted instead of giving his own.

Hear the Bulbul's songs resound :  
See, the Spring descends around ;  
    Culled from flowers that spring to meet him,  
Rosy bowers o'erspread the fields ;  
While the fragrant almond yields  
    Silver buds, that bend to greet him.  
Then seize, oh, seize Love's dearest time,  
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

\* \* \* \*

From their beds the roses gleam,  
Purple with the Prophets' beam,\*  
    Blushing forth their sacred ray :  
Hyacinths and tulips shine,  
Bright as starry wreaths divine :  
    Pleasure, pleasure reigns to-day :  
Then seize, oh ! seize Love's dearest time,  
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

Mark the lily's sword-points too,  
Glistening moist with morning dew :  
    Every costly drop we see  
Down through humid ether flowing :  
Oh ! but thus to snatch them going—  
    Hearken, hearken friends to me ;  
And seize, ah ! seize Love's dearest time,  
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

\* \* \* \*

That dark hour has passed away,  
When the rose unfolded lay  
    Midst the grassy verdure faint :  
Now, that mournful season gone,  
See the heights with flowers o'ergrown,  
    Scenes that pencil cannot paint.  
Then seize, ah, seize Love's dearest time,  
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

Glittering in the morning sun,  
Precious as the jewelled stone,  
    Rain-drops gem the verdant plain ;  
Whilst where softest zephyrs stray,  
Musky fragrance scents their way,  
    Soon, too soon, to fade again !  
Then seize, ah, seize, Love's dearest time,  
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

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\* Such light, according to tradition, beams from the Prophets, that the hem of their garments (with which the head is frequently veiled) is tinged of a deep red, or purple.



ART. VIII. *Zumalacarregui, oder der Tod des Helden. Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen.* (Zumalacarregui, or the Hero's Death, a Tragedy in five Acts.) Von S. F. L. G. Stuttgart and Leipzig, 1836.

WHEN we observe the rapidity with which old established notions vanish and are forgotten, we sometimes feel a sort of apprehension creeping upon us that we, even we, whose especial business it is to watch and to report the progress and the vicissitudes of literary opinion, are woefully behind our age. The day is not very long past when it was deemed an audacious act of romanticism, such as only barbarians like Shakspeare could dream of, to found tragedies upon national history, although of bygone ages, to make tragic heroes of men bearing names "familiar as household words" to the ears of the audience. These compatriot subjects and heroes proving, however, more interesting than their predecessors, were allowed to take and keep possession of the stage, and the only remaining point for dispute was, how long heroes and heroines must have lain in their graves before their theatrical resuscitation was lawful. This being a vague question was never positively decided, but a considerable chronological interval between the real and the illusory existence was unanimously allowed to be indispensable. Accordingly, it was with no little astonishment that we, last year, brought before our readers a classical Italian tragedy upon the fall of the contemporary of a large majority amongst ourselves, to wit, the Emperor Napoleon, although the temerity of such synchronal dramatization was slightly veiled under old Assyrian names.

But, if NABUCCO startled us, what shall we say to the far more synchronous ZUMALACARREGUI?—to a tragedy which, without an attempt at allegory or masquerade, takes for its subject the death of a hero who died yesterday? whose name and exploits are yet vividly present to the mind of every, the youngest, reader of newspapers; who was the chief actor in the war which, even now, whilst we write, is distracting Spain? What can we say, but that the author is an imaginative German poet; and, that if the classical Italian, Niccolini, dramatized the revolution of 1814, it was to be expected that a non-classical, indeed, autonomous German, should dramatize the glory and the fall of the most extraordinary man of the last two or three years.

This striking tragedy has been ascribed, by public conjecture and by critics, to several distinguished poets, and the admiration it has excited induces some surprise that the anonymous author has not stood forward to reap his harvest of laurels. But no

claimant appears, and the continuous incognito has been supposed to proceed from political motives, from fear to avow either the picture of Louis Philippe and his condition, or the statements of continental absolutist policy given to Zumalacarregui and the diplomatist. These several circumstances, joined to the potent living interest of the subject, have determined us to devote more pages to **THE HERO'S DEATH** than we habitually allot to a single play; and it will perhaps be no unacceptable introduction, if we begin by recalling a few details of the hero's real career.

The family of Zumalacarregui,—whose name, a compound of Arabic and Basque, literally means Zumal of the Mountain,—is of the ancient nobility of the Basque province, Guipuzcoa. The father of the hero resided in his patrimonial mansion in the little town of Ormaiztegui, cultivated his small patrimonial estate, and enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, together with the highest provincial offices and honours. The eldest son was educated for the church, and is now a parish priest in his native town; the second is a lawyer, holding a high judicial situation at Burgos, under the queen, and now, we believe, a member and president of Cortes; the third was our Don Tomas Zumalacarregui, born Dec. 29, 1788.

During the war of independence, Don Tomas served as a guerrilla under Mina; and, though he gained no European celebrity, as none but the leaders could, he must have distinguished himself, since he rose to the rank of captain. At this time he was a zealous liberal; but, disgusted with what he saw of the Spanish self-entitled constitutionalists, became an absolutist, or rather a royalist; for it must be observed, that an absolutist a Basque could no more be than, except in boyish ignorance and enthusiasm, a republican. The Basque provinces alone, of the states united into the Spanish monarchy, still enjoy their original, extraordinarily free, representative constitution, pretty much as it was established in the ninth century. It was indeed modified by the Biscayan parliament in the sixteenth century, to suit the altered state of society; but it was so modified by their own free will, and, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, retains so much of its primitive character, that Don Carlos has, we believe, sworn fidelity to the Basque rights, liberties, and usages, and received in return the Basque oath of allegiance, under the same oak of Guernica—at least, under its descendant and representative—under which the first Lord of Biscay, Don Lope Zuria, was elected in 870,—under which the subsequent Lords of Biscay have been elected or have sworn to the constitution, as did Isabel of Castile,—under which Basque parliaments have been held and Basque justice administered.

Zumalacarregui's change of political principles cannot be called ratting, for it brought him neither employment nor promotion, and the insurrection of 1820 found him still a captain. In 1822, however, he obtained the command of a battalion under Quesada, then an absolutist, against the constitutionalists; and his admiration of the French army, with which he upon that occasion acted, impelled him, upon the restoration of tranquillity, to study the military profession scientifically. His peculiar talent lay in the training and organizing troops; and, in order to benefit the more extensively by his skill therein, Eguia, whilst war-minister, removed him from regiment to regiment. He was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Estremadura, when the decided attachment of the royalists to Don Carlos compelled Queen Christina to court the liberals, ultras as well as moderates, in order to insure her daughter's succession, and thus to give that party the ascendancy at court. By them Zumalacarregui was arrested; and, though subsequently liberated, he resigned his commission, and retired to Pamplona, there to live in narrow circumstances with his wife and children, three little girls.

And here, perhaps, we may best insert a short description of the man. He was, we are told, of middle height, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, and of stooping carriage. His dark grey eyes had a singularly intense gaze, and his jaw and chin resembled Napoleon Bonaparte's. In character he was stern and thoughtful; abrupt and laconic in conversation; haughty to superiors, good-natured to inferiors; and so profusely generous, that his wife durst not trust him with money, because, notwithstanding their own wants, his purse was emptied by the first poor soldier or even beggar who asked his charity. To her remonstrances he would reply, "To give is to be like God."

At this period the Carlists secretly invited Zumalacarregui to join in an insurrection, the object of which was to seat Don Carlos prematurely upon his brother's throne; but he, like Don Carlos himself, refused to rebel against his liege lord. Upon the death of Ferdinand VII. the viceroy of Navarre offered him the rank of brigadier-general in Isabel's service, which he refused upon the same ground, considering Don Carlos as the lawful heir in preference to a female. He was now closely watched, and, during the first northern insurrection in favour of that prince, he made no attempt to join the Carlists, probably from reluctance to expose his family to the resentment of the queen's partizans. It was not till the treacherous seizure and execution of Don Santos de Ladron, Oct. 15, 1833, when, a few disorderly guerrillas only remaining in arms, the insurrection seemed crushed and the Carlist cause desperate, that Zumalacarregui felt the

emergency to be such as imperatively required the running of every risk. His wife is said to have nobly encouraged her anxious husband by professing confidence of her own and her children's safety; and on the 31st of October he effected his escape from Pamplona. Señora Zumalacarregui soon afterwards found it expedient to fly herself with her two elder daughters to France, where she was confined by the police; and her infant, which she was obliged to leave at nurse, was seized by Rodil.

Zumalacarregui had scarcely joined the insurgents ere he was proclaimed commander-in-chief, and the appointment was confirmed by Don Carlos, when communicated to him. This is not the place for a detail of his military exploits; and the nature and brilliancy of his short career may be sufficiently appreciated from a brief statement of the relative condition of the parties at the moment of his assuming the command, of his consequent plan of conduct, and of its results. The queen-regent was mistress of about 130,000 disciplined and well-officered troops, with all the organized resources of the kingdom. Don Carlos had but a few guerrillas, scarcely any arms or ammunition, no preparations, no equipments; his strength was in the disposition of the Basques, prompt to rise at his call, even mothers were willing to risk their last surviving son for the prince, who, when Ferdinand's ministers proposed an infraction of the Basque rights, had opposed the attempt as illegal, and prevented it. Under these circumstances, Zumalacarregui's task was to create a Carlist army and to destroy the queen's, arming and equipping his own from the spoils of the enemy. To effect this, he fought whenever he could do so without disadvantage, sometimes without a second charge for his muskets. His knowledge of the country, and the favour of the peasantry, enabled him everywhere to surprise the Christinos. He lay concealed with his men till every shot was certain to tell; then fired, and rushed out with fixed bayonets upon the amazed and disordered foe. He thus gradually created an army of nearly 30,000 men, well armed and trained, whose attachment to, and confidence in him, were unbounded. He destroyed 50,000 of the queen's troops, defeated five of her best generals, two of whom were his own former commanders, Mina and Quesada, and wrested sixteen fortified towns from their hands. The massacres of prisoners laid to his charge were in him only dreadful acts of retaliation. He now thought himself equal to a dash upon Madrid; but Don Carlos insisted upon first taking Bilbao, where he expected to find money for paying his troops; and, at the siege of Bilbao, whilst reconnoitring the place, Zumalacarregui was shot in the leg, of which wound, in a very few days, he died, at Ormaiztegui, in his brother's arms. It is said that his adversary

Mina, upon hearing of his death, exclaimed, "It will be long ere Spain sees his fellow!"

Turn we now to the tragedy. The author has added little or no story to the real history, seeking merely to illustrate and develop the character of his hero, the feelings of the different parties engaged in the contest, the difficulties of generals commanding troops chiefly volunteers, and the horrors of civil war; which last he renders more impressive by the slight deviation from fact of giving Zumalacarregui a grown-up daughter, whose affianced lover is a Christino in Bilbao. The play is opened by this lady, Doña Isidora, in a monologue, of which we extract the beginning.

"*Doña Isidora.* Torn from my quiet solitude I stand  
A stranger in a world of strangers, midst  
The bursting storm of factions, and where'er  
I turn mine eyes they're met by flashing swords,  
At Spanish heads aimed by a Spaniard's hand.  
Sight agonizing to a Spanish heart!  
Here lies the army of our lord the king  
Encamped beneath a sister-city's walls,  
Intent on slaughter; there the cannon's mouth  
'Gainst the fraternal camp is pointed, ready,  
At prompting of a fratricidal hand,  
To scatter death amidst a host of brothers.  
Here, my most honoured, venerated father—  
The great upholder of our ancient rights,  
As of this loyal nation's manners, customs,  
Creator of his army as its leader—  
Triumphantly his monarch's banner waves.  
There, the beloved, in childhood's intimacy  
Who grew with me, selected for my husband  
By will of parents as by mutual choice,  
From all he ever loved, all he still loves,  
Now severed, and adown the eddying tide  
Of hostile factions and opinions whirled,  
Unsheathes his sword against my dearest father.  
Thus with a single blow to pierce two hearts.  
Image calamitous of civil war!"

Zumalacarregui joins his daughter, and asks,

"My daughter, did the roar of war affright thee?  
*Isid.* Affright me? Am I not a Spanish maid,  
And Zumalacarregui's daughter?"

*Zum.* Child,  
A haughty word is eas'ly spoken, harder  
'Tis to abide the trial. Common courage  
Is not unusual,—blindly it confronts  
The moment's danger. But to consecrate  
A whole existence to a single cause,  
In that unflinchingly to persevere,

Fate's blows defying, inaccessible  
To lures of vanity and selfishness,  
With equal resolution combating  
Th' external foe, and that, more dangerous,  
Lurking within the bosom's secret depths—  
That is the rarer courage of the man  
Whom Heaven created for great enterprize;  
Happiness he foregoes high ends t'achieve."

The next scene is one of argument between Zumalacarregui and a Christino, the friend of his youth, from which we extract some lines of the former's, containing the pith of the Basque sentiments—the cause of Isabel is less ably advocated.

"Thou speakest of the weal of generations  
Living, unborn, on constitutions founded,  
On laws. Have we not our old rights, to which  
The king observance swears, and holds them sacred?  
With them he is our king, without them—not.  
So runs the oath he swears at his accession.  
We are contented with these ancient rights  
Based on the solid ground of history,  
Not paper rights, but living in our hearts.  
For these the men of the three provinces  
Have risen in arms, and this their battle-cry:  
The monarch and the law, our rights, our king!  
Ye speak of freedom. Are ye truly free?  
We are so, as our fathers were before us.

\* \* \* \*

Ye're but a foreign nation's apes. What gain  
Has France from constant change? A despotism  
In freedom's garb, an everlasting struggle  
'Twixt liberty and violence, a wavering  
'Twixt tyranny and law, as everlasting.  
And this Louis Philippe, your citizen-king,  
The ball, the toy of faction! He to day  
On this, on that to-morrow clinging, fawns  
On selfishness and vanity, i' th' hope  
So to maintain him on his tottering throne,  
On this side by hereditary right,  
On that side, by the people's hatred, threatened.  
Ye deem Don Carlos an usurper. He,  
A father midst his children lives, alone,  
Unguarded, he in every cottage finds  
A safe asylum, whilst your citizen-king  
Still trembles for his life.

The conversation is interrupted by Sagastibelza, a wild, sanguinary, and powerful chief, who comes with the priest Domingo to insist upon the slaughter of all prisoners in the camp, in re-

venge for the apprehended murder of his own son, then a prisoner in Bilbao. Obtaining no answer, he is going forth to execute his purpose, when Zumalacarregui authoritatively speaks—

“Remain here, general! And you, priest, what would you?  
*Domingo.* What would I? I? I am a minister  
 Of our religion, trampled under foot  
 By yon blaspheming crew. Profaned her temples,  
 Her altars plundered \* \* \*  
 Forced are our cloisters, and their pious inmates  
 Expelled, turned out upon an unknown world,  
 To meet the gibes and mockery of a nation  
 Robbed of its faith. Whoever in his God  
 Believes is persecuted, ay, is hunted,  
 Like savage forest beast, from vale to mountain.  
 I, as a priest, the sanctuary profaned,  
 And the polluted altars, will avenge  
 In the life-blood of these ungodly sinners;  
 Will sweep them from the earth, as Samuel  
 The heathen monarch Agag, with sharp blade  
 In Gilgal, at the altar of the Lord,  
 Slew, and thus spoke, ‘As women of their children  
 ‘Thy sword has robbed, so childless shall thy mother  
 ‘Be amongst women.’\* This will I achieve  
 Despite the hardened Saul, who, God’s commands  
 Resisting, spares his people’s enemies.  
 (*Significantly*) Ev’n therefore was Saul’s kingdom taken from  
 him.”

While Zumalacarregui, after quietly giving his orders, is reasoning with Sagastibelza, the troops of that chief are brought in by Domingo, to enforce compliance by threats more forcible. Zumalacarregui calmly disregards them.

“*Zum.* The God I worship, priest, said ‘Mine is vengeance.’  
 Therefore I exercise humanity  
 When possible. Thou fling’st religion’s cloak  
 Over base passions, and thy thirst of blood  
 Glutt’st, in the name of God the Merciful.  
 (*To the mutineers.*) But you, seduced, blindfolded men, lay down  
 Your arms, and in obedience due await  
 Your general’s unshackled resolution. (*They hesitate.*)  
 Ground arms! ’Tis Zumalacarregui’s order.  
 (*The arms fall rattling on the ground.*)

---

\* In reading this, and subsequent yet more startling adaptations of the very words of texts of Scripture to the language of the stage, the reader is requested to bear in mind that this practice is, in Germany, so general, and deemed so unobjectionable, that it must be considered as proving in the author a really pious disposition rather than any irreverence, or “damnable iterations.”

Ye have done wisely. In my hands ye were.  
My faithful troops surround you."

The truly Christian Bishop Auselmo now comes to reprove and dismiss Domingo to a monastery; and Zumalacarregui, when free from all attempt at control, sends a flag of truce to Bilbao to propose an exchange of prisoners, announcing his determination to retaliate any cruelty that may be committed.

"But if, which God forefend! the prisoner's blood  
Have streamed, or shall stream, then, by my salvation  
I swear, the blood of our antagonists  
In equal quantities forthwith shall flow."

Sagastibelza is satisfied, and the Christino friend, despairing of converting Zumalacarregui, takes his leave of him for this life.

The next act shows us a similar mutiny, with a different result, in Bilbao. Camillo, the republican leader of the *Chapelgorris*, a corps of Christino irregular troops, bearing personal enmity to Sagastibelza, canvasses for the slaughter of the prisoners, especially of his enemy's son. Don Fernando, Zumalacarregui's nephew, though a Christino, answers him,—

"I'd save our friends, who're prisoners to the foe.  
*Cam.* Ay, that's the style, I know, the modish phrase  
Of all the lukewarm, all the moderates,  
Who shudder at each drop of blood. But blood,  
In civil war, must flow in streams, and shall.  
Opinion's wars are wars of life and death.

\* \* \* \*

My years were tender when of the French tyrant  
The ruffian hordes burst, an impetuous torrent,  
O'er Spain. The universal nation rose  
Ev'n as one man, the greybeard's feeble hand,  
The woman's delicate fingers grappled arms;  
And so did I, then scarcely more than boy.  
Thou know'st how gloriously this war was ended.  
With streams of Spanish blood did we his throne  
Repurchase for King Ferdinand—And what  
Our guerdon?—Dungeons, banishment, and death  
For th' army's bravest, for the people's best.  
Six years I pined in fetters, till Riego  
Opened my prison door. \* \* \*  
I saw Riego die—I, in disguise,  
Had sought Madrid to rescue him; I failed,  
And swore—(*fiercely*) Think not that I for Isabel,  
Or for Christina, or for any Bourbon—  
A name abhorrent to mine inmost soul—  
Bear arms; no, this good sword—(*rattling it*) the cause it  
serves  
Is different, and due time—Pshaw! deeds not words!



It was by caution, patience, and forbearance,  
 'The *Cortes'* wordiness and impotence,  
 Our cause once perished ; not a second time  
 Thus poorly shall 't be lost. The bloody throne  
 Of Liberty, on corse of her foes  
 Must be established, then 'twill firmly stand."

Making no converts to his sanguinary purpose, Camillo goes off to effect it by force. The *Chapelgorris'* horns sound to arms ; the governor, Don Alfonso, comes on in disturbance at such disorderly proceedings ; despatches Don Antonio to order the rest of the garrison under arms, and bring his own guards to him ; Don Fernando, to arrest Camillo and his horn-blowers ; and, when Don Antonio reports his commission executed, considering the mutiny as already suppressed, he sends for Zumalacarregui's flag of truce, whom he thus addresses :—

" Who sends you ?

*Don Juan.* I from Zumalacarregui,  
 General in chief of all King Charles the Fifth's—

*Don Alf.* There's no King Charles !

*Don Juan (smiling).* His army is encamped  
 Before your city walls.

*Don Alf.* No army that ;  
 'Tis but a motley crew of armed insurgents.

*Don Juan.* We are the soldiers of our lawful sovereign,  
 King Charles the Fifth, to whom the Spanish crown  
 By right and ancient custom appertains.

My general offers, man for man, t'exchange  
 All prisoners in the hands of either party.

*Don Alf.* As servant of the lawful queen of Spain,  
 I should not treat with her rebellious subjects,

Yet deem it acting in conformity  
 With mine exalted sovereign's sentiments  
 To show me gracious towards her misled subjects ;  
 Therefore, to spare the shedding human blood—

(*The Chapelgorris' horns play the revolutionary air of Tragalo perro.\**)  
 How now ! What's that ?

*Don. Ant.* The Chapelgorris' horns.

*Don Alf.* I ordered their arrest ; has Don Fernando  
 Thus long delayed to execute mine orders ?

Don Antonio is sent off for intelligence, and returning, reports the threatening approach of the Chapelgorris.

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\*-Swallow it dog, it meaning the constitution.

*D. Alf. (disturbed).* The faithful regiments?

*D. Ant.* On their parades

They stand, with ordered arms.

*D. Alf.* How? Not opposing

The progress of the mutineers?

*D. Ant.* I saw

No sign of such intention.

*D. Alf.* But they shall——

I will——

(*Enter CAMILLO, DON FERNANDO, Chapelgorris, and their band.*)

How, Don Fernando, have you thus

Neglected my commands?

*D. Fer.* I am myself

A prisoner.

*D. Alf. (to Camillo)* You have dared this?

*Cam.* I have dared it,

And more will dare.

*D. Alf.* Ha! treason! mutiny!

Up, up, you faithful servants of the queen!

To arms!——

*Cam. (to the Captain of the Guard)* Captain, command to order arms.

*Capt.* Not I!

*Cam.* As likes you; I can give the word. [master?

Attention! Order arms! (*the guard obey.*) Now, who's the

The post of governor for some few minutes

I'll occupy——(*general silence.*) Where is the flag of truce?

*D. Juan. (laughing scornfully.)* Here, but the governor of Bilbao

He knows not where to find, nor unto whom

He should declare his message.

*Cam.* Unto whom?

Methinks that's plain enough; to him who governs.

Have you not yet discovered who is here

The master?

*D. Juan.* Yes, to mine astonishment

I have, and learned a lesson in Bilbao

New to the soldiers of the rebel camp,

As you are pleased to term 't. There, I this day

Saw mutiny end otherwise.

*Cam.* May be

\* \* \* \*

Concerning an exchange of prisoners

You're sent to treat?

*D. Juan.* Just so.

*Cam.* Especially.

You would restore Sagastibelza's son

To th' arms of the bereaved father?

*D. Juan.* Yes.

*Cam. (coldly.)* The wish may be indulged, so you but practise

A little patience. (*Shots without.*) You shall have him. Yes,

Rely upon it, he is your's ; Camillo  
Is not the man to break his plighted word.

(Upon a sign from CAMILLO, the Chapelgorris open their ranks.  
Four men march in, bearing a bier covered with a carpet, and  
set it down at CAMILLO's feet.)

D. Juan. (shuddering) Ha ! What is this ?

Cam. (coldly) The object you desire,  
(Snatching away the carpet, discovers a bleeding corpse.)

Sagastibelza's son at your disposal.

(General horror, He turns to DON ALFONSO.)

My post of governor I now resign,  
And reinstate you in your dignity."

The third act opens with a scene in the Carlist camp,—evidently in imitation of the first part of Schiller's *WALLENSTEIN*,—in which the various characters of the different classes of the troops are well hit off. But we cannot afford room for all the extracts we could wish to make, and proceed to the second more important scene, in which we have an argument between Zumalacarregui and a Russian diplomatist, called only a Foreign Agent, respecting the policy of acknowledging Charles V. and supporting him by force of arms. We select some of the most powerful and characteristic passages :

" Zumal. E'er since the revolution-principle,

Even as finally in an usurper

A conqueror embodied was subdued

Victoriously, and on their ancient thrones

The Bourbons were reseated, Europe's rulers

Have felt that only unity, that only

A homogeneous system, from the banks

Of Neva to the Tagus' mouth supreme,

Could prop the structure of old policy,

To Europe a continuance of peace

Assuring. And this system's character,

It is legitimacy, lawfulness,

Opposed to anarchy and usurpation.

\* \* \* \*

Foreign Agent. Of what avail t'acknowledge Charles the Fifth,

Unless by arms enforced ? And did we thus

Attempt to rear Don Carlos' throne in Spain,

Louis Philippe's must first be overthrown.

That is, a general war must be provoked.

\* \* \* \*

Zumal. Such war, if not to day, must yet to-morrow,

Perforce, be waged, for these two principles

Cannot in Europe co-exist ; the one

Must needs destroy the other. Every day,

Ye see 't yourselves, impairs our strength, augments

The adversary's. First the frenzy seized  
On Belgium, next on distant Poland, whilst  
Into the British empire it intruded,  
And, as Reform, spreads wider day by day.  
Then passed the spirit of wild innovation,  
Of madness, into our Peninsula,  
Setting it all on fire. Thus every day  
Do we lose ground, won by the enemy,  
Whose confidence increases with his might.

*For. Ag.* Yet e'en upon the soil of France, whose womb  
First gave the hydra, Revolution, birth,  
Have we, assisted by Louis Philippe,  
Struck off a many of the monster's heads  
Successively. That very citizen-king,  
Whom on the throne she seated, is become  
The first and deadliest of her enemies.  
Skilfully does his policy enmesh  
Some by their avarice, others by their fears,  
By their ambition these, those by their meanness,  
Knitting all to his system ; thus the fire  
For want of fuel must in its own ashes  
Expire.

*Zumal.* Seemingly ; factions sleep, but die not.  
Only a breath is wanting, and the flames  
Ye deem extinguished from their ashes burst.  
Then what can he against them whom they made  
Their very creature ? This Louis Philippe,  
Is he not uproar's son, rebellion's king ?  
The conflagration he may damp awhile,  
Haply confine, but conquer it he cannot.  
Th' authority he has the people gave ;  
And though, by craftily dividing factions,  
He, profitably for himself and race,  
Perchance may work them, still the people's servant  
Is he, and not their master. \* \* \* \*

*For. Ag.* Justly you argue ; still to these our times,  
Such as they are, we must adapt ourselves.  
And a rare instrument this citizen-king  
Is in our hands, since we possess a bait  
That every usurper bites at. We  
Hang out a distant prospect of admission  
To rank amongst legitimate dynasties,  
So by his conduct he deserve the honour.  
This bait was swallowed even by Napoleon,  
And no Napoleon is Louis Philippe.  
Thus use we these ephemeral emperors  
And citizen-kings, to enervate and crush  
The people's spirit, to control, suppress  
The revolution that exalted them ;

And this same spirit is their throne's support,  
The only one, which failing, they are lost.  
So fell Napoleon, so Louis Philippe  
Prepares his own destruction——

*Zumal. (interrupting him.)* And meanwhile,  
In Spain Don Carlos' cause is lost ; his cause  
Which is your own, do not deceive yourselves.

\*       \*       \*

You deem, I do not, in Louis Philippe  
That you possess a certain guarantee  
For Europe's general peace. But grant it such ;  
On what depends this peace ? Upon a thread,  
On one man's life. Who to his throne succeeds ?

*For. Ag. (laughing.)* Prince Rosolin.\*

*Zumal. (smiling.)* An answer all-sufficient.

And is, in the political world, as yet  
One problem solved, one single question settled ?  
Is not your knot, instead of disentangled,  
Daily more complicated ; by the sword  
Only to be undone ? (*a pause.*) Around you look  
Through Europe ; every where will you discern  
Forebodings dark of war, the imminent,  
The unavoidable ; upon men's tongues  
Dwells peace, but war is every-where preparing.  
Factions are sharply characterized and severed ;  
Superfluous it were to give them names,  
Since unto each is, by the course of things,  
Its proper place assigned, and petty views  
Are silenced when existence is at stake.  
Concede you this, few words it will require  
To sketch your necessary operations.  
Close but the Dardanelles, close but the Sound,  
An easy task, to you so near, so distant  
From th' enemy ; this done, you're safe entrenched.  
Your empire's forces, in their rear secured,  
Ready for action and disposable,  
You have in hand. Press forward, ever forward,  
With strength concentrated ; bold enterprize  
Invigorates the confidence of friends,  
Alarms the foe. And who is your opponent ?  
Sits he so firmly on his throne, that he  
Can venture to collect his kingdom's powers  
Against the foreigner t'employ ? And should he,  
—Domestic factions will revive—at home,  
Anarchy, civil war, abroad, the foe——  
(*A sharp fire of musketry heard. He listens for a moment,  
then proceeds.*)

---

\* The continental nickname of the Duke of Orleans.

—Act whilst time favours, whilst we yet maintain  
Our ground, and first and most especially  
Acknowledge Charles the Fifth as King of Spain  
And of the Indies—(*The firing continues.*)

*For. Ag. (interrupting him.)* Were you in Madrid,  
Or marching with your army on Castile,  
As though to seize the capital ye purposed,  
Then, haply—(*The firing ceases.*)

*Zumal.* Never! 'Twere insanity  
These mountain bulwarks to forsake, and risk  
Our army on vast plains, whilst unprovided  
With cavalry and with artillery,  
Such as on equal ground, and in pitched battle,  
Might fit us with the foe to cope—(*distant muffled drums.*)  
Such faults

Would our opponents turn to good account,  
Would seize upon our country, cut us off  
From ground well known, propitious to our arms—  
(*The drums approach.*)

Our stronghold are these mountains, to our foes  
Destruction, we, amidst them, can withstand  
Christina's hosts, and here Don Carlos' crown—

(*The drums are now close at hand. Again he listens a moment, then proceeds.*)

Will we preserve, until the hour arrives  
To place it on his head.

(*A military funeral, with muffled drums, enters at the back of the stage.*)

What should this be?

(*Enter SAGASTIBELZA and DON JUAN, with soldiers, &c. SAGASTIBELZA, advancing slowly towards ZUMALACARREGUI, and speaking in a hollow monotonous voice.*)

But if, which God forefend! the prisoner's blood  
Have streamed, or shall stream, then, by my salvation  
I swear, the blood of our antagonists  
In equal quantities forthwith shall flow—  
Thus Zumalacarregui lately spoke.

*Zumal.* Sagastibelza!

*Sag.* Of that name the last!"

With sad but solemn resolution, Zumalacarregui, upon receiving Don Juan's report, orders the execution of a number of his prisoners, equal to the number of Carlists slaughtered in Bilbao, and some just taken are included, to make up the amount. The humane bishop in vain intercedes in their behalf. The firing that announces their fate is heard; and Zumalacarregui, left alone, exclaims,

"Would I had never left my father's house!

Lo! twenty innocent men are led away  
To suffer death, and 'tis by my command!  
Wherefore, great Lord of Heaven, didst thou give me  
This tender heart for such tremendous duties?

\* \* \* \*

A duty 'twas that to my troops I owe,  
Even should mine own flesh and blood——  
*A woman (in deep mourning, who has approached unnoticed.)*  
Thy blood?

Already it has streamed!

*Zumal.* Ha! What is that?

*The woman.* Maria 'tis, thy sister.

*Zumal. (trying to take her hand.)* What brings thee,  
Maria, to thy brother's camp?

\* \* \* \*

*D. Maria.* My son.

*Zumal.* Thy son? Fernando in my camp?

*D. Mar.* Only his corse.

*Zumal.* How! Mighty God!

*D. Mar. (pointing after the prisoners.)* He lies

Yonder, a soulless corse, and he whose voice  
Sentenced him was the brother of his mother.

*Zumal.* Oh Lord my God! How heavily thy hand  
Presses on me!

*D. Mar.* 'Twill press yet heavier.

Prophecy dwells within the mother's heart,  
Who weeps her only son."

Zumalacarregui mourns over the breaking of one friendly and family tie after another, but appears unmoved by his bereaved sister's prophetic denunciation, which is, however, speedily fulfilled. The fourth act is occupied with Isidora's love and anxiety for her bridegroom and her father, with her father's tender care for her happiness, and his going forth upon a reconnoissance. From this he returns, when she watches him from her window, and observes with alarm that he does not look up to her, and walks languidly. Presently the Bishop Anselmo visits her, and we extract his communication to Isidora of her misfortune.

"*Anselmo.* Earth's joys and sorrows, like our earthly frame,  
Are transitory, and the hand of God  
It is that all inflictions lays upon us.

*Isidora.* All righteous God! What am I doomed to hear?

*Ans.* Our Saviour Christ, when, in Gethsemane,  
His soul, ev'n unto death, was sorrowful,  
Bowed down his face to earth, and to his father  
In Heaven thus prayed: 'If it be possible,  
'Oh let this cup pass from me! Ne'ertheless,  
'Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt!'

That bitter cup Heaven oft to those assigns  
Whom most it favours, trying thus their faith,  
Whether it lively, strong, submissive be.

*Isid. (falteringly.)* I am a woman, feeble is my strength.

*Ans.* But mighty is the strength of God, and still

Is't in the feeble the most glorified.

We are but pilgrims, tow'rd's a better home

Still journeying, for us this lower world

Is no abiding place, and best through sorrows

To Heaven's eternal joys may we attain.

Happy, who in the Lord have fallen asleep !

*Isid.* Delay not ! In this wounded heart plunge quickly

The dagger !——Mine Antonio——

*Ans. (with deep feeling.)* All life's pains

For him are over, and before the face

Of God he stands.

*Isid.* Oh my foreboding soul !

(*Looking up wildly.*)

And by my father's hand the blow was dealt !

*Ans.* That is the grief that bows him to the earth,

Therefore does he avoid his daughter's sight,

And blameless though he be, condemns himself."

Isidora is led off, stupefied by this fulfilment of her worst fears, and passes her father without seeing him. He looks after her, exclaiming,

" My most unhappy child ! Too hard this blow

Falls on her heart, beyond her strength to bear.

\* \* \* \*

*Ans. (solemnly and significantly.)* Yet other heads there are, to thee  
as dear,

As precious.

*Zumal.* Gracious God ! My wife and child ?

*Ans. (with deep feeling.)* They both are prisoners to the enemy."

Thus ends the fourth act, and the fifth, a very short one, is wholly devoted to the fate of Zumalacarregui. We first find him reading the Bible, and seeking consolation in religion. He then sends for the generals and other chief officers; and, whilst awaiting them, dwells upon his sorrows :

" My bosom's friend, tried ev'n from youth, and still

Found faithful, stands amongst mine enemies :

——Too happy if I meet him not in battle !

My sister of her son have I deprived,

My daughter of her bridegroom \* \* \*

My wife and child in hands of foes athirst

For blood of mine, on the grave's brink my sister,

My darling daughter, of my children dearest,

With frenzy threatened—Nothing am I now ;



Nothing, not husband, brother not, not father ; •

There lie my sacrifices, victims all

Offered upon the altar of my country !

(*Recovering himself.*) The general I still am, and will be, wholly.

*Enter the Generals and other officers.*)

Sagastibelza, I, like thee, am childless !

*Sagas.* Then live henceforth for vengeance !

*Zumal.* For my duty,

Mine austere duty, will I live."

Zumalacarregui then makes his arrangements, gives his final orders for the storming of Bilbao, and goes forth to direct the attack in person. The fatal shot is fired, with needless circumstances of treachery, by a woman whose lover had fallen in one of the retributive massacres of prisoners, inexorably commanded by Zumalacarregui. As he is dying, Don Carlos enters with his suite, and we must needs extract the only scene in which it has been our fortune to see a living King, or at least royal Pretender, brought upon the stage.

" *Don Carlos.* Oh Zumalacarregui !

*Zumal.*

Is 't yourself,

My lord and king ?

*D. Car.*

And must I find thee thus !

With thee will all my best hopes be interred.

*Zumal.* My king, upon the justice of thy cause

Rely. A gallant army thou still hast

To place thy rightful crown upon thy head ;

Men daily die, yet still the world goes on,

And no man's head is indispensable.

(*A pause.*) My royal master of my family

Will be the guardian.—When upon thy head

God has confirmed thy crown, oh king, forget not

That thou hast bought it with thy people's blood,

And to that people be thou a just ruler—(*Dies.*)

*D. Car. (bending over him.)* In this one man more than an army dies !"

Upon this most true exclamation the curtain falls ; and we will only add, by way of epilogue, that Don Carlos has accepted and executed his guardianship, as far as his power yet allows, by conferring a dukedom upon Zumalacarregui's eldest daughter, with remainder to her sisters, in default of her children. She, not our broken-hearted Isidora, but Doña Ignacia, a yet heart-whole little girl, is now Duchess of Victoria.

- ART. IX.—1. *Voyages en Circassie*, par le Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, présentement Consul de sa Majesté le Roi des Pays Bas à Odessa, avec Vues, Costumes, &c. Odessa. 1836.
2. *Itinéraire de Tiflis à Constantinople*, par le Colonel Rottiers, Commandeur, Chevalier de différens Ordres, &c. Bruxelles. 1829.
3. *The Portfolio*. Vols. I.—V. 8vo. London. 1836-7.

THE interest excited throughout the British Empire and still more in all parts of Europe, by the continual encroachments of Russia to the south of the Danube, the Kuban, and the Araxes, and more especially by the late outrage committed on the British flag, by seizure and confiscation of an English merchant vessel by the Russian navy, whilst carrying on a trade with the Eastern shores of the Euxine, which appeared to have been recognized by the British government as legitimate, will shortly be heightened by the parliamentary investigation to which this question is about to be submitted, in consequence of his majesty's government having declined to insist on reparation from the court of St. Petersburg.

On the political importance of Circassia, it is hardly necessary to dilate. The independence of Persia and of Turkey, the security of our Indian possessions, the respect of the independent nations of Central Asia, the free navigation of the Danube, and the emancipation from Russian control of the Principalities, and of Servia—all these questions are more or less involved in the maintenance of their national and political existence by the heroic populations inhabiting the countries situated between the Euxine and the Caspian, bounded on the north by the Kuban and the Kouma, and on the south by the Phasis and the Kour.

The first idea which suggests itself, on contemplating the contest now raging in those provinces, is an inquiry into the origin and object of the war, and the cause of the inconceivable apathy on the part of the European powers which has permitted Russia to aim at the extension of her dominion; proclaiming as she boldly does, that it is her system of policy to exclude the commerce of Europe from a line of coast 400 miles in extent, excepting at two insulated points, and prohibiting altogether at those ports the importation of salt, one of the necessities of life.

The conduct of Russia, in thus separating herself from her allies, is an anomaly in the history of Europe since the peace of Paris. It is a violation of the European compact entered into by the eight Powers at the Congress of Vienna, for the mutual adjustment of their respective claims and the final and definitive settlement of the balance of power. But it is furthermore a

direct violation of all her subsequent engagements with England, by which she bound herself to seek in the arrangements for the pacification of the East "no augmentation of territory;" and, if we once admit the right of Russia to consider herself as entitled to all the benefits of the European Alliance, whilst she daily and hourly violates the engagements to which she herself subscribed, we see no sufficient reason why her future occupation of Turkey, Asia Minor, and Greece should be considered as invalidating her claim to the rights which she acquired in 1815, when the Pruth and the Kuban were the boundaries of our then ally.

It has been pretended, in some of the state papers of the imperial cabinet, that the Ottoman empire was never even mentioned in the treaties of Vienna.

But the reason is obvious. During the long wars excited by the revolutionary spirit of France and the ambition of Napoleon, Turkey, respecting the rights of every country to form its own government, had never interfered in the affairs of other states. She was no party to the partition of Poland, to the conferences at Pilnitz. She had even consented to make peace with Russia in the year 1812, without requiring from the emperor an indemnity for an unjust war, and consequently she had no separate interests to contend for in a European congress. Her very absence from a tribunal which gave away populations without their consent, and transferred the allegiance of one people to the sovereign of another, was rather a monumental satire on a conclave of despotic powers, whose interference in the affairs of Spain, Piedmont, and Naples drew down upon them within a very short interval the indignation of freemen throughout the western and eastern hemispheres. Had it not been indeed for the instigation of the insurrectionary movement of Greece by Russian perfidy, Turkey might at this day have riveted the admiring attention of Europe on those grand principles of Arabic legislation, viz. the municipal institutions of the East, which have enabled Turkey to withstand during the last sixteen years the shock of all Europe, the revolt of Greece, and the defection of Mehemet Ali; and which leave her, after paying off all her pecuniary obligations to Russia, without levying a single new tax or borrowing an asper of foreign money, a first-rate element in the balance of power.

In the work of Colonel Rottiers, who served in the Russian army in Georgia and the Caucasus from the year 1808 to 1818, we find a very interesting elucidation of the designs of Russia in endeavouring to obtain the arrondissement of her frontiers to the south of the Caucasus on the side both of Persia and Turkey; and, when we consider that at the present moment her limits are within

nine miles of the high road by which all our manufactures pass into Persia, we can hardly imagine that any man of education and reflection can be insensible to the danger which threatens the whole of our commerce with Central Asia, our communications with India, and the imminent peril of our natural allies, the Shah of Persia and Sultan Mahmoud.

The pretensions of Russia to the right of exacting tolls at the mouth of the Danube, a pretension which, although disallowed by England, is enforced on the vessels of Sardinia and other minor powers, is equally opposed to the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna, and impedes the whole commerce of Germany with the fertile shores of Anatolia. Under these circumstances, the only hope of Europe of being able to withstand the irruption of the Scythian hordes, the only safety of England from the acquisition by Russia of the Dardanelles, and consequently of maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean, is in the valour of the heroic mountaineers of the Caucasus; who, during the last century and a half, have successfully maintained their independence against the arms and the wiles of Russia, and who, lately united under a national standard and forming a powerful confederation, are the only remaining breastwork of Europe and Asia against the avalanche which threatens the ruin of all that exists.

An English translation of the work of M. de Marigny has lately been published by Mr. Murray, together with the omissions and interpolations of the Russian censorship at Odessa. It would appear, from the introduction to the translation, that M. de Marigny was sent, in the year 1818, to establish commercial relations in the Black Sea, under the protection of the king of the Netherlands, who appointed him Vice Consul for the ports of the Black Sea, and procured him the protection of the Russian authorities; and that the manuscript narrative of M. de Marigny's *Voyages* was sent by him to the governor of New Russia, who, during the absence last year of the author, had them published at Odessa, adding passages calculated to mislead the European public on several points, and suppressing other passages which represented the Circassians in a light too favourable for Russian designs. The exposure which has thus been made of the long course of deception practised on the literature of the age by Klaproth and other *savans* acting under the influence of the Russian cabinet, is complete. The contrast between the interesting narrative of M. de Marigny and the insidious interpolations of the Russian editor is truly remarkable; but it is impossible to peruse the pages of this work, without perceiving that the inhabitants of the Caucasus are distinguished for the noblest qualities of the heart,

the most chivalrous sense of honour, and all the virtues of the heroic ages.

Since the visit of M. de Marigny to the Circassian coast in 1824, we are not aware of any authentic accounts of that country, until the publication last year in the "Portfolio" of a Report from Circassia, by a gentleman who, we understand, was sent thither by our ambassador at Constantinople, for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of that country since the campaign of 1835. This gentleman landed at Ardler, to the south of the harbour of Pchad, and traversed the whole country to within sight of Anapa; and the romantic description which he gives of the simple yet dignified manners of the people, their contempt of danger and of death in the cause of their independence, their murderous and successful conflicts with the Russians, their capture of several men-of-war which had been stranded on the coast, and of the resolute determination of the whole of the populations of the Caucasus never to submit to the arms of Russia, cannot fail to impress the reader with the deepest sympathy for the cause of Circassian independence.

In the autumn of last year, the British schooner "Vixen" sailed from Trebizond for the Circassian coast, with a cargo of salt; and the journal of the supercargo, of his interviews with the Circassian chiefs in the interior, confirms the testimony previously given in the "Portfolio" to the success of the Circassians in their two last campaigns.

Notwithstanding the piratical seizure of the "Vixen," her condemnation by the Russian authorities, and the imprisonment of her captain, owner, crew, and supercargo, Mr. Bell, on his return to Constantinople, set out again for Circassia, and we understand that he has been lately followed by an English gentleman at Constantinople distinguished for his literary attainments.

The public interest respecting Circassia will shortly be heightened by the appearance of a work from the pen of Mr. Spencer, who lately published an account of his travels in Germany. Mr. Spencer visited the coast of Circassia in company with Count Woronzow, the governor of Southern Russia and Bessarabia, and, on awakening one morning whilst entering the port of Anapa, in the spring of last year, the author was surprised to find the heights commanding the town and the adjoining forests covered with a dense mass of Circassian warriors, who prevented the appearance of a single Russian beyond the guns of the fortress.

Count Woronzow landed at Anapa accompanied only by his own compatriots. Mr. Spencer was unable to divine his reason for this proceeding. He states,

"I subsequently learned, from one of the party, that the garrison was

successively unhealthy, and had recently experienced several disastrous reverses in their conflicts with the natives, who had lately manifested a more determined spirit of hostility; and their attacks, being now conducted with greater military skill and discipline, had proved more murderous to their invaders. They were also said to be commanded by an English officer, who had served in India. But the last, and to me the most extraordinary, piece of intelligence was, that the country was inundated with copies of a proclamation from the king of England, calling upon the Circassians to defend their country; and that, in the event of their requiring assistance, he would forthwith despatch a powerful fleet to their aid! Nor was this the only marvel related; for the Count himself informed me, that numerous copies of the dreadful "*Portfolio*" were industriously circulated among the people. These two astonishing documents were immediately translated, and sent to shake the nerves of the cabinet of St. Petersburg."

The intense interest excited in Mr. Spencer's mind, and the very limited means he subsequently enjoyed of seeing Circassia, whilst under the restraint of his hospitable host, prompted him to return to Constantinople, and to make a second attempt at visiting the Caucasus by embarking in a Turkish merchant vessel at Trebizond, which safely landed him at Pchad, whence he travelled into the interior of the country. His work is on the eve of publication, and its appearance at this interesting juncture in the position of the two belligerent powers cannot fail to throw light upon a question which interests the literary and scientific not less than the political world.

- ART. X.—1. *Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen*. Von Friedrich Diez. Erster Theil. (Grammar of the Romanic Tongues. By Frederick Diez. First Part.) 8vo. Bonn, 1836.
2. *Nouveau Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*. Par M. Raynouard, &c. Tome deuxième, contenant le Lexique Roman, A—C. 8vo. Paris, 1836.
3. *La Chanson de Roland, ou de Roncevaux, du xii<sup>e</sup> siècle, publiée pour la première fois*. Par Francisque Michel. 8vo. Paris, Silvestre, 1837; London, Pickering.
4. *Charlemagne, an Anglo-Norman Poem of the Twelfth century, now first published, with an Introduction and a Glossarial Index*. By Francisque Michel. Foolscap 8vo. London, Pickering, 1836.

IN the breaking up of the Roman empire, as the different Teutonic tribes established themselves in different positions, the languages which they adopted became separated by the influence of circumstances into two grand classes, which we may term *Germanic* and *Romanic*,—accordingly as these people settled on the outskirts of or at

a distance from the Roman power, and so in progressing towards civilization, retained their own language; or, as settling within the Roman state, they became amalgamated with the older inhabitants, and, as they progressed in cultivation, seized upon a civilization (as far as they were capable of receiving it) and a language which was ready made to their hands. We thus find even that the Normans, who came into Neustria at so late a period, quickly exchanged their own language for that of the people amongst whom they settled, and who were in a more forward state of cultivation than themselves. Those, on the contrary, who, like the Anglo-Saxons, settled on ground where they came not in the same contact with a Roman or even Romanized population, their civilization being formed and developed on a model furnished from within, retained naturally the language which had been spoken by their forefathers. Their own letters (runes) had served very well for magical spells and inscriptions; but when they began to write, which was not before they became Christians, they were all obliged to borrow the Roman characters, which were communicated to them by the Christian missionaries.

By the barbarians who had thus received it, the language of the Romans was soon as much broken up as had been the empire. Each tribe was changing unwittingly the vowels and consonants of the new words it had adopted according to laws which depended upon circumstances connected with the development of its own organs of speech. The language at the same time was itself undergoing a change precisely similar to that which produced out of the older Saxon the language we now speak, in which its terminations were in a great measure lost, and in which many combinations of letters were subjected to the manifold operations distinguished in our common grammar by such names as syncope, crasis, and the like. So that, from the influence of all these circumstances, the language, of each country, when we first find it in writing, is very different from that of which so many and pure monuments have been left us by the ancients.

We must not, however, suppose that the language which the Romans delivered up to their invaders was the pure diction which we find in their writings. We have many reasons for believing, that in the best ages of Roman literature, the language of common life differed much both in words and forms from the same language as presented to us in the writings of the learned. In the latter times of the Empire these words and forms often make their appearance in writing, and are so many marks of the barbarism of the period. This language of common life was the true "*langue vulgaire*," which is the great stumbling-block in the system broached by Raynouard; it was not a language formed out of and succeeding the Latin; above all, it was not Provençal; but it was the Latin itself as spoken by the common people. Of the existence and character of this vulgar language we have abundant and interesting proofs in the Introductory Chapter of Diez's profound Grammar of the Romanic dialects. We can trace many of the uncommon words and forms that occur in the Neo-Latin

tongues to the earliest age of the Latin language. Thus the word *batuere*, to beat, fight, which occurs in Plautus, is represented by the Italian *battere*, the Portuguese and Old Spanish *bater*, the Provençal *batre*, the French *battre*, &c. Pacuvius used the word *macror*, leanness; it is the French *maigreur*. In Festus and Palladius we find *planca*, a plank; it is the origin of the French *planche*, and is properly a Teutonic word. In Ennius and Varro we have *speres* for *spes*; it seems to have been preserved in the Prov. *esper*, the Fr. *espoir*, the Span. *espera*, &c., though these forms may possibly have come from *sperare*. Again the Ital. *mangiare*, Fr. *manger*, is the Latin *manducare*, used sometimes in the early writers for *edere*, and commonly enough in the later ones. Many words which belonged properly to the vulgar language make their appearance in the later writers. Thus, as early as the time of Tertullian, *æternalis* was used for *æternus*; hence the old French *eternal*. At the same time we find *compassio* in the sense of its later representative *compassion*. In Ammianus Marcellinus we have *molna* used for *mola*; whence the French *moulin*. At the same time appear many new forms in *-mentum*, that seem to have belonged to the language of the common people; as *juramentum*, in the Pandects, Ammianus, Sulpicius Severus, for *juratio*; which form is very prevalent through all the Neo-Latin tongues, thus Ital. *giuramento*, Walachian *jurământ*, Span. *juramente*, Fr. *jurement*. This is one of the forms which Raynouard adduces as the strongest proof of the existence of his imaginary "langue vulgare"; and the word *salvamentum* which he cites, bears precisely the same relation to *salvatio* which *juramentum* does to *juratio*. In the later Roman inscriptions we also find many of their popular words; thus we find in one the word *exagium* (ἐξάγιον) in the sense of an *essay*, *risk*, which is without doubt the French *essai*. In others we have *fata* in the sense of *parca* (fatis, i. e. diis manibus); it is the Ital. *fata*, the Span. *hada*, *fada*, the Prov. *fada*, the Fr. *fée*. So a kindred word, *fatare*, to enchant, became *fêere*; hence our modern word *fairy*, whose etymology has so long and so very unnecessarily puzzled our writers, on the interesting subject of popular mythology.

It is only in our days that general philology has begun to assume the shape and regularity of a system. Our forefathers were accustomed to open their eyes rather more widely when they met with strange words and forms, but they seldom gave themselves the trouble even to seek the reasons of such words and forms. Raynouard, whose name will long be remembered with gratitude by scholars, was certainly the first who led the way to something like an accurate study and arrangement of the Neo-Latin tongues. Before his time those who meddled with these languages treated them in a manner altogether cavalier-like, and the editors of the old French poetry, and some editors of old English poetry, have done much the same thing,—even expressed their surprise that the good old folks of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should be so singular as to sin against the grammatical rules of the eighteenth. Raynouard pointed out the right way when every body else was in the dark; but he



only proceeded in the path he had discovered to a certain point; there was much ground still left to be traversed, and we fear that too many of the French scholars who have been initiated in his school, when they reach the place at which he halted, think that they have nothing more to do but to sit down and rest themselves. The completion of this great work seems to be reserved for German acuteness and industry, and the first volume of the Grammar of Diez, a name familiar to all scholars in the language and writings of the Troubadours, gives us good promise of its being completed with success. We think, however, that, with regard at least to the French and Anglo-Norman languages, Diez has published his work too soon, that is, before he could have materials in quantity and accuracy sufficient for his undertaking. Till very recently the monuments of the languages just mentioned have been edited from bad manuscripts, and in the most unsatisfactory manner; manuscripts of different ages and in different dialects have been mixed together without any discrimination; and the things themselves have thus been calculated rather to mislead than to guide. As far as we have had occasion to make verifications, the only printed monuments of early French and Norman to which we can assign any philological value are, with a few exceptions, those which have been so carefully and accurately edited by M. Francisque Michel. Among the exceptions we must give a very high place to the few volumes which have yet appeared under the care of M. Chabaille.

We consider as a grave error in Diez's book, and as one which arose entirely from this deficiency of good materials, the not separating into two distinct dialects the French and Anglo-Norman. The only printed monuments of the Anglo-Norman *language* of the twelfth century, when it was in its purity, are, in our opinion, the *Chanson de Roland*, which M. Michel has just given to the world, the most important of all his publications, and the visit of Charlemagne to Constantinople. There are still in MS. a few other monuments of the language of the same period, and particularly the curious metrical life of St. Brandan in the Cotton MS. The short poem of Charlemagne's Visit to Constantinople is printed from a MS. of the thirteenth century, in which however the orthography of the twelfth has been tolerably well preserved; that of the *Chanson de Roland* is, we have no doubt, of the latter part of the twelfth century. To these two poems our brief remarks on the philology of the Neo-Latin tongues shall be confined. The Anglo-Norman, as found in them, presents to us some striking marks of difference from the French, of which, however, we have no monuments of so early a date. We may cite as one of the most distinguishing marks of the former the use of the *u*, which had probably its German pronunciation, in place of *o*, *ou*, &c. as, *pume* (pomme), *hunte* (honte), *umbre* (ombre), *mulin* (moulin), and the like. The first of these characteristics shows difference of dialect; the other, antiquity of form. Another seems to be the constant adoption of *al*, &c. in place of the French *au*, &c. The scribes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were anything but accurate, and both our manu-

scripts contain many errors, but in the more modern one of Charlemaigne there are a greater number of inaccuracies which affect its grammar than in the MS. of Roland.\*

It would not be difficult to point out the cause which hindered Raynouard from going further than he did in the discovery of the grammatical rules of the language of the Trouvères, for of that language only we are now speaking, including the two dialects of French and Anglo-Norman. We prefer giving the following passage in the original, because it is very clearly and accurately expressed; referring in the first "Choix" (tom. i. p. 50) to the language of the Troubadours, it is afterwards, in his Observations on the Roman de Rou (p. 28), applied to that of the Trouvères.

"La nouvelle langue *créa* une methode aussi simple qu'*ingénieuse*, qui produisit le même effet que les déclinaisons Latines.

"Au singulier, le *s* ajouté ou conservé à la fin de la plupart des substantifs, surtout des masculins, désigna le sujet; et l'absence du *s* désigna le régime, soit direct, soit indirect.

"Au pluriel, l'absence du *s* indiqua le sujet, et sa présence les régimes.

"D'où vint l'idée d'une telle méthode? de la langue Latine même. La seconde déclinaison en *us* suggéra ce moyen.

"Le nominatif en *us* a le *s* au singulier, tandis que les autres cas consacrés à marquer les régimes sont terminés ou par des voyelles ou par d'autres consonnes; et le nominatif en *i* au pluriel ne conserve pas le *s*, tandis que cette consonne termine la plupart des autres cas affectés aux régimes.

"Peut-on assez admirer cette industrie grammaticale, qui n'a existé dans aucune langue, industrie qui ensuite permit et facilita aux troubadours la grâce et la multitude des inversions à la fois les plus hardies et les plus claires?"

The writer of the foregoing passage was evidently labouring under a most false idea of the nature of the process of formation of one language from another. Who ever heard of such a thing as the creation of methods in the formation of a language to answer the purpose of others which existed in the mother language? of ingenuity

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\* We are tempted to give a specimen of these inaccuracies. In the MS. the first line of the following passage was deficient in number of syllables, and M. Michel, who generally makes his emendations with much judgment, has completed it by adding a word at the end.

"De ses paien veiat quinze [milies];  
Chaucuns portout une branche d'olive;  
Nuncèrent vos ces paroles méisme."—*Roland*, xiv. 10.

We object to this emendation, because the word *quinze* is in assonance, and seems to have been properly the last word of the line, and because *fifteen thousand* messengers carrying olive branches seems to us too many, when *ten* only were sent on the important message which introduced the subject of the present poem. But if we look back, we find the word *paien*, which must have lost a final *s*, and the next word is evidently deficient at the beginning by the loss of the syllable *en*, for it is the only instance in the poem of *veier* for *enveier*. It is here then that the scribe has left something out, and we propose to supply the deficiency thus—

"De ses paien[s vos en]veiat quinze;"

We here see clearly how the mistake arose, for the scribe, having written the *en* in *paiens*, in looking to his copy, took it for the *en* in *enveiat*, and so went on with the latter part of this word.

being used in the process? of a deliberate suggestion of the method? and of all this being peculiar to one language only? The natural consequence of this unfortunate notion was, that M. Raynouard, instead of comparing diligently and arranging words to discover *all the different grammatical forms* of each of the Romanic languages, having taken it for granted that they invented one form to represent all, or nearly all those belonging to the Latin original; and observing that the foregoing distinction of the cases of substantives, by the presence or absence of the final *s*, was a very common one, took it equally for granted that this was the only regular distinction of forms which belonged to the derived languages, and therefore never sought for any others. The process of the formation of the Romanic tongues from the Latin was not a substitution of certain forms in the place of other forms, but it was a *moulding down* of the old forms, and that in many different ways; so that in the earlier stage of each new language it had quite as many different distinctions of forms as the language to which it owed its origin. The only active agents in this change were natural ones; the *difference* of organization which God had given to *different races of men*, so that at any given period of these *progressing* languages it was impossible, by natural laws, which God had created, that people could use any other form than that they did use. In fact, the two Anglo-Norman poems which we have mentioned afford us abundant evidence that the form mentioned by Raynouard is only one of those which belonged to the substantives of the language of the Trouvères even in the twelfth century. After, however, the period of transition had passed, during the period of their reduction to their final and settled form, these languages were influenced by a tendency (which was equally felt in the later stages of the English, when so many of what are termed the strong forms were thrown into the class of the weak ones) to throw words, which belonged to the less regular forms, into the more general and comprehensive ones. In the Latin language the most general and comprehensive forms of substantives were the masculines in *us*, and the feminines in *a*; the most general ones in the derived languages were naturally the representatives of those forms, and to them the other forms were continually deserting. In this manner many words which occur in our Anglo-Norman of the twelfth century, with declensions answering to other declensions in Latin, are found in manuscript a century later figuring in the ranks of those formed from the Latin declensions in *us* and *a*.

The most curious class of Neo-Latin substantives, and one which requires the most careful examination, is that formed from the Latin nouns of the third declension, which increase in the genitive. The condensation of the syllables in the increasing cases has sometimes produced forms in the French and Anglo-Norman which scarcely resemble their own nominatives. Let us take, for an example, the Latin word *homo*: our Anglo-Norman of the twelfth century presents us with the nom. sing. *hom*; sometimes *hoem*, invariably

without an *s*, as the Latin word shows that it ought to be, while the ac. sing. *hominem*, and abl. sing. *homine*, are condensed into Ang.-Nor. *hume*, Old Fr. *home*, (where the *o*, we suspect, is long). Thus :

Nom. Sing. "Serez ses *hom*."—*Roland*, iii. 16. (*suus homo*.)

"Vos estes saives *hom*."—xvii. 7.

"Merveillus *hom* est Charles."—xxvii. 5.

"Cist *hom* est enraget."—*Charlemagne*, 551, &c.

"Ne deit *hoem* mescreire."—*S. Brandan*, Vespas. B. x. fol. 2. r<sup>o</sup>. col. 2.

Ac. Sing. "Ne vos lerrai pur nul *hume* de car — *Rol*. clvii. 8.

"Dame, veïstes unkes *hume* nul de desuz ciel."—*Charl*. 9.

The examples which Raynouard has given in his *Observations on the Roman de Rou* (p. 53) of *homs* and *hons*, as the nom. sing. show only the badness and flatness of the MS. from which Pluquet printed.

We have another example precisely similar in the Latin comes; but as we have here an *s* final in the nom. sing., so the nom. sing. in Ang.-Nor. and Fr. is *quens*, whilst *comitem* becomes Ang.-Nor. *cunte*, Old Fr. *conte*.

We have again instances where the oblique case of the sing. terminates in *s*, namely, those which come from Latin neuters in *us*: thus *corpus* and *tempus* give us in both cases sing. of Ang.-Nor. and Old Fr. *cors* and *tens*.

Nom. Sing. "Tut li *cors* li tressalt de joie e de pitez."—*Charl*. 183.

Ac. Sing. "Ad *sun cors* demened."—*Rol*. xxxix. 6. (*suum corpus*.)

"Si ad *sun tens* uset."—xxxix. 4. (*suum tempus*.)

"Les braz ad gros e quarrez, le *cors* greïle e delget."—*Charl*. 304.

"En cel *tens*."—*Laws of Will. Con.* p. 174. *Ed. Schmid*.

Had we time, or were the present occasion opportune, we might easily multiply examples of forms of declensions of substantives differing from the rule of M. Raynouard. We have *pecchet* (*peccatum*) making both its cases in the sing. without *s* (*Rol*. ii. 6, xvi. 11); we have *onur* (*honor*) lxxii. 7, *frère* (*frater*), lxxviii. 7, xcii. 2; *cervel* (*cerebellum*), clxv. 2, *mort* (*mors*), *passim*; and a host of others, all forming their nom. sing. in the same manner without *s*, to say nothing of the feminines formed from the first Latin declension in *a*.

The plurals of the French and Anglo-Norman nouns seem to have fallen into one general rule at a much earlier period than the singulars. In our two poems we find few plural nominatives which have the final *s*. The Latin nominatives *homines* and *comites*, contrary to what we should expect, and to what must at one time have been the case, become invariably *hume* and *cunte*, their ac. pl. being *humes* and *cuntes*. We still, however, find a few words which seem to point out the existence of other forms. Singularly enough, the plurals of *cors* and *tens* have both in nom. and ac. the same form as in the sing., contrary to what might be expected from *corpora* and *tempora*. We may

also quote *arbres* (arbores), Rol. clxvi. 1; *marchiz* (marchiones), Charl. 444; and *baruns* (barones), Rol. xiii. 1, clxxix. 14, whose nom. sing. is *barun* (*baro*), lx. 1.

The foregoing examples will, we think, be sufficient to show the danger of emendating the texts of Old French and Anglo-Norman poems according to Raynouard's rules, as some French editors have proposed to do. We want much yet editing accurately from the manuscripts, before we shall have the necessary materials to hope for the formation of a complete grammar of these tongues; and we suspect that at last we must seek them among the early Anglo-Norman metrical legends of saints. We are perfectly satisfied that the language of the *Chanson de Roland* and of Charlemagne is that of the twelfth century; and it is probable that during that century the language did not undergo much change. When, however, we compare with this language those of the laws of William the Conqueror\* and of the Psalter of the library of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, we cannot hesitate in pronouncing these latter more ancient. The laws of William, which we ourselves believe to be authentic, have been much disfigured by modern and ignorant copyists; but we believe that they had before them very ancient manuscripts, because the errors are in general not such as would arise by a regular transmission through manuscripts of different periods, but rather such as would have been made by an unlearned scribe of the fourteenth or fifteenth century in copying a manuscript of the twelfth.

There is another part of the grammar of the Neo-Latin tongues which must be well known before we can venture on concluding in many cases on the forms of words, and which is as yet very little known: we mean the syntax. The *Chanson de Roland* and Charlemagne make known to us several very curious constructions of the Anglo-Norman language, which, if unobserved, must have caused an emendator of the text to do great mischief. We will simply point out one, and then conclude. The expression *i ad* and *i out* (*il y a* and *il y eu*) take invariably an accusative case, as in these examples:—

"En la citet n'en ad remés *paien*."—*Rol.* viii. 6. (ac. sin.)

"Jamais n'ert *hume* ki encuntre lui vaille."—xxvii. 11. (ac. sin.)

"*Meillor vassal* n'out en la curt de lui."—lx. 10. (ac. sin.)

"*Dux* i out e *demeines* e *baruns* e *chevalers*."—*Charl.* 4. (ac. pl.)

"Ainz n'i sist *hume*."—122. (ac. sin.)

"*Draguns* i at qui la guardent."—*S. Brandan*, fol. 10. r°. (ac. pl.)

During the change of the language in its progress towards the

\* While mentioning the Laws of William, we will correct an error of their last editor, Schmid, (*Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, 1832,) who (p. 178) translates "*si la plaie lui vient a vis en descuvert al pols*," by "*Wenn ihm die Wunde in das Gesicht auf die unbedeckte Haut kömmt*," taking *pols* to be *pellem*. The termination shows it to be an ac. pl.; and in fact it is *pilos* (mod. Fr. *poils*), and it means "if the wound should be given him on the face where it is uncovered by the hair." The *l* of the article is probably a mistake of the copyist for the long *f*; it should be *as pols*. Thus interpreted, it answers exactly to the expression of the Saxon laws.

fifteenth century, the constructions were more universally lost than were the grammatical forms. The following verse, taken at random from Jubinal's "*Mystères inédits du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle*," contains two grave infractions of the grammar of the twelfth century,—

"Sire, *s'il y a ja prins homs.*" p. 26.

First, we have a nom. sing. with a final *s*, where it ought not to be; and, in the second place, we have this nominative where the construction requires an accusative. Yet in these late Mysteries, the form of the accusative, here written *homme*, is very carefully preserved,—so, p. 45,

"Sy est folie à *homme* en terre."

Diez's first volume is entirely occupied with the subject of the interchange of letters in the different Neo-Latin languages, and it doubtless displays vast research and deep penetration. But, we repeat it, we think that he has not proceeded far enough in classifying the different dialectic forms: we would at least have had what he bundles together under the head French, separated into Old French, New French, and Anglo-Norman. The new work of M. Raynouard, of which the second volume (the first of the Dictionary) is published, will be a noble monument to his memory, and such a one as few, under the same circumstances, have ever built. We have pointed out freely Raynouard's errors, not out of disrespect to his memory, but as a warning to some who, we think, are inclined to receive every thing he taught with more zeal than judgment. The memory of Raynouard will ever live among scholars—he will be *laudatus a laudatis*. It was he who first, in this instance, drew regularity out of confusion. The glory of Columbus was that of having projected the discovery of a new world, and of having ventured in search of it, where others saw nothing but destruction. We do not blame him because he did not discover every part of America: we must not blame Raynouard because, having made discoveries where nobody else ventured to seek any, he did not make all the discoveries that might be made.

The two volumes edited by M. Francisque Michel are valuable for other purposes besides philology: they contain rich and interesting illustrations of the literature, and of the manners, customs, and feelings of our forefathers at this remote period. The *Chanson de Roland*, itself a noble poem, forms with its copious illustrations and excellent glossary, an extremely handsome volume, such a one as we seldom receive from a French printer. We wish its editor success in his undertakings, and we hope to see many more such volumes from his hands. We expect, above all, the Anglo-Norman romance of Horn, which is now, we believe, in the press, and which will, no doubt, afford us valuable materials for the formation of an Anglo-Norman grammar.

ART. XI.—*Delle Tragedie Greche, Libri quattro, di Filippo Volpicella.*

Napoli. (Observations upon the Greek Tragedies, in Four Books, by Filippo Volpicella. Naples.) 8vo. 1833.

MANY and great are the obligations which society owes to him who, resisting, in the flower of his youth, the allurements of ease and pleasure, assiduously devotes himself to honourable studies, to self-improvement, and to the advancement of his species in knowledge and virtue. By examples such as these, men become imbued with a passion for learning, and inflamed with an unextinguishable desire after that glory, which awakens and keeps alive the noblest affections of our nature. Too rarely, however, are instances like these to be found in the present day. The majority of our youth, especially those who are either in the possession, or in the expectation, of fortune's golden favours, prefer a life of idleness and pleasure, strewed as its path appears to be with flowers, to one of mental exertion and of self-denial, the transit through which, although at times toilsome and difficult, is free from regrets, and replete with real joy and solid satisfaction; and even should some of these we have just described, "smit with the love of sacred song," be disposed to woo the Nine, they are generally more inclined to entwine their brow with the myrtle garlands of Sappho and Anacreon, than with the laurel crown of Sophocles and Homer, "*hiding*," as the great Theban sings, "*the flower of their green April in some obscure cavern*," and thus justifying the indignant reproof of Horace.

*"Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore."*

Of a far different character to these, Signor Volpicella—whose profound erudition, extensive knowledge, and indefatigable study, have acquired him the esteem and admiration of the learned world—has produced a work which, while it stamps him as one of the first critics of the age, reflects the highest honour on the country which gave him birth. It will be the object of the following pages to present the English reader with a faithful summary of this admirable account of and comment upon "*The Greek Tragedies*."

Commencing his introductory chapter with a plan of his work, the author judiciously observes:—

"That it has always been considered of the utmost utility, when treating upon any study or pursuit, to make known the works of those who were either the inventors or the restorers of it; that present example is much more efficacious than precept in awakening a love for 'the truly beautiful' and in alluring others to follow in the paths trodden before them by the mighty and illustrious sages of antiquity—that tragedy would be particularly benefited by this—and that, the better to enable it to attain such perfection, that it may accomplish its sacred mission of instructing mankind by delighting them, it is indispensably necessary to endeavour to restore the art to its first principles, to penetrate into the real meaning and sense of the ancient dramas, and to discover and exhibit their truly wonderful invention, construction, and machinery."—

Such is the object of the present work on the tragedies which have been preserved to us of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. The three first books treat of these three famous tragedians, present us with all the interesting facts which have reached us respecting them, and investigate the object and construction of their plots, recording likewise the opinions of the ancients themselves upon them, and showing how and by which of the moderns they have been occasionally imitated. The fourth book contains critical remarks upon the modern French and Italian tragedies. The introduction is followed by observations upon the *origin of the drama*, one of the most ancient kinds of poetry, which, receiving in the first instance considerable improvement and amelioration at the hand of *Thespis*, was in a short time afterwards carried to the utmost perfection. The author then speaks of the *three actors of tragedy*. In the time of *Thespis* there was only one actor—the second was introduced by *Æschylus*, the third by *Sophocles*, in which innovation he was soon imitated by *Æschylus*, who occasionally placed a fourth actor upon the stage. A few observations follow upon the *chorus*, which at first appeared to constitute almost the entire tragedy; but *Æschylus*, by his introduction of the second actor, considerably curtailed this part of the drama, converting it almost into a *dramatis personæ*.

*ÆSCHYLUS*. This great writer was the first who raised tragedy from its previously low and degraded state, subjected it to new rules, and imparted to it a charm hitherto unknown. Justly hailed by the Athenians as the *Father of Tragedy*, he was alike remarkable for gravity of deportment, simplicity of manners, and loftiness of sentiment. His tragedy of the *Supplices*, one of the seven which have been preserved, appears to have formed part of one of those compositions called by the ancients *Triologia*; the tragic poets of Greece being accustomed to dispute the prize not with one but with three tragedies, which were hence called *Triologia*—a satirical drama, called *Tetralogia*, being sometimes added. We accordingly find, in an ancient catalogue of this poet's works, the *Supplices* placed between the *Ægyptiani* and the *Daniadæ*, which three tragedies thus formed together a *Trilogy*, entirely relating to the adventures of the daughters of Danaus. The *Prometheus vinctus* also formed part of an entire *Trilogy* upon one subject, four *Promethei* having been written by *Æschylus*, one being satirical; these four were called *Prometheus ignifer*, *Prometheus accensor*, *Prometheus vinctus*, and *Prometheus liberatus*. The author makes a short but highly interesting analysis of the *Prometheus vinctus*, observing that the poet rises in an astonishing manner above human nature, and succeeds in representing the sufferings of a god, who, that he may succour afflicted humanity by communicating to it celestial fire, willingly braves the greatest and most terrific dangers; an admirable allegory, developed and explained with great acuteness and ingenuity by the learned Gravina, the passage from whose work is quoted by our author.

The *Septem contra Thebas* is one of the tragedies upon which *Æschylus* is said to have particularly prided himself. The subject of it is the siege of Thebes by the seven confederate chiefs who had espoused the cause of *Polynices* against his brother *Eteocles*, and the death of the sons



of Œdipus before the walls of that city, their bodies being refused sepulture as a punishment for having made war against their country. It was the poet's intention to inculcate, by this tragedy, a solemn and important truth, by exhibiting the evils which overtake those who carry arms against their native land. This drama has been considered as truly wonderful both by Gorgias and Longinus, who adduce, in justification of their praise, the passage in which is described the terrible oath of the seven chiefs; it is also remarkable for containing those verses upon the recitation of which all the audience rose and turned to Aristides, then present, as the person to whom alone the encomium was applicable. The author then relates what is known of Æschylus's journey into Sicily, giving it as his opinion that he visited that island twice; the first time, either out of jealousy at the great reputation acquired by Sophocles, or else in consequence of being invited by Gerone; the second time, after the death of that virtuous prince, who esteemed it his glory to assemble around him the illustrious men of his time, and to stimulate them to exertion by his favour and protection. It was perhaps in deference to a wish expressed by Gerone of seeing a tragedy represented, which should be a picture of the famous battle of Marathon, that Æschylus composed the *Persæ*, which gained the prize, and gratified the Athenians with a spectacle at once magnificent and flattering; all the spectators being scarcely able to restrain their joy when they beheld the humiliation of the discomfited Xerxes, especially when the shade of Darius, being interrogated by the chorus, replied "that Persia's safety was in ceasing to war against a people whom the gods protected." The author explains, with considerable ingenuity, the object which Æschylus had in view—namely, that of inflaming by artful praise the valour of the Athenians, and of inspiring horror against the sacrilegious superstitions of the Persians, who, when suffering under great calamities, hesitated not to raise the souls of the departed by powerful conjurations. This appearance of the ghost of Darius, gives Signor Volpicella an opportunity of indulging in some interesting remarks upon the introduction of spectres and other prodigies into tragedy; he thinks, and in our opinion, correctly, that by this artifice the poet does not in the least degree detract from the probability of his story, when, by the employment of it, he either depicts the well known opinions of the people represented, or accommodates his fable to the belief of his audience, falls in with ancient traditions, or lastly, when he is able to produce by it a powerful effect upon his audience, as the appearance of the ghost of Thyestes does in the Latin tragedy of Agamemnon and in many others; but the author very properly cautions the poet against using this license unless with due discretion—

*"Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit"*—

and he then shows the error of the French author of *La Semiramide*, not only in introducing the ghost of Ninus in a manner wholly at variance with the superstitions of the ancients, who always compelled the appearance of the dead by many and potent conjurations, but also in presenting a spectre before a modern French audience, who no longer

give credence to such absurdities. Alfieri, on the contrary, receives his unqualified praise for having, in his tragedy of *Agamemnone*, introduced the ghost of Thyestes, in conformity both with the belief of his dramatic personæ, and with that of his own times, for the ghost is speechless, and is beheld, with infinite terror by Ægisthus alone. We have also another Trilogy by Æschylus, called the *Orestiadæ*, consisting of three tragedies, the *Agamemnon*, the *Coëphoræ*, and the *Eumenides*, which, together with the satirical drama *Proteus*, were represented at the public expense.

The author remarks that in the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides* the unities of time and place, the subjects of much learned, and, we are sorry to say, angry discussion, are not duly observed; hence he takes occasion to enter upon the question of them, proving by authority and example, that these are not, like that of action, indispensable in tragedy; if the writer of the present article, however, might be permitted to hazard an opinion upon this subject, he would say, that the productions of tragic writers will be found to be more perfect in proportion as, without effort and without sacrificing probability, they are able to observe the other two unities, an opinion which may be easily supported by instances from the tragedies of the immortal Italian Sophocles.

An accurate analysis follows of the three tragedies forming the Trilogy of the *Orestiadæ*, and we consider the author as particularly happy in his investigation of the third—the *Eumenides*, nothing being omitted by which its subject could be explained and illustrated; he next proceeds to treat of the style of Æschylus, and concludes the first book with the death of the poet in Sicily, where, as in Greece, he was held in the highest esteem and reverence.

SOPHOCLES was the first who carried tragedy to its full perfection; the elevation of his mind, the purity of his morals, and the excellence of his general character, are shown by the few tragedies preserved to us out of the many he is known to have composed. After a most interesting biography of this poet, Signor Volpicella enters upon the consideration of his tragedies. The first is the *Electra*, which represents Orestes slaying, by command of the Oracle of Apollo, his own mother and her paramour, Ægisthus, in revenge for his father's death. In the course of his remarks, the author introduces the curious anecdote of the tragic actor Polo, as related by Aulus Gellius. Deprived by death of an only and beloved son, this performer had retired from the stage for some months to indulge the grief so natural under so great an affliction; time, however, having in some degree consoled him, he resumed once more his profession. The tragedy of *Electra* was to be performed, and in the part which he enacted, that of *Electra*, he had to carry an urn supposed to contain the remains of Orestes. Clad, therefore, in the mourning garment of *Electra*, Polo removed from the tomb the urn of his son, and, as if embracing Orestes, filled the theatre not with artificial and fictitious, but with natural and real lamentations. Here the author takes occasion to commend Alfieri for having, in order to diminish the too great horror of his story, represented his Orestes as having come to Argos with the

intention of killing Ægisthus only, and with having slain his mother unconsciously, while she was endeavouring to save her lover. Sophocles is then represented as joining the expedition against the Samians, a most fatal one, since, as he was sailing towards Chios, a dreadful storm arose, from which he escaped with great difficulty, losing many of his tragedies, which he carried with him. The tragedy of *Antigone* then follows, and its analysis is accompanied by a chapter which treats of the solicitude and care manifested by the Greeks in the burial of their dead; these observations greatly facilitate the right understanding of the poet in that part of his tragedy, where he represents Antigone as having been, contrary to the express commands of Creonte, desirous of giving the rites of sepulture to her brother's body. The examination of the tragedy of Ajax follows next, and Sophocles is defended from the unmerited reproach of having in this play neglected the observance of the unities. The *Œdipus Tyrannus*, decidedly the grandest of this poet's productions, was held in such esteem, according to what Dicearchus has affirmed, upon the authority of the rhetorician Aristophanes, as to have had the cognomen *Tyrannus* given to it on account of its superior excellence; the beauties of this tragedy are fully appreciated by our author, who omits nothing that may lead the readers of it to form the same estimate of its merits. Not less interesting and erudite are his observations upon the *Œdipus at Colonus* and the *Philoctetes*. The second book closes with the analysis of the *Trachiniæ*, a tragedy having for its subject the death of Hercules, and which has been preserved to us as a production of Sophocles. Signor Volpicella, however, justly considers it as being most likely the work either of a younger Sophocles, who lived, according to Suidas, a short time after the seven tragic poets, who were called the Pleiades, from the constellation so called,—or of another Sophocles, the son or nephew of the great author of *Œdipus Tyrannus*; the analysis itself of the *Trachiniæ*, which contains not a few defects, strengthens the supposition of these tragedies having been written by some less ancient poet; but, unfortunately, the truth is not easy to ascertain, since Cicero and Strabo both affirm this tragedy to have been written by Sophocles. Two other chapters are also appended, the first upon the style of Sophocles, and the second upon the other works of that poet, namely, epigrams, elegies, and orations; an account of the death of this celebrated tragedian closes the book.

EURIPIDES was called by the Athenians "*the philosopher of the stage*"; he was only fifteen years younger than Sophocles, and was born at Salamis. According to some, the name of Euripides was given him, from his having been born on the same day that the Greeks defeated the grand Persian fleet near *Euripus*; many interesting facts relating to this poet are given by Signor Volpicella in the true spirit of a judicious and diligent biographer. He then treats of the various allusions made by Euripides in his tragedies, and of his philosophical doctrines; he defends him from the accusation of not believing in the gods, showing, that if he appeared to have any doubts in consequence of so many of the deities being vicious ones, he did so as a follower of the

Socratic school, and that he conceived and endeavoured to inculcate from the stage a much more spiritual and elevated idea of the divinity. He then speaks of the style of Euripides, of his journey into Macedonia and his death. Proceeding then to the tragedies which he wrote, he states them to have been originally 75 in number; other authors reckon 94; those which have reached us are 18 only, and amongst these the *Cyclops*, a satirical drama, and the only one of its kind which is extant. This engages Signor Volpicella in a treatise upon the satirical drama which was usually added to the Trilogy, as if to relieve the minds of the audience strongly and painfully excited by the horrors of the tragedy; it was a species of pastoral fable. Such was the *Cyclops* of Euripides, which represents the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polypheme. The tragedies which the author examines are the *Rhaesus*, the *Electra*, the *Jove*, the *Medea*, the *Phœnissæ*, the *Hippolitus coronatus*, the *Andromache*, the *Supplices*, the *Heracrides*, the *Orestes*, the *Bacchanti*, the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The analysis of each of these is distinguished by great accuracy and love for the art; the Greek tragedy of *Medea* is judiciously compared with the Latin *Medea* by Seneca, accompanied by a learned commentary on Horace's precept—

“*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*”

In speaking of the *Phœnissæ*, the Italian critic praises the great art shown by Alfieri in his *Polinice*, avoiding as he has done every defect in the Greek model, the plan of which he appears to have improved and ennobled by the vastness of his invention; thus restoring, as it were, the ancient tragedies without any diminution of their grandeur and dignity. The analysis of the two *Iphigenias* is very accurate and replete with interest. The third book is closed by a chapter in which are narrated the changes which the Greek tragedy has undergone, from the time of Thespis till the period when it was perfected by the sovereign genius of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The object of the fourth book is the very useful one of examining the modern tragedies, and showing practically of what advantage the study of the ancient poets may be, and how far they ought to be imitated. Passing over preceding epochas, the author commences by the *Sophonisba* of Trissino, the first which truly deserved the name of tragedy. He then enumerates and examines the following; the *Rosmunda* of Rucellai; the *Tullia* of Martelli; the *Orestes* of the same Rucellai; the *Œdipus* of Anguillara; the *Orbecche* of Giraldi; the *Canace* of Speroni; and the *Torrismondo* of Tasso. After this he proceeds to treat of tragic verse, pastoral eclogues, and musical dramas, and examines two other Italian tragedies, the *Aristodemus* of Doltori, (it is unaccountable why the author should have passed over the *Aristodemus* of the celebrated Vicenzio Monti,) and the *Solemane* of Bonarelli. In the fifteenth chapter he gratifies the reader with some learned observations upon the chorus employed by the ancients, and which was in fact the beginning of the Greek tragedy, showing how it was introduced into the Italian tragedy, and how a new species of it has recently been adopted by Man-

zoni. After having examined the principal French tragedies, he returns to the Italian, and commences by eulogizing Gian-Vincenzio Gravina, who first endeavoured to apply a remedy to the great corruption into which Italian eloquence and poetry had at that time fallen, and who used every effort to restore tragedy to its ancient simplicity and dignity, not so much by example, as by the excellent precepts which he provided for this purpose in his *Ragione poetica*, and *Tragedia*. Amongst the tragedies then written in Italy, may be mentioned with the highest commendation the *Merope* of Raffei, which may be said to have founded the Italian tragedy, the *Ulysses* of Lazzarini, and others of Conti and Varano, until we arrive at Alfieri, who, banishing from the theatre all foreign imitation, and being deeply learned in the study of the ancients, and above all stimulated by his wonderful genius, has firmly established the Italian tragedy upon a sure and solid foundation. The whole of the twenty-fourth chapter, in which the author considers the tragedies of Alfieri, is extremely interesting and instructive. The entire work terminates with a *Conclusion*, in which the ground-works or plots both of the ancients and moderns are examined, and many judicious observations upon the taste for tragedy, and upon the utility of studying the ancient poets, are introduced.

We are fully aware that the account we have given above of the difficult and laborious production of Signor Volpicella is but a very crude and imperfect sketch of a work, which possesses all the internal evidence of being written with much learning, perspicuity, and elegance of style, and which consequently eminently deserves to be well and extensively known. We would wish these our commendations to be accompanied by our congratulations also; exhorting, at the same time, the young and worthy author to cultivate with increasing ardour talents that have already produced such admirable fruit, and which hold forth to the Italian youth an example, stimulating them to that love of wisdom and of ennobling studies which so well becomes the lofty name of Italy.

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ART. XII.—*Meine Verurtheilung zum Tode vom Kriegsgericht zu Lillee oder die Sieben Merkwürdigsten Jahre meines Lebens zu Land und zur See, in französischen und englischen Kriegsdiensten. Wahre Geschichte eines gebornen Sachsen.* (My Condemnation to Death by a Court-Martial at Lille; or the Seven most Remarkable Years of my Life, by Land and by Sea, in the French and English Military and Naval Service. The True History of a Native of Saxony.) Foolscep 8vo. 1836.

IN these piping times of peace we have had in England various narratives, by persons of the humblest rank in the military service; which have furnished a tolerable picture of the great events in which they bore a part, as well as details of the personal adventures of the writers. From the volume before us it would be difficult to glean any thing relative to the former. Written apparently from memory,

after the lapse of so many years since the occurrences of which it treats, it betrays throughout a vagueness that is greatly increased by a singular want of dates and names. To this cause must, we presume, be also attributed some egregious blunders, such as that of making the 38-gun frigate *Apollo* a 74-gun ship, and representing the *Milford*, a 74, as a brig of 18 guns.

Without following the author through all the scenes that he has described, it may be sufficient to mention briefly, that, being left completely destitute by the failure of his father in business, the author at the age of sixteen enlisted into a Prussian regiment in the French service, shortly after the battle of Jena. This regiment was ordered to the north of France. Whilst at Valenciennes he became involved in an altercation with his captain, and was collared by him, on which he involuntarily half drew his sword, but recollecting himself returned it to its place. For this offence he was brought before a court-martial at Lille and received sentence of death, which was commuted first to five years' confinement in the galleys, and afterwards to six months' imprisonment on bread and water.

After undergoing this punishment he was removed with his regiment to Walcheren, shortly before the arrival of the English expedition against that island. Being taken, with a large portion of the enemy's troops, he was conveyed to Portsmouth, where the privates were sent on board the bulks appropriated to prisoners of war. To escape the hardships of this confinement, the author, with many of his comrades, accepted the offers of service that were made to them in the British navy; and the intermediate years, till the conclusion of peace, were passed by him on board different ships in the Mediterranean. He gives his countrymen a tolerably correct picture of the arrangements and economy of an English man-of-war, but we doubt whether he is equally accurate in his narrative of events. His particulars of a mutiny which, according to his account, took place on board the *Bombay*, in the Mediterranean, whilst he belonged to that ship, are, we suspect, either altogether apocryphal, as we have no recollection of such a circumstance, which must have been matter of public notoriety, or excessively overcharged.

Some inaccuracies may be ascribed to the author's credulity. He is one of the old school, who honestly believed in omens, tokens, and other marvels. Thus he tells us that, whilst at school, after spending the evening in the celebration of the birth-day of one of his young friends, he returned home and repaired to his chamber, where just as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve, his candle threw out a number of sparks which bounced and cracked, and threatened to go out, but immediately blazed up brighter than ever. At the same moment he heard a shrill noise, and behold!—the portrait of his mother, which had been hanging by a nail in the wall, fell upon the corner of the desk, and thence to the floor, and the glass was smashed in pieces. Three days afterwards a letter arrived to inform him that his mother, who had long been ill, had expired at the very moment when this catastrophe happened.

This fondness for the marvellous, imbibed no doubt in early childhood, is apparent at a later period of life. Thus the author tells us that, during

his service in the French army in the island of Walcheren, a hearty, hale young man belonging to his company was taken ill.

"Our captain, with whom he was a great favourite, begged the physician of the battalion to exert all his skill to save the young man. The doctor did all that lay in his power, and the patient punctually followed all his directions to abstain from spirituous liquors, and especially from butter-milk, which the peasant-girls brought in great quantities to the camp for sale. In spite of all the efforts of the doctor, the patient, though his appetite was very good, still complained of violent internal pains, and was at length sent to the hospital at Middelburg. But there, instead of getting any better, he continued to waste away by degrees. He was anxious to go back to his company, and as the medical attendants could not relieve him, he obtained permission to return.

"This young man had been some weeks with our company again, when one afternoon he felt an extraordinary longing for butter-milk: accordingly he bought some, and drank it up eagerly, though the serjeant-major warned him against so doing. An hour afterwards he began to cry out terribly for help, sprang up, and ran about the camp like a maniac. At length, his strength being exhausted, he sat down and began to vomit. The cause of his illness soon appeared, for, from among the matter thrown up from his stomach, out hopped a little frog, which lived but a few hours!"

The same young soldier, whose name was Sternfeld, is the hero of another adventure. We shall give it in the author's own words.

"It was a fine serene morning, when General Monnet [the commander of the French troops in the island of Walcheren] determined to take a trip out to sea, before the harbour of Flushing. Several of the superior officers were invited to be of the party, and many of the boats were in readiness to receive the guests. Our young Sternfeld had offered himself as steersman, and was placed at the helm of our captain's boat. The bands of both battalions heightened the pleasures of the day. They had enjoyed themselves for some hours, when the sky suddenly became overcast, thunder rolled at a distance, lightning darted through the atmosphere, and the little flotilla hastened back towards the harbour. General Monnet's and Captain Arno's boats were sailing briskly past one another, and they were now not far from the port when the general took a pinch of snuff from his gold box, and then held it out to the lieutenant-colonel. The latter was going to help himself, when a wave broke over the boat; the general, somewhat alarmed, lost his balance, and held fast by the gunwale of the boat, but dropped the gold box into the sea. 'This excursion,' said he, 'costs me very dear; not for the value of the gold, but the box was a present from my emperor, and that vexes me exceedingly.' At this moment young Sternfeld leaped out of our captain's boat, dived, and was instantly out of sight. 'I am right sorry for the poor fellow,' said the captain; 'he was a brave and excellent soldier, but the butter-milk girl has turned his brain, and as he could not obtain a furlough to go and see the damsel, he throws himself overboard before our eyes.'"

It should be remarked that the captain and the officers in his boat had seen and heard nothing of the affair with the snuff-box, and of course did not know the motive of this dangerous leap.

"'Indeed,' continued the captain, 'it grieves me exceedingly; had I known that his attachment to the girl was so vehement, I would have spoken a good word for him to the general, and obtained him a furlough.'

"'Many thanks, captain; I shall keep you to your word,' suddenly cried a voice, and young Sternfeld was seen buffeting the waves with vigorous arms.

"'God be thanked!—but come a little nearer, and let us lift you into the boat.'

“ ‘ Not yet, captain, I have something to do yet ; I shall not be long before I am back, and then I shall beg you to have the goodness to take me on board again.’ ”

“ He dived once more, and again disappeared from sight. Before the captain and the officers could recover from their surprise at this conduct, the sturdy swimmer had overtaken the boat, leaped into it, and resumed his place at the helm, which a strange fisherman had taken during his absence.

“ ‘ I beg pardon, captain,’ he immediately began, ‘ for having quitted my post for a short time, but I could not do otherwise, for, you see, the general dropped his snuff-box into the sea, and was lamenting the loss of it, because it was a present from the emperor ; so I jumped overboard and recovered it for him. When I carried it to him, the general would have taken me into his boat, but I know my duty, thanked him very politely, and said : Your excellency, I belong to the third company ; yonder is my captain’s boat ; I must swim after it ; there is my post. Look you, Monsieur le Capitaine, that is the whole affair in a few words ; but I shall now keep you to your word of honour, respecting your kind intercession to M. le General, to get me a furlough for a fortnight only.’ The captain promised he would, and the little flotilla reached the harbour before the heaviest part of the storm came on. Next morning the bold diver was sent for by the general, promoted to corporal, and received a furlough for four weeks, besides a considerable present.”

On the conclusion of the peace, the author, who was then in the Mediterranean, returned with his ship to England, where she was paid off, and with his wages and his prize-money he again repaired to his native country and town, where he has lately employed himself, as we have seen, in giving to the world this narrative of his adventures.

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## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

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### FRANCE.

A NEW journal devoted to the Review of French and foreign literature has just been commenced at Paris, with the title of "Revue française et étrangère."

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Of the *Encyclopedie du 19e Siècle*, the third volume just published contains many articles of superior merit, such as the word "Alger," by M. Rozet; "Alienation mentale," by M. Esquirol; "Alimens," by M. Eduards; "Littérature allemande," by M. Chasles.

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A periodical work directed to the interests of the French possessions in Africa has been commenced, with the title of "Revue Africaine." This publication disclaims all party purposes, and the two or three numbers of it which have appeared are distinguished by great impartiality and moderation.

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A joint-stock society has been formed in Paris for the publication of a general collection of standard French works, in 200 volumes, with the title of "Pantheon Litteraire." The French government is said to have subscribed for two hundred copies, with the intention of giving 25 volumes out of the 200 to such towns as are willing to subscribe to the other 75, in order to enrich their libraries.

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M. Moreau de Jonnés has added to the list of his useful works a Statistical Account of Great Britain and Ireland, divided into fifteen parts: territory, population, agriculture, mines, manufactures, public wealth, commerce, navigation, colonies, administration, finances, military force, justice, public instruction, general results. To the documents collected relative to each of these parts the author has subjoined comparative views of the condition of the principal European states, which tend greatly to simplify the study of European statistics.

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The *Commission Historique* has just made a new issue of publications, including the first volume of the Metrical Chronicle of Benoit, by M. Francisque Michel; the Provencal Metrical History of the war of the Albigenses in the 13th century, by a contemporary writer, edited by M. Fauriel; the second volume of the documents from the war-office, relating to the wars of Louis XIV., at the beginning of the last century, by General Pelet; and a specimen of a projected archaeological survey of France, with three *livraisons* of plates, in large folio.

M. Michel is again in England, sent by the Commission to transcribe for publication an interesting history of the wars of Henry II. and his sons in Normandy, written in Anglo-Norman verse, by one Jordan Fauthome, preserved in MS. at Durham.

We believe that the Commission has authorized the publication of all the ancient Carolingian romances, in one body. M. de Salvaudy, the present minister of public instruction, is zealous in the cause of literature, and intends, we believe, to give much attention to the labours of the *Commission Historique*.

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M. Jubinal has published the first volume of a very interesting collection of old French Mysteries, entitled "*Mystères inédits du 15e Siècle*," from a MS. of the library of St. Geneviève.

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A series of coloured etchings, in very large folio, of all the ancient tapestries preserved in France and Flanders has been also commenced at Paris, the text by Jubinal. The first part, which we have seen, contains the Tapestry of Nancy; the second and third, which are very recently published, contains the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry.

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The early literature of France seems to be every day becoming more popular. There is in the course of publication a very cheap and comprehensive collection, to be completed in six volumes, in large 8vo., double columns, and edited by M. Michel and M. Monmerqué. The first volume, in which considerable progress is made, will contain the mysteries, moralities, farces, &c. &c. from the 12th to the 16th century. A volume will be devoted to the Metrical romances, and another to the early prose romances. Another volume will be given to the early miscellaneous poetry.

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The year 1836 was less productive in a literary point of view in France than its immediate predecessors. In 1835, 82,298 sheets of type were composed for the French booksellers; in 1836 only 79,238, showing a diminution of nearly 3000 sheets. The printed sheets have decreased in a still greater proportion, smaller editions having mostly been worked; so that we may assume that there were printed last year 25 million sheets less than in 1835. The greatest diminution has taken place in theological and philosophical works, while novels, plays, and political publications, have rather increased than decreased.

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The tribunal of commerce in Paris has decided, that an author who sells a work to a bookseller is bound to deliver the manuscript in a legible state, and to provide himself for the correction of the proofs.

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## HOLLAND.

The autograph journal of the celebrated voyager Roggewein has recently been discovered in the archives of the Dutch East India Company. The Zealand society of arts and sciences is preparing this valuable manuscript for publication, and a French translation of it is promised by M. van Wyk.

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Van Boekeren of Gröningen has announced for publication, by subscription, "*Histoire de la Civilisation morale et religieuse des Grecs depuis le Retour des Heracles jusqu'à la Domination des Romains*," by Dr. van Limburg-Brouwer, professor of the university of Gröningen, in 6 volumes.

## DENMARK.

Dr. J. K. Bohn Clement of Holstein is about to publish a work on the northern islands of Great Britain, to which he gives the title of "Mainland." It is the result of a journey undertaken last year at the expense of the King of Denmark, to search for monuments which may have been left there by the ancient Scandinavians. Landing at Hull, in August, 1836, M. Clement travelled through Scotland to the Orkneys, where he spent part of the winter. Then, following the west coast of Scotland, he visited the Isle of Skye. His last letter, of March 30, 1837, was dated from Edinburgh. He intimates that on most of the points his investigations have been very productive, and that he has collected a considerable number of important and unpublished documents.

## GERMANY.

Each succeeding Catalogue of the Leipzig Fair is more bulky than its predecessor. That of the late Easter Fair forms a volume of 26 sheets, and contains 4353 new works, or new editions. Of these 429 were published abroad, leaving for Germany (including Switzerland, Hungary, and that part of Prussia not belonging to the German confederation) 3294. In the total number there are,

Books and pamphlets in the German language . . . . .	3200
Books and pamphlets in the ancient languages . . . . .	302
Books and pamphlets in living foreign languages . . . . .	539
Novels . . . . .	144
Plays . . . . .	23
Musical publications . . . . .	42
Maps . . . . .	103

Of the above 239 are translations from foreign languages (among the novels alone 44), and 349 periodicals.

The whole were produced by 561 publishers, of whom Basse of Quedlinburg furnished 92 works, Reitzel of Copenhagen 82, Reimer of Berlin 53, the house of Metzler in Stuttgart 46, that of Arnold in Dresden 45, that of Cotta in Stuttgart 44, Brockhaus of Leipzig 42, Friedlein of Leipzig 41, Voigt of Weimar 40.

The principal states of Germany contributed in the following proportions to the general amount:—Austria, 226, (in Vienna alone, 165); Prussia, 1151, (in Berlin, 425); Bavaria, 469; Saxony, 669, (Leipzig alone, 556); Hanover, 106; Wurtemberg, 331; Baden, 156; the Hessian states, 141; Holstein, 40; the four Saxon duchies, 160; Brunswick, 45; Frankfurt, 55; Hamburg, 123.

Dr. Ferdinand Wolf, of the Imperial Library at Vienna, whose "*Beitrag zur Geschichte der Kastilianischen National Litteratur*," (Wien, 1832,) and "*Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas*," recently published, bespeak his acquaintance with early Spanish literature, and who has shown his knowledge of that of England, by his "*Introduction to the Bruder Rausch*," recently reviewed by us, announces a "*History of the Drama to the time of Shakespeare and Calderon*." It is gratifying to know that the subject has been taken up by a writer like Dr. Wolf, whose scholar-like acquirements ensure its being properly investigated, and who will give us the result of his inquiries, in a style free from the mysticism and obscurity in which too many of his countrymen, with deference be it spoken, are apt to involve the fruits of their literary researches.

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The study of the "*Nibelungen Lied*" continues to be carried on in Germany with undiminished ardour. Lachmann, whose edition of that poem, (4to. Berlin, 1826,) is regarded by the German philologists as *the* critical one, has recently published a supplementary volume of "*Notes and Various Readings*," which is to be followed by a "*Wörterbuch*," or Glossary, by Wackernagel; and the "*Germania*," published last year by the Gesellschaft für Deutsche Sprache und Alterthumskunde, of Berlin, contains several papers illustrative of this national epic. While on this subject we may observe, that we purpose shortly to devote an article to the consideration of the "*Nibelungen*," and the Teutonic Cycle of Romance generally.

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Adolph Ziemann, whose "*Altdeutsches Elementarbuch*" has been already favourably noticed in the Foreign Quarterly Review, (see No. 28,) has since published his "*Gothisch-hochdeutsche Wortlehre*," and very recently, the first half of his "*Mittel-hochdeutsches Wörterbuch*," a work which cannot but be acceptable to all lovers of early German poetry, if executed with the talent displayed in his earlier publications.

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Calve of Prague has published the first numbers of a "*Landwirthschaftliches Conversations-Lexikon*," edited by Dr. Alexander von Lengerke, whose name is advantageously known in Bohemia from various economical works and detached papers in periodical publications. This dictionary will consist of three volumes, in twelve or fifteen monthly parts.

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Kohnen of Cologne has commenced a collection of traditions of the Rhine countries, with the title of "*Rheinlands Sagen, Geschichten und Legenden*," from the pen of the editor Dr. Alfred Reumont, Ernst Weyden, A. T. Beer, W. Weitz, and Fr. Steinmann; and illustrated by steel engravings. Four numbers containing eight plates will constitute a volume.

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A German translation of the important work of Parent-Duchatelet on Prostitution in Paris, reviewed in our present number, has, we observe, been just published by Fr. Fleischer of Leipzig.

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The house of Herder of Freiburg has in the press the first volume of the Military and Political Life of Prince Eugene of Savoy, by Lieutenant-Colonel von Kausler, with Notes by General Count Bismark. The work, when complete, will comprize about 100 sheets of letter-press, and 40 maps and plans.

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The great French and German, and German and French Dictionary, by G. F. Schaffer, is expected to be completed in the course of the present year, by the publication of the last portion of the German and French part, comprehending S—Z. The whole will consist of upwards of 240 sheets, and form perhaps the most copious and generally serviceable work of the kind that has yet appeared.

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The twelfth edition of Rotteck's Universal History, in three 8vo. volumes, is announced.

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A work has been commenced in parts, at Stuttgart, by the title of "*Die Zeitgenossen; ihre Schicksale, ihre Tendenzen, ihre grossen Charaktere,*" which is professed to a translation from E. L. Bulwer. A critic in the *Blätter für litterarische Unterhaltung* pronounces, from an examination of the first two numbers, and pronounces truly, that Bulwer could not be the author of them; that the work is not English, and he adds, "neither can we say that it is German."

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We learn from the German papers that the Latin version of the nine books of Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History, pretended to have been lately discovered in Portugal, and to which we directed the attention of our readers in our last number, is actually published by Schünemann of Bremen.

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Dr. Knobel of Breslau has ready for publication "*Der Prophetismus der Hebräer, vollständig dargestellt,*" in two volumes, 8vo.

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Mr. P. F. Mainoni, proprietor of the bookselling establishment of Ernst Fleischer, at Leipzig, has been presented by the Queen of Great Britain with a gold snuff-box, enriched with brilliants, in token of her majesty's satisfaction with the dedication to her of the *Sketches to Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet*, by Retzsch.

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A committee has been formed at Frankfurt, consisting of the wealthiest merchants, for the purpose of raising a subscription and erecting a monument in honour of Göthe in that his native city. The first meeting of the committee was held on the 1st of May. The subscriptions, chiefly by members of the committee, are said already to exceed 10,000 florins.

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German papers state that a law, completely prepared, is now lying before the council of state in Berlin, relative to the securing of literary property in Prussia. One of the articles enacts, that when there is no special contract between the author and bookseller, the sale of the copyright holds good for only one edition, after which the exclusive property in the work reverts to the author. Other provisions relate to dramatic writers and piracy. After this law has been approved by the council of state, it will be submitted by Prussia to the German Diet, from which it is expected to receive considerable opposition, or at least considerable modifications.

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## ITALY.

Monseignor Mai is proceeding with his "*Collectio Vaticana Scriptorum veterum*," and has almost finished the printing of the Greek text of the Old and New Testament after the celebrated Vatican manuscript.

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Father Ungarelli, an eminent oriental scholar, has collected considerable materials for a publication, explaining, after Champollion's method, the inscriptions engraved on the obelisks at Rome. He is also editing Rosellini's Coptic Grammar, and just brought out the first volume of his *Literary History of the Congregation of the Barnabites*, in which he furnishes interesting particulars of the writers who have shed lustre on that celebrated fraternity.

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M. Sarti, professor of the Greek language, has had the perseverance to read, copy, and translate, all the inscriptions, Christian and profane, in Greek and Latin, which cover the walls of the galleries of the Vatican.

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The Abbé Lancy, professor of Arabic, who acquired a brilliant reputation by his works on the monuments of Egypt and Phœnicia, as well as by his interpretations of various passages of Scripture, is proceeding with his great work of commentaries on the Bible.

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A work on the plan of the German Conversations-Lexicon has been commenced at Venice, by the title of "*Enciclopedia moderna e Dizionario Italiano della Conversazione*." Courtin's "*Encyclopedie*" has been taken for the foundation of this work; but the best English, French, and German, publications of that class are likewise consulted. The names of the contributors are in high repute: it may be sufficient to mention A. Balbi, Bizio, Brera, Calatto, the two Falconetti, Galuppi, Marchesi, G. D. and L. Nardo, del Negro, Ponzoni, Vacani, Viviani, two Zandomeneghi, and Zambiani. The work will be completed in eight volumes 4to., each containing about 1000 pages, and be published in parts of eight sheets, with plates and tables, every three weeks.

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A new edition of the "*Vocabolario degli Accademici della Crusca*," with corrections and additions by Abbate Paolo Zanotti, is publishing in parts at Verona. The editor, whose philological and classical studies have peculiarly qualified him for the task, purposes to enrich this work with all the additions and improvements made in the different Italian dictionaries that have appeared since the publication of the fourth edition of the *Accademici*. The work will extend to six 4to. volumes, each consisting of seven parts.

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## RUSSIA.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg adjudged on the 14th of May the prizes founded by Prince Demidoff. Admiral Krusenstern and Professor Angerlander of Bonn obtained the great prizes of 2500 rubles each, the

former for his Atlas of the South Sea, and the latter for his work on the fixed stars. Mademoiselle Darzoff obtained a prize of 2500 rubles for a work entitled "Useful Reading for Children."

By a recent imperial ukase all the Hebrew printing-offices in Russia have been suppressed, and in future there are to be only two offices where works in that language may be printed, one at Kiew, the other at Wilna, for which particular censors are appointed. At the same time the Jews have been ordered to deliver up to the local authorities, within a twelvemonth, all books circulating among them, among which are many that are prohibited, to be examined by trusty rabbis, and to be marked as permitted, or sent to the ministry of the interior for its disposal. After the expiration of the year, all prohibited Hebrew books are to be confiscated, and their owners severely punished.

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## TURKEY.

A society has just been formed at Constantinople, with the title of "Society of Useful Knowledge." It intends to publish a monthly journal, called "The Journal of Useful Knowledge." The editor, who accompanied the youths sent to Paris to receive a French education, intends to found this publication on the same plan as the French work with the like title.

The Sultan has also sent for a French scholar to direct a class for teaching the French language at Constantinople, at the expense of the government.

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## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The number of new works which appeared in the United States in 1834 and 1835 amounted to 1013, forming 1300 volumes, and the cost of which may be estimated at 1,220,000 dollars. In 1836 the number was considerably increased, and the cost of the books published in that year cannot be computed at less than 1,500,000 dollars. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford, furnished nineteen-twentieths of the total amount.

In most cases the editions of one and the same work are larger and more frequent in the United States than in any other country. Many re-printed English works have there passed through three or four editions, while the publishers of the original have but one. In one instance the sale of a book in America amounted to 100,000 copies, whereas in England only four editions of 1000 copies each were disposed of.

The amount of literary productions in America has more than doubled during the last ten years. The sale of five bookselling establishments amounted in 1836 to 1,350,000 dollars. A single publisher paid in the five years preceding 1834, 135,000 dollars for copyrights, out of which 30,000 dollars were for two works only; Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, paid last year 30,000 dollars to American writers, and Harper and Brothers have paid about the same sum for several years past.

The following statement will show the relative proportion of native and imported literary productions in 1834:

Original American works.		Re-prints of foreign works.	
Education . . . . .	73	. . . . .	9
Divinity . . . . .	37	. . . . .	18
Novels and tales . . . . .	19	. . . . .	95
History and biography . . . . .	19	. . . . .	17
Jurisprudence . . . . .	20	. . . . .	3
Poetry . . . . .	8	. . . . .	3
Travels . . . . .	8	. . . . .	10
Fine arts . . . . .	8	. . . . .	0
Miscellaneous works . . . . .	59	. . . . .	43

Thus it appears that in American literature the scientific and practically useful predominate, and that works of imagination are chiefly derived from foreign sources. The school-books are almost all written or compiled in the United States, and some idea of the extensive business done in them may be formed from the circumstance, that of some of the most popular compilations in geography from 100,000 to 300,000 copies have been sold in ten years; so that in many instances works of this kind produce a permanent income as well to the author as to the publisher. During the last five years the number of American original works in proportion to re-prints has nearly doubled.





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- 175 Gemmerli, G., *Encyclopädie der Bibelkunde*. 8vo. 5s.
- 176 Grimm, Dr. K., *Commentar über das Buch der Weisheit*. 8vo. 10s.
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### LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- 178 Pastoret, Le Marquis de, *Histoire de la Legislation*. Tomes X. & XI. 8vo.
- 179 *Annales du Barreau Français*. 18e Livr. 8vo. 7s.
- 180 Pardessus, J. M., *Collection des Lois maritimes antérieures au dix-huitième siècle*. Tom. IV. 4to. 7s.
- 181 Michelet, M., *Origines du Droit français, cherchées dans les symboles et formules du Droit universal*. 8vo. 8s.
- 182 Ravinet, T., *Code des Ponts-et-Chaussées et des Mines, jusqu'au 1r Jan. 1836*. Tom. VI. Supplement. 10s.

- 183 Broutta, A., Cours de Droit Militaire. 8vo. 6s.
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